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THE

# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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*Spring - Summer 1938*



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THE  
NORTH  
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# THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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## Foreword

PATRICK HENRY'S phrase "Give me liberty or give me death" was America's first slogan. Like all familiar things, we take it for granted. It occupies about the same relative position in serious thought as the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. It reminds us of boring hours spent before a hard topped desk reading Muzzy's *American History*, or somebody else's history of the American Revolution.

"Give me liberty or give me death." Think of it. Stop reading. Ponder those words. A man said them to a little group of Burgesses in Williamsburg in 1775. He believed that he meant them. His listeners believed that he meant them. The whole of America believed that he meant them.

There is probably something — some ideal or point of honor — that each of us would give his life for. But liberty, would you or I or anybody give his life for liberty today? We don't even know what it means.

Liberty, in the sense in which Patrick Henry used the word, is not to be confused with freedom. His freedom was secure. George III had not threatened to ship him to Algiers to be sold as a slave and he was not in serious danger of being locked up in the Williamsburg gaol. What he had in mind was an abstract concept, an ideal, and, as it happened, that ideal captivated the imagination of a great part of the population of America and



inspired those people to fight a war and establish a system of government designed to put their dream into practise.

It is not altogether surprising that this should be so. Most of them, their parents or grandparents, had come to America in pursuit of liberty of one sort or another, and many of them, after reaching the seaboard cities and towns had pushed on into the wilderness, north into Vermont, west across the Alleghenies and down the Ohio, south into the Carolinas and Florida, pursuing liberty.

This dream, like a lodestar, led Massachusetts farmers and Philadelphia merchants, rabble rousers like Sam Adams and Tom Paine, cultivated intellectuals like Jefferson and Madison, lawyers, business men, planters, silversmiths and surveyors, towards the same goal. Some of them, like Jefferson and Paine described it in inspired phrases, and some of them never thought about it at all (it is easier for some men to die for a cause than to understand it). Some of them thought of it in terms of religious freedom and some in terms of freedom of speech, some in terms of freedom from obnoxious taxes and some in terms of freedom from obnoxious debts.

In the last analysis, Liberty is a state of mind. There is no physical difference between a man who possesses it and one who does not: the difference is in their souls. Of the innumerable mental and moral conditions which men, with their teeming imaginations, have conceived, liberty most closely approaches the sublime.

Liberty does not appeal to demagogues. Perhaps the most fundamental difference between demagogues and statesmen is the difference in their conception of what the people want. Demagogues promise the people bread and circuses — regardless of whether they are in a position to

fulfil their promises. Statesmen often promise hardship and sacrifice, a chance to risk comfort and perhaps life to help in the attainment of some ideal. The fact that large numbers of people have on frequent occasions adopted such a course would seem to indicate that food and lodging, comfort and pleasure, are not the only considerations which animate mankind.

History is filled with so many instances of the sort that it would be idle to detail them. The persistent development of the Christian faith, in the face of persecution and revilement is as good an example as any. Why did men and women face hungry lions in the Roman circuses, or the hardships of the crusades for such intangible rewards?

It is fortunate that when America reached its greatest crises, there were gifted statesmen ready to grasp the helm. There were, in particular, three who more than any others shared in the crystallization of the dream which had already produced the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown, the confederation of the thirteen colonies, and the self effacing example of Washington: they were Madison, Hamilton and Jefferson.

Madison's and Hamilton's contribution was the Constitution, which they so largely created, and the financial policies of Washington's administration; Jefferson's was the Declaration of Independence, which he wrote, and the Northwest Ordinance, which he inspired.

Madison spent much of his early life studying the history of government and law, unconsciously preparing himself for the part he was to play in drafting the Constitution. As he perceived, the periods of greatest intellectual and artistic achievement have been those in which an important segment of mankind subjected itself to a code of restraint and rational behavior: the age of Pericles was also the age of Phidias and Sophocles;

Roman law was itself the greatest achievement of the Roman republic; the Gothic cathedrals were designed while chivalry flourished. The dark ages were the periods of anarchy and lawlessness. John Locke wrote "where there is no law, there is no freedom. For liberty is to be free from restraint and violence from others, which cannot be where there is no law."

The attempt to base a working government on the principle of liberty has come to be called liberalism. It is like the honor system in a school. Again it is like playing a game — lacrosse, or foot-ball. To play, you have to know the rules and you have to be willing to abide by them: if too many people break the rules, the game cannot go on. The rules can be changed from time to time, and there must always be machinery to permit this, but they must be changed in the agreed manner.

Ortega y Gasset has described liberalism as "that principle of political rights, according to which the public authority in spite of being all powerful, limits itself and attempts, even at its own expense, to leave room in the state over which it rules for those to live who neither think nor feel as it does, that is to say, as do the stronger, the majority. Liberalism — it is well to recall this today — is the supreme form of generosity; it is the right which the majority concedes to minorities and hence it is the noblest cry that has ever resounded in this planet."

Madison, like most of his American contemporaries, came of English stock: his mind, as well as his blood, was English. In George III's attitude towards the American colonies, he saw the negation of English liberalism. The American republic was the fruition of English political experience, and its intellectual background can be traced in English history.



The signing of Magna Carta was the first important step in the direction of popular liberty in modern history. It is, in effect, a written constitution defining and limiting the powers of the King, attempting above all to ensure the independence of the courts and the administration of justice. Its purpose was to establish the principle of government by law in contrast to government by men.

In spite of the existence of Magna Carta, the Stuart dynasty four hundred years later, evolved the theory of the divine right of Kings, with the obvious purpose of re-establishing the rule of men. The English revolution of 1688 was the second great step in the direction of liberty in modern history. It destroyed the divine right theory, so far as England was concerned, and established the supremacy of parliament, which, being an essentially liberal institution, has held the supreme power in England ever since.

The apologist of the revolution of 1688 was John Locke. His *Second Treatise of Government* became the fountainhead of modern liberalism. The basis of his doctrine is the theory of natural rights — the belief that every man has certain inalienable rights, above all, the right to liberty, to think his own thoughts, possess his own soul, and enjoy the rewards of his labor. Since every man has these rights, it follows that no other man, or group of men, has a right to take them away. Liberty begins with the willingness to respect the beliefs, the idiosyncrasies, of others.

Unfortunately, there are, in the community of men, individuals who do not of their own volition respect the rights of others. In order to protect themselves against such individuals men have established governments, giving up certain of their natural rights and delegating certain clearly defined powers to these bodies. In other

words, men have entered into agreements, or contracts, with certain groups to perform the necessary regulatory and protective functions.

The American Constitution is the best example of such a contract. Since a written document is necessarily static and immobile, while conditions and circumstances are continually changing, no contract can provide for all of the contingencies which will arise in the performance of its terms. The American Constitution, like all well drawn contracts, provides the machinery for its own modification and change. Since, in its inception, it was a masterpiece of compromise, it cannot be supposed that all of its provisions are cogent to conditions in a changed world. Its significance lies rather in the soundness of the broad principles which it laid down and of those contained in the Bill of Rights; and also in its immutable evidence of the willingness of the American people to subject themselves to the principle of the written contract, in order to ensure the essentials of liberty.

The Philadelphia Convention, which formulated the Constitution, was assembled because of the failure of the Articles of Confederation. The basic division of the Convention was into those who wished to prop up the Confederation and continue as an alliance of sovereign states, and those who wished to form a powerful national government. The latter, including Washington, Hamilton, and Madison, was the stronger group. To these men, who had had ample opportunity to observe the weakness of the Confederation, the existence of the states was a practical fact which had to be dealt with, not an ideal arrangement to be aggrandized and perpetuated.

As they saw it, the first duty of government is to define the rights which are to be protected and to deter-

mine what steps are to be taken to protect them. This is the legislative function.

In a community of any size it would be impractical for all of the people to meet and make the laws. The function must be delegated to individuals chosen to represent the people. Madison wrote, in the *Federalist*: "The two great points of difference, between a democracy and a republic, are, first, the delegation of the government, in the latter, to a small number of citizens elected by the rest; secondly the greater number of citizens, and greater sphere of country, over which the latter may be extended."

When the legislature has established laws, there remains the problem of putting them into practise. This calls for the establishment of an executive. Since experience teaches that a large body of men is slow to act and inefficient, the executive organ of government should be simple, preferably a single individual. Unlike the legislature, which need meet only from time to time, the executive must function constantly and be prepared to act under all conditions.

Since men are inclined to abuse power, no individual can be entrusted with the executive function for life or for an indefinite period, regardless of his willingness to adhere to the dictates of the legislature. His tenure of office must be limited either by the approval of the legislature or by a fixed term, subject to renewal.

The establishment of laws automatically creates the grounds of controversy. In a civilized community altercations cannot be resolved by force or by the decision of interested parties. There must be a judiciary, that is a professional body devoted to settling altercations and disputes, both between one individual and another, and between an individual and the government, and this



body must be independent and completely free from influences which mitigate against its fairness. If a judge's tenure of office, and thus his livelihood, depends upon any group or political body he is sure to be subjected to the influences of that body. He should, therefore, be appointed for life (or good behavior) and, in so far as possible, freed from the worries and dissensions of the world.

Aborigines have no property. Their only valued possession is life. Civilization is based on property: civilized men are constantly engaged in the production of wealth. Codes of law defend not only life but property as well. Locke wrote:

The great and chief end, therefore, of men uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property; to which in the state of Nature there are many things wanting.

*First*, there wants an established, settled, known law, received and allowed by common consent to be the standard of right and wrong, and the common measure to decide all controversies between them. *Secondly*, in the state of Nature, there wants a known and indifferent judge, with authority to determine all differences according to the established law. *Thirdly*, in the state of Nature there often wants power to back and support the sentence when right, and to give it due execution.

Much of the confusion in the modern world results from misconceptions regarding the nature of property.

In seventeenth century England, almost all property consisted of land. Since land had no scarcity value, it only became wealth when improved by men. It needed not only to be cleared and developed in the first instance, but, like a garden, constantly watered and weeded and planted. A farm neglected soon became a liability instead of an asset.

Locke's idea of property was really labor objectified:

As much land as a man tills, plants, improves, cultivates, and can use the product of, so much is his property. . . . God, when he gave the world in common to mankind, commanded man also to labour, and the penury of his condition required it of him. God and his reason commanded him to subdue the earth.

This is the logic of property. In Locke's eyes, property completely separated from labor would lose its logic.

Adam Smith, the author of the term capitalism, accepted Locke's conception of property. In the century which intervened between the publication of Locke's *Second Treatise of Government* and Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, however, there were two important changes in English economy. In the first place the land became more crowded and thus acquired scarcity value. In the second place the industrial revolution began to take shape and the division of labor created a class of laborers or artisans. With the development of foreign trade and the influx of American gold and silver into Europe, the idea that wealth and money are identical gained wide credence: it was one of Adam Smith's purposes to dispel this notion and show that wealth really consists of the means of producing revenue — cultivated land, factories, and tools.

In 1787, conditions in America were more like England in Locke's time than in Adam Smith's: land was unlimited, labor was scarce, factories and tools were rare and little used.

Hamilton, however, perceived that the industrial revolution would spread to America and create conditions similar to those then existing in England. At the time of the Constitutional convention, Hamilton's views were so closely akin to those of Adam Smith that it seems

likely that he was familiar with *The Wealth of Nations*, published a dozen years earlier.

Smith accepted Locke's definition of property as labor objectified, but, thinking of manufacture and commerce, as well as of agriculture, he saw that through work, ingenuity, and saving, men come into possession of tools which enable them to increase their productivity. An entrepreneur having such tools, can still further increase production through the device of the division of labor. The manufacture of a given article can be performed much more rapidly by ten men each performing a single function or part of the whole than by ten men producing the completed article from start to finish. The process can be elaborated indefinitely.

Tools, factories, ships, farms — the means of production — constitute capital. In an economic sense, capital is the fountain from which all blessings flow. The American Indians, who had none except their arrows and a few rough stones, subsisted by hunting and fishing alone. The more capital a nation possesses the greater is its ability to produce comforts and luxuries, and the greater is the demand for labor. Obviously there cannot be too much capital: to say so is to say that the standard of living can be too high. Those who believe that this is or can be the case should live for a while with eighteenth century surgery and dentistry, eighteenth century sanitation and plumbing and eighteenth century public transportation. We take so much of our present day standard of living for granted that we are apt to forget that even in 1900 not more than one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy!

The ownership of capital is not a sinecure. A man who inherits a farm acquires an opportunity rather than a subsidy. The same applied to trade and commerce as



they were known in the eighteenth century. The management of a plantation, a store, or fleet of sailing ships required judgment and the assumption of responsibility, rather than manual labor, but the conception of responsibility as a modification of labor was accepted without debate.

Not only were skill and industry rewarded, but the community shared in the benefits which resulted from the ingenuity which produced or transported goods at lower costs than inefficient rivals. Competition protected the consumer, and the profit motive acted as the perfect regulator of a free economy.

The philosophy of *laissez faire* was simply a rationalization of this system. Adam Smith demonstrated in a hundred ways that each individual, animated by self-interest, if left to his own devices, would act in a way that was for the best interest of the community, and that every time that government interfered with this natural process, either through regulations, subsidies, bounties, or tariffs, the net result was harmful to the community.

LOCKE described the purpose of government as the preservation of life, liberty, and property. Jefferson changed it to "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." That single phrase is Jefferson's greatest contribution to history; because of it, his name is ensured of immortality. It was such a vision which led the first settlers to America and their descendants to the west, which inspired the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, the essays of Emerson, and the poems of Whitman.

Jefferson saw in America an opportunity to put this ideal into practise under perfect conditions. Perhaps the closest that this dream came to realization was in the

Northwest Ordinance. Some of its provisions are worth noting. It abolished primogeniture; it established an independent judiciary, with tenure of office "during good behavior"; it established a property qualification to enable citizens to vote and to hold office; it ensured religious freedom, habeas corpus, trial by jury, the sanctity of contracts; it said: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged" and also, "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

In the vast region which was guided by this document, the conditions of life were such that only the independent, resourceful, and courageous survived. Since the population consisted entirely of pioneers, there were neither classes nor castes. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that, after the eclipse of the Virginia Dynasty (which really belonged to the eighteenth century) the overwhelming majority of political leaders of the nineteenth century came from the middle west and that, in time, it became the center of most of our productive industries.

There, for a long time, men really were equal, possessed of as great a degree of liberty as has been known in modern history, and all gained their livelihood in the same way — from the cultivation of the earth.

In 1787 Jefferson wrote to Madison: "I think our governments will remain virtuous, for many centuries; as long as they are chiefly agricultural; and this will be as long as there shall be vacant lands in any part of America. When they get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, they will become corrupt, as in Europe."

But there is no longer vacant land in America. The frontier is closed. In the wilderness there was always the security of the earth's abundance: the woods, if filled with hazards, were filled with fish and game as well. But the earth has been conquered and its abundance, as well as its terrors, destroyed. You cannot step out of the door of an east side tenement and bag a buffalo, nor can you catch a mess of speckled trout in a municipal swimming pool. Liberty as Jefferson conceived it, was not freedom to starve in a gutter. We have learned that in an industrial civilization freedom without security is an empty shell, and it is logical to remedy this flaw with some form of unemployment insurance.

A change, of equal importance with the closing of the frontier, is the acceleration of communication. New York and San Francisco are today in closer touch and more accessible to each other than were New York and Philadelphia when Washington was inaugurated President. It is natural that the prestige of local governments has declined, for they play a less important part in the lives of the people than they did even a decade ago. The Lynd's, on revisiting Middletown in 1935 found a growing awareness of national problems and a loss of interest in local affairs. The radio has converted the nation into a New England camp meeting and syndicated columns bring the service of such minds as Walter Lippmann's and Dorothy Thompson's to the whole country. Under these conditions, it is and will be increasingly difficult for political aspirants to high office to flatter each section of the country, or each class, in turn, for they must always address the nation as a whole.

If the ability to reach all of the people instantly contains great advantages, it also contains the risk of breaking down the representative system and the balance of



power. Madison was careful to distinguish between democracy and a republic.

Actual democracy, in a state of any size is, of course, an absurdity, because it never comes about that all of the people or even a majority of the people have the same desire at the same time. What actually happens is that the real ruler offers them, from time to time, a choice, and usually does so in such a way that the choice is made in advance. Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist*:

History will teach us . . . that of those men who have overturned the liberties of republics, the greatest number have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the people, commencing demagogues and ending tyrants.

Economic as well as political and social conditions have changed. After the Civil war, a new type of industrial venture developed. This was the railroad or utility which grew out of a partnership between an individual or group of entrepreneurs, and government. The latter provided a franchise and often a subsidy of land or other valuable rights; the former produced liquid capital and management. Communities developed around these ventures; their services soon became essential. Although ownership remained in private hands, it was, in fact, a modified kind of ownership. A railroad or electric power system could not cease to operate if its owners wished, nor could it charge a price for its services which was burdensome to the community. Since the regulatory effect of competition was absent, this function had to be taken over by government bodies.

Thus there has come into being a new kind of property. Legal title to the securities of a monopoly is not the same as legal title to a house. In brief, the owner of such certificates may derive limited benefits from his position

provided that an essential service is performed in a manner that satisfies a governmental regulatory body, from which the "owner" has no recourse.

Monopoly has spread and is still spreading. It is the natural outcome of the massing of resources and efficiency produced by the industrial revolution. A great part of our material progress and well-being has sprung from wholly or partly monopolistic ventures. The capitalistic principle that the laborer is entitled to the fruits of his labor (and its modification that responsibility and initiative is a specialized type of labor) has been applied to both the workers and management of these semi-public institutions. Their security holders are marginal and limited beneficiaries whose position is radically different from the owner in a capitalistic sense. Since, when necessary, the capital for these ventures is supplied by the state, the savings of individuals may, once again, flow into smaller undertakings which they can control, but which require their care and responsibility.

Two good examples of this new kind of institution are the American Telephone Company and the Port of New York Authority. Both perform services generally regarded as necessary, both have issued securities which are held by the public and traded in an open market. Neither would be permitted to suspend operations if its directors so wished. Yet one is the outcome of the inventiveness and efforts of individuals seeking a profit, and the other an organ of government. In both cases, today, the security holders are permitted to receive only limited returns, although they share in the risks.

An economic change as important and revolutionary as the development of monopoly is the acceptance of the theory that, before the law, a corporation is a person — established by the Supreme Court in 1886. This idea has

led economists to assume that corporations will behave in the same manner as individuals and that, therefore, the ideology of capitalism can be applied. This assumption was reasonable when, as was originally intended, corporations were merely alter egos for individuals or small groups. The logic breaks down when it is applied to the American Telephone Company, "owned" by six hundred forty-one thousand stockholders, none of whom holds as much as one percent of the stock.

A typical applied case of this ingenious reasoning is the due process clause of the fourteenth amendment, designed to protect Negroes in their civil rights. Will common sense permit you to believe that a Negro boy and the Union Pacific railroad are really identical and can be governed by the same rules?

Some corporations have grown to bewildering proportions — the assets of the two hundred largest amount to more than eighty-one billion dollars, half of the corporate wealth in the country. Even when these financial mastodons are not monopolies, it cannot be assumed that their affairs will be regulated for the benefit of the community through the automatic operations of the profit motive, because ownership and management are so completely separated that their interests are seldom identical and sometimes conflicting. What is profit to the management may be loss to the stockholder. Which benefits the public?

In many cases, shares of stock are little more than lottery tickets — a tendency carried to its logical conclusion through the widespread issuance of warrants, which often pass through many hands without having any impact on the assets of the corporations which issued them. If the owners of such securities have suffered severe losses in recent years, they cannot blame their misfortune on the failure of capitalism.



The corporate system has magnified the importance of public markets, with the result that influences, little understood today, cause booms and panics and seem to bring about a condition actually of too much capital. What really has occurred is that over-large units and over-rigid labor costs and taxes have tended to atrophy the mobility of capital.

The modern, publicly financed corporation, with its requirements of organization, discipline, and efficiency, is more like an army than a capitalistic venture, as envisioned by Adam Smith. Imagine an army operated on the basis of "rugged individualism."

There has developed a huge class of salaried workers and laborers whose chief concern (as is always the case in an army) is to avoid responsibility rather than to accept it. This is the breeding ground of fascism and communism. It is also the breeding ground of the Elks, the Knights of Columbus, the Odd Fellows, the labor unions, the patriotic societies, the various and sundry organizations and institutions which provide jobholders with satisfactions which they do not obtain from their major pursuits. By day you may be an unimportant link in a vast organization, you may sit at a desk or stand at an assembly line performing routine services for an impersonal institution — but at night you become an individual. It is one thing to be a clerk in the billing department of the district office of General Thumbtacks, Inc. It is another to be Knight Errant of the local chapter of the Knights of Damon.

These are the people who, for the most part, are producing the material progress for which we are justly famous. The technical skill and efficiency of the great corporation is responsible for constantly improving automobiles, radios, fabrics, building materials, plumb-

ing and heating systems, but the production managers of these great organizations are, as their name implies, concerned with production. Human beings are useful because they alone can perform certain functions for which no machine has as yet been devised.

These are also the consumers. Mass selling has developed a class of highly trained, imaginative men whose careers are devoted to cajoling and ensnaring us into buying (with or without money) highpowered automobiles, fur coats, filmy underclothes, radios, electric refrigerators, and an infinite variety of gadgets designed to take the drudgery out of housework.

Luxury has become so widespread that it no longer commands prestige. Today people are not impressed by ostentation. The fact is that Jones's Beach is more luxurious than Bailey's Beach and a modern apartment more comfortable than an old palace. The difference in performance and appearance between a Ford and a Rolls-Royce is so slight that the kudos of possessing the latter is negligible.

The movies, the fashion magazines, and modern merchandising have removed much of the cleavage between rich and poor. A hundred years ago you could tell a person's station in life from his appearance. This is untrue today. On Fifth avenue, you are apt to pass a Hollywood beauty, a Newport debutante, and a New York stenographer in the same block, and be unable to distinguish one from the other.

There is less reason for the "poor" to envy the "rich" than ever before, but luxury is, in some respects, like dope; a taste for it, once acquired, becomes insatiable. A people who have learned to love luxury and to avoid responsibility would seem ripe for paternalism: what advertisers have not promised, politicians will.

Perhaps, for this very reason, liberalism will win out in the end, for it is more truly flattering than paternalism. It assumes that each individual is capable of taking care of himself, whereas paternalism constantly tells him that he cannot look out for his own welfare, cannot decide where to work and what hours to keep, and lacks the foresight or character to provide for his old age. Unlike the super-advertisers and super-demagogues, liberalism does not titillate the masses with envy and torture them with discontent, but treats the people with courtesy and respect. It never permits the rosy dream of some imagined end to distort the justice and restraint of the means by which it is to be attained.

Although monopolies and publicly financed corporations require a re-orientation of our ideas of property and a modernized technique of regulation, it must always be remembered that capital is like a delicate plant; if handled without the greatest skill it is likely to lose its bloom and die. Firemen sometimes do more harm than fires, and government, in attempting to exterminate abuses and inequities is apt to destroy the incentive to create wealth and the means of producing those "goods" which it is designed to preserve.

There is danger in the great growth of statistics. It is easy to confuse the power to measure with the power to control. In attempting to create a given level of industrial activity or of prices, a tiny error in the promise will result in a huge divergence in results. Jefferson wrote: "Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

"Society" said Thomas Paine "is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness." In other words, government is a penance for our shortcomings, a cross which we must bear because we are weak and in-



firm. "Society in every state is a blessing" he went on to say, "but Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst state an intolerable one."

For sometime, America has been in need of an issue. At last one is emerging — the first great issue since slavery. It is the issue between paternalism and liberalism. We must make a choice, and make it soon. Lincoln said "a nation cannot exist half slave and half free." It is equally true that a nation cannot exist half liberal or democratic and half socialistic or fascist. There is much to be said for each alternative, but a failure to face the issue and make a choice will surely result in chaos.

Spengler has called our civilization the Faustian culture. It is characterized by the repeated desire of men to imitate the Gods, or to put it more bluntly, to meddle where they have no business to meddle, to try to make gold out of dust and prosperity out of mathematical formulae.

The great illusion of our age is that men, through Government, can control and direct economic forces and conditions. The truth is that you can no more control economic conditions than weather conditions, and the science of measuring the one is about as accurate as that of measuring the other. Since the end of the War we have been trying to eliminate the business cycle by government fiat and, ever since, the gyrations of business and the speculative markets have been growing more and more severe.

Let us not forget Jefferson's phrase "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." As our conception of property needs to be revised, so our understanding of happiness needs to be refined. Like a child who grows tall at the expense of muscular strength one year, and fills out the

next, our progress towards material welfare has outstripped our moral and intellectual development.

The depression has already gone a long way toward curing this defect. The pursuit of happiness has turned into channels unthought of in the 'twenties. The cult of health is fast replacing the cult of bathtub gin; the radio is becoming an instrument for transmitting the finest music to the poor and isolated. An American school of painting is in the making; architecture is combing the indigenous simplicity of New England farmhouses with the mechanical fruition of steel, glass, electricity, plastics, and cement. Regional and community planning, parks, parkways and beaches are opening vistas in the art of living with possibilities too far reaching to describe.

The greatest step lies before us. With a measure of physical comfort and leisure unequaled in history and still progressing, with esthetic satisfactions within our grasp, the pursuit of happiness, to attain its goal, requires moral regeneration. We have improved our standards of health and our standards of efficiency; we can improve our standards of ethics. Our greatest national heroes, Washington and Lincoln were, above all else, examples of noble character. Jefferson dreamed that American conditions would produce, not a more comfortable, better fed race, but a nobler race. It is possible that with the lessened rewards of financial manipulation and the tragic debacle of Europe and Asia before our eyes, the satisfactions of integrity and justice will attract those leaders whose example is bound to influence the masses, and the love of liberty again replace the illusion that you can make something out of nothing by juggling statistical formulae, and increase the prosperity of the community by producing less wealth.

J. P.

## An Unpublished Journal of John Muir

This year will be celebrated the Centenary of the birth of America's greatest naturalist, John Muir. His journals cover a period of forty-two years, from 1869 to 1911. The following notes were written in 1875 when Muir was exploring the Sequoia belt from the Yosemite to the White River, Tulare County, and have been collected and deciphered from Muir's notebooks for the first time. During this particular exploration, Muir made his first intensive study of trees, which resulted eventually in the preservation of our redwoods. These notes form a chapter in the book *John of the Mountains: The Unpublished Journals of John Muir*, edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe, to be published this Spring by Houghton Mifflin.

*Camp at Wawona (Chilnualna) Falls. August, 1875.*

WITH a small brown mule I set out from the Yosemite to explore the Sequoia woods. . . .

After purling around the roots and dogwood fringes of the Big Trees it (Chilnualna Creek) pours down a picturesque canyon filled with boulders and rosetted with giant saxifrage, scarlet *Mimulus*, azalea, lily, lupine, *Hosackia*, chinquapin, *Libocedrus*, yellow pine and groves of silver fir. . . .

In a nook filled with gray glacial boulders and shaded with a dense wall of highest spruce, this icy, crystal stream comes welling, its current made to pulse and waver with a scarce audible tinkle over small mossy pebbles. Boulders hardly a foot across, lined with mosses, lie along the water's edge. Above these is a zone of verdure made of short, slender grasses enamelled with musk *Mimulus*, blue daisies and three or four tall spikes of lupine.

Beyond the green zone, on the upper bank, two leafy



bushes of mountain currant lean protectingly over, and above them a wild cherry bush. As we approach, we surprise a jay at his morning toilet. We are within a yard ere he sees us. Then he flutters off in such headlong haste he flies against a bush. Recovering, he darts confusedly into the recesses of the nearest fir. I seat myself, and presently we are discovered by a bird who regards us as intruders — a little dun nugget of a fellow with round gray bosom. He comes nearer and nearer, uttering a scolding chur-r-r-r. His mate soon answers with a nervous whit-whit-whit, perhaps intended for "what?" but with feminine caution keeps out of sight.

A few moments later along come a pair of cheery, confiding canaries, flying within a yard of our heads, from one currant bush to the other, as if inquiring "what's a' the steer kimmer?" Such eyes! And such orange bosoms! How exquisitely modelled are these pieces of bird beauty in form and color. . . . Their fears subside in the belief that we don't know their young's hiding places, and are not likely to harm them; soon they go about their affairs among the fir boughs. . . .

*Evening.*

For awhile not a sound. Then the creak of myriad voices fills the night with soothing, slumberous stir — all one subdued tone. Yet above the general level of sound like ripples on a woodland lake, a few notes are heard — tiny cricket-like musical creaks and chirps, infinitely sweet.

The woodpecker is latest at work, not like the hasty laborer stopping before his task is done. . . .

Beetles drone and boom, then drop into silence. Bats winging on easy whirls, circle in bays and deep pools of air among the trees.

A meteor flashes athwart the sky, startling us into a sense of the majestic movements of other worlds. Stars, though bright, are far less brilliant than on the heights. Antlions flutter in campfire light. And circling round the grand tree shafts are seen, the eye being confined to a few, not roaming loosely over all the woods. . . . A soft plaintive note like that of a bird is heard frequently, but I have not yet traced it to its source. . . . Then the owl unmistakable, and how cheery!

Stars glow brighter, for the moon is still below the horizon. Here and there one is seen among the branches, like a white incense lily; or past the black boles, alone over the hills.

Mayhap one's mind will wander to other woods where the sun still shines. But that is not our affair, and if quite healthy, we shall be full of our own night.

A rustling is heard — the sound of a timid wood-mouse. . . .

The Moon day rises and the deer who have been sleeping and hiding in chaparral dens, come out to wander over the well known pastures.

*Noon, next day.*

We go forth in the noon to walk. Our steps crackle over pine needles and empty brown burrs, through mazes of chaparral where only skilled mountaineers find their way.

The great California buzzard is sailing, whirling over game — a dead sheep or bear shot by a hunter and lost. Go where we will, we hear the sound of dropping cones, the harvest of the squirrel. Around the pines and firs are brown heaps of nibbled cone-scales and purple seed-wings. Here and there they are gnawed into shreds by bears.

*Camp in Upper Fresno Basin. 5:00 p.m.*

Now an old brown log is glorified with the evening sun glow. Two bars of mellow light shoot up the meadow, both margins are in shadow with scarce a flower panicle stirring in the hush. Here and there a willow tuft glows against the gray shade. One grand promontory of firs stands full in the light, the long branches clad in yellow lichen. Farther back the brown trunks are flecked with sunshine, and on the north side one young pine towers transfigured, while all its companions are in shadow.

Tamias is frisking, now near, now retired and sitting on the top of a stake, calmly watching and listening. A big cone falls near by with a heavy thud, but he has heard that before and knows it well enough. Now the log-cock clucks, but he has heard that also, and the woodpecker's rap. But to the tiniest uncommon sound he listens attentively. . . .

A few rays slant into the shadowy amber deep. Now the highest tops of trees are in night. Far up the mountain the slopes are still steeped in thick unshining purple, and we think of the alpenglow still farther beyond, inspiring the snowy peaks.

*Night.*

A few moments later the day is done, and all is changed to dull gray. Fainter, fainter grows the twilight. . . . The brownest trunks lose their color. . . . How solemn the hush, the rest. Not a squirrel note now. Everyone is at home motionless, sleeping in a rolled ball, all his lightning-filled limbs wrapt about with his tail for warmth. The dew is falling. The violets and daisies are drinking. Not a breath stirs the innumerable plumes of fir. Go out into the latest twilight on the mead and see even the airy panicles of agrostis scarce moving. Yet the heart of Nature is still beating.



Now the architecture of the forest is seen in all its grandeur. In the daylight we see too much, more than we can attend to or appreciate. But at night all is massed, and the spires and towers of black shoot up to the gray sky along the meadow, forming a wall, a street of trees. . . . How palpably this studied arrangement strikes the dullest eye!

*Morning.*

A whiz and a swoop as of a bolt from the heavens. We look and see a hawk pouncing on a buzzard. . . . The forest opens and a gray dome rises into the sky.

There before us is the grand wide-open basin of the Upper Fresno, with innumerable trees, spiry firs, yellow pines, and sugar pines with outstretched arms, and on the distant hills the kingly Sequoias. . . . Now the sound of rushing water cascades mazing ceaselessly to the sea. . . .

We come upon the highways and byways of deer. Young squirrels watch from tree limbs. If you cannot see the squirrels, don't go to seek them, but bide a wee, and they will come perchance on their own errands, or from sheer curiosity. You hear a strange note of questioning, of wonderment, and lo there he is, gazing with fearless eyes. A moment more and he darts upon you, running across your legs, if you have the nerve to remain motionless, electrifying you like a stream of lightning. . . . What a world of expression in his eye, as of the woods condensed. No eye so bold, so unflinching. Perhaps he tries to drive you away with a sudden onset, screaming "Pyow, pyow, pyow," like a bubble bursting in a laugh. Or perhaps he leaves without a word, and returns to nutting. His whole flesh exhales the odor of balsam, and tastes of pine needles and rosin, every fibre leavened.

. . . No man incapable of calm waiting, will see wood-dwellers, winged or footed.

In seeds what plans for future centuries! . . . In meadow pools with beetles and skaters, what a world of faerie!

As we walk, Nature in the noon glow lies beautified. Passive, yet active, immortal.

Cool coverts for deer in the chaparral, pressed and outspread by winter snow, then rising elastic a few feet, forming a bower and dim retreat.

*Wah Mello (Fresno Dome). Head waters  
of North Fork of San Joaquin River.*

Coming in sight of the massive dome rounded and bare, it seems so ethereal after the still terrestrial woods, that our thoughts undergo a change. New landscapes span the far horizon. A mile away is a ridge of pre-glacial lava, the residual mass of fiery floods. . . . And over the meadows an avalanche of water, rocks and logs, swept a few years ago — a terrible manifestation of Nature's power. But the law of these things, how few can see. . . . The cooled lava is forested now. The sun shines lovingly upon it, and all is joyous life. New flowers are already planted on the flood belts, showing Nature's modes of working toward beauty and joy. . . . Over all came floods of glacial ice, bringing all landscapes, forests and gardens with their tender loveliness. We read our Bibles and remain fearful and uncomfortable amid Nature's loving destructions, her beautiful deaths. Talk of immortality. After a whole day in the woods, we are already immortal. When is the end of such a day? . . .

*Sunset.*

There is no rankness now in the flower stalks, or lushness

in the grass. No fiery tropic splendor, but warm mellow lights on rock and tree and mead, subdued tones and gray transparent shades, and from the west an amber flood of glory! . . .

Walking these woodland paths we find ourselves following deer and bear. Fragrance from beautiful mountain carpets greets us in open places where the pines stand well apart. Here is the snowflower gone to seed, yet wonderful in crimson color. And *Ceanothus* still in bloom, and sweet hawthorn fragrance.

We are heated on the open hills, and soon descend to the valley where water runs cool amid saxifrages, brawling calmly and leisurely now . . . from pool to pool, over boulders once flood-rolled. And we enjoy the flood music once again, for it is all well written on channels of rock and boulder walls, and stranded, battered logs.

Every flower, every needle is exhaling odor. Amid such innumerable fragrance fountains, how wonderful that Nature keeps so admirable a balance; the air is never gross, but subtle essences combine to give health and pleasure. So also the streams of our meadows are mixed with the juices of a thousand flowers — aye, and minerals too, for water is a universal solvent. . . . Yet how rich and pure and exhilarating, a drink for gods!

*Dawn.*

Morning comes again, hallowed with all the deeds of night. Here it is six or seven thousand feet above the sea, yet in all this tranquil scene we feel no remoteness, no rest from care and chafing duties because here they have no existence. Every sense is satisfied. For us there is no past, no future. We live in the present and are full. No room for hungry hopes, none for regrets, none for exultation, none for fear.



Down in the willow wilderness are found the red-stemmed cornel, and giant larkspur eight feet high, interspersed with *Castilleja* and lupine, and boat-leaved veratrum. And *Leersia*, finest of mountain grasses. And among drier woods the mottle-leaved *Goodyera*, and thickets of tall arching grasses.

A cow comes through the woods down into the meadow, and I know by her tracks she has been here before. Will all this garden be made into beef and mutton pastures, and be delved by the hog-herd and ditcher's spade? I often wonder what man will do with the mountains — that is, with their utilizable, destructible garments. Will he cut down all the tress to make ships and houses? If so, what will be the final and far upshot? Will human destructions like those of Nature — fire and flood and avalanche, work out a higher good, a finer beauty? Will a better civilization come in accord with obvious nature, and all this wild beauty be set to human poetry and song? Another universal outpouring of lava, or the coming of a glacial period could scarce wipe out the flowers and shrubs more effectually than do the sheep. And what then is coming? What is the human part of the mountains' destiny?

The Sierra crop of conifera is ripe, and will no doubt be speedily harvested. New lumber companies are being created almost every year, and a flume is being rapidly pushed to completion to extend to the Railroad, when the magnificent firs and pines of the Fresno Valley — not excepting the Sequoias — will be lumbered and floated to market.

*Night.*

Now a pale spirit light broods over the meadow and willow-fringed bosses. The trees are bordered in white,

their trunks clearly outlined against the intense jet of the darkness beyond. . . .

*Morning.*

An owl, prince of lunatics. Health in his soft angleless "too-whoó-hoo-hoó." Sometimes he is heard an hour after sunrise. A yellow flicker, a noble pileated woodpecker, and a robin. The jay is not so vociferous here as east of the plain. He chaffers pleasantly enough, but his scream seems out of tune, as if a pine needle or a butterfly wing were in his throat.

Linnets and nuthatches are below pecking the moss of tree trunks, and flycatchers with silvery bosoms and wings black as wood-shadows.

Here and there sounds the tap-a-rap of a woodpecker, and presently a hawk sails majestically over all.

Forest shadows fall across the mead in front of us. The brown woodland slope beyond the trees is half in shadow. The fine brown trunks — some are wholly in light on one side, others are flecked and mottled. Brown tones of meadow sedges, grayish green of willows, still grayer huckleberry patches and dark green of alder.

Compare walking on dead planks with walking on living rock where a distinct electric flash seems to attend each step. Then there's the soothing softness of mossy bogs, and brushing past lily stalks and columbines in ravines. . . . There is no danger in night walking.

A garden with Senecio and yarrow, dense mosses, Camassia, and Viola with purple-striped lip, oval opposite petals turning back, delicate spurs seen between short stems, every hair tipped with dew. The young buds look like the bills of gorbings,<sup>1</sup> and the heart-shaped round leaves mingle with the primrose and mimulus.

<sup>1</sup> A Scotch name for unfledged birds.

Dainty rosettes of liverwort pasted down on the ground. Alpine clove white flowered. Farther out are long leaves of Dodecatheon, and taller brown mosses. Long stemmed Calamagrostis waves in the faintest breeze. Towers of spiranthea, and daisy-like dandelions, and sprawling rushes. A crooked stream with black mud bottom, bays of shadow, and promontories of moss, bossy and rich and lustrous.

Around crinkled willows grow the tall crimson paint-brush, and Hosackia grandiflora, Helenium and towering spikes of mint. Brooklime with running stems and blue flowers, lupine and Epilobium, Polygonum and long-leaved runnel and tall rue, also pretty beds of Galium.

On the dry meadow margin ferny leaves and flowers make a fine carpet. Saint John's wort, yellow starred, makes the softest mats of all. Monardella, Gayophytum, musk mimulus, pink Gilia, and blue-curles in moist shadows, with a margin of ferns and life everlasting. Rubus nutkanus under the trees. Potentilla, snowberry and rosa, purple Eunanus, purple-flowered Malva, and a violet like a hairy wood rush.

*Camp between two Forks of Big Creek. August.*

*A Forest Dawn.* Bird time of day is the morning, when the sunbeams begin to sift through the tree tops. Lie down in a silver fir thicket at night and wait for their coming in the wakening day. Fifty or sixty visited my grove this morning on the edge of a green forest meadow where white violets grow all the year.

The night wind was a mere soft breathing and the meadow brook was heard plainly speaking and singing its pebbly words and songs. The stars made themselves felt like flowers with exciting fragrance. The great moon looked down into the recesses of the shadowy wood as if



giving all her attention to its concerns. Some bird — I regret a stranger to me — uttered a sweet low note, simple and unrelated, at intervals of three or four seconds. Then a broad-voiced owl hooted across the meadow. Soon these became silent, and all the night was given to the moon and stars. Only the brook spoke more and more earnestly and eloquently.

At dawn a multitude of bird voices were heard aloft in the tall firs and sugar pines far and near. Soon they came to my grove, perching above my head, looking down with merry morning twittering, pecking at the fir buds and burrs for breakfast. . . . One little full-breasted nubbin with white belly and dark back and wings. . . . Also a brown wren following the curves of furrows in bark of fir, and a dainty canary with orange bosom uttering sweet spicules of music that filled the air like frost crystals on a frosty morning. Stellar Jay was here too and the woodpecker. But by nine o'clock every wing was still.

Then came butterflies on the meadow and dragonflies and buzzing blue-bottles and a few small gray mosquitoes.

And the wind waked the sleeping firs which threw tremulous and warm shadows on the green meadow ground, and tall stumps barred it with shadows black and straight as if ruled. Squirrel notes were mingled with the birds' earliest. Their first note is a fine musical spar-rowy half-chatter, half-chirp. They began their work, and soon were heard the thumping sounds of falling cones, for they are all ripe now, and the squirrels are cutting them off to store away for winter beneath logs and leaves.

One fine confiding and bold fellow eyed me for a time, then came towards me in nervous birdlike dartings along the small fir boughs above my head, then descending

ran across my coat skirts and hastened away looking over his shoulders as if filled with unsatisfied curiosity and astonishment.

The forest edgings are here intensely and excitingly beautiful. Tall spires of fir are mingled with sugar pines with outstretched arms, fringed along the base with chestnut and dogwood and with shadows shimmering and waving on the smooth mead. . . .

*Night.*

*A Campfire.* The glories of a mountain campfire are far greater than may be guessed. . . . One can make a day of any size and regulate the rising and setting of his own sun and the brightness of its shining. You gaze around at the illumined trees as if you never saw trees before. How marvelously the plummy fronds of the fir show out their beauty as if the tree had ferns for branches. And each grass and daisy, now the attention is directed, may be seen for what it is, the shining corolla and panicles waving and nodding in sympathy with the flashing flames. . . . The bossy boles and branches ascend in fire to heaven, the light slowly gathered from the suns of centuries, going again to the sun, in clear eddy sparks and flames of ever-changing motion, the very type of unwearable, elemental power. . . . Sparks stream off like comets or in round star-like worlds from a sun. They fly into space in milky ways of lavishness, then fall in white flakes feathery and pure as snow.

*Camp at Lower North Fork of San  
Joaquin. Altitude about 8000 feet.  
August, last day.*

This day wore the bluest vesture of the sky I have beheld. It was the ordinary mountain blue intensified ten times

or more. . . . It was as if the air were steeped in indigo, fairly dyed, yet of mountain sky transparency and tension. At evening, the sun blazed in glorious splendor of purple and thick fiery gold, fairly igniting the forests — a most impressive sunset of the still hushed species.

No meadow plant is more glorified than the little alpine *Calamagrostis*, . . . with its fine glossy stem, and floating featheriness. . . . Yarrow and *Ivesia* also bring you to your knees to gaze at them. . . .

There is scarce a human being in existence that would not shout with excitement on seeing the silver fir in campfire sunshine. Such towers of sunful whorls — no tree, fern or palm in the world may rival it in sharp lights and shades, every leaf seeming filled with still rapt enthusiasm. . . .

The sparks of my fire are tonight echoed clear and sharp quite near by, producing a remarkable effect, like the popping of muskets let off irregularly by practicing recruits.

The fragrance with which one is feasted in the woods, is, like the music, derived from a thousand untraceable sources. In music there are not only birds, main wind tones, the frogs, a flutter of leaves like the clapping of small hands, squirrels, waterfalls and the rush and trill of rivers and small brooks, but the whole air vibrates with myriad voices blended that we cannot analyze. So also we breathe fragrant violets, the rosiny pine and spicy fir, the rich invigorating aroma of plushy bogs in which a thousand herbs are soaked, . . . and the air is laden with a multitude of scents gathered from ocean wave tops, from pine forests and gardens, making a combination so marvellously poised we scarce notice it on account of its excellence. Yet it varies every moment, this vast scent flood, and is not the same in two portions



of the current, as when the central plain is in bloom or withered, or the lower woods are putting out young leaves or making balsam. . . .

Water also ever varies, and is remarkably compounded. Miles of drip is distilled from fern moss or minerals. No two streams are alike. I fancy I could discriminate between Merced water and all others. Merced water is one thing, Tuolumne another, Kings river another, while town water, deadened and lost, is nothing, not water at all. . . .

There is a sound of ah-ing in the woods. You hear it, and know a storm is nigh, and every tree knows it, and every waving branch. Look down and consider the grasses. They too with every panicle swaying this way and that, reveal the thousand minor ripples and eddies into which all wind is broken.

The impetuous rush of flame from a dead pine would seem to show that not only the man, but also all the storm winds that had ever beat and surged through its boughs had been imprisoned and stored up in its cells.

Where the crowns of five or six trees come together, is the spot for a camp bed.

Though Nature in her green tranquil woods heals and soothes all afflictions, yet their prime uses are not for healing and consolation, but for food for the healthy, and the healthiest robust minds and bodies will enjoy them most. . . . The woods are made for the wise and strong. In their very essence they are the counter part of man. Their beauty — all their forms and voices and scents — seem, as they really are, reminiscences of something already experienced. . . . Let an imprisoned man see the grand woods for the first time . . . he will enjoy their beauty and feel their fitness as if he had learned of them from childhood.

How little note is taken of the deeds of Nature. What paper publishes her reports? If one pine were placed in a town square what admiration it would excite. Yet who is conscious of the pine tree multitudes in the free woods, though open to everybody? Who publishes the sheet music of winds, or the written music of water written in river lines? Who reports the works and ways of the clouds, those wondrous creations coming into being every day like freshly upheaved mountains? And what record is kept of Nature's colors, the clothes she wears, of her birds, her beasts, her livestock?

Hawks live on beautiful food, as bats on finely painted moths and beetles, squirrels on nuts with fairy wings, and the deer on blooming shrubs and dainty flowers. But the hawk devours beautiful birds, the very darlings of Nature. Today I saw a hawk watching a blue jay in the chapparal where he was driven for shelter.

The foliage of *Pinus contorta* is much yellower in mass than others. No tree needles are more silvery than these long brushes all shining on one side where the sun strikes. . . . No other conifer comes together in groups of three or four to make so perfect a union. Nor does any other fork into two and three so airily and elegantly, all the separate heads forming one slender wandy spire.

*Libocedrus* approaches the wet meadow most closely. It can grow in wet or dry soil. It is the most angular and uncircular in bole. The foliage is transparently warm yellow like that of *Sequoia*. It is no match for the pine in the struggle for soil and light, when these conditions as well as temperature are suitable for its rivals. It has the knottiest trunk, sharply and deeply furrowed and ridged. Infinitely less noble in gestures and presence, it has less to say to humanity, and it is a very old inhabitant of the planet. . . .

How infinite the nooks where only the loving eye can approach, the holy recesses in grove, mead, rock-mossy dells and cups, made of . . . stones wedged together by some torrent. Here Nature does the very dearest things. Here her sweet unutterable serenity is most clearly manifested and felt. How lovely the shimmering of the sun on pine needles! Pines are more interesting than firs. Fir trees never move, only their branches move, but it is worth all we can pay to witness their grace.

*On South Side of Joaquin River,  
near mouth of Chiquito River.*

The common purity of Nature is something wonderful — how she does so vast a number of different things cleanly without waste or dirt. I have often wondered by what means bears, wild sheep and other large animals were so hidden at death as seldom to be visible. One may walk these woods from year to year without even snuffing a single tainted smell. Pollution, defilement, squalor are words that never would have been created had man lived conformably to Nature. Birds, insects, bears die as cleanly and are disposed of as beautifully as flies. The woods are full of dead and dying trees, yet needed for their beauty to complete the beauty of the living. . . . How beautiful is all Death!

One would never think of removing a single dead limb or log from these woods were the thing not suggested by man foresters, such is the sense of fitness and completeness. In contemplating some lovely grove, I have wondered how if this dead stump or white mast were removed, would it be bettered? But I never could see room for even such paltry improvement. See the fineness of finish, how each object catches the light. Look at this dead forest, burned, its branches down-curved around the trunks like



a white fog or cloud, or overgrown with lichens as if living. There is a dead stump with a woodpecker on it, and alive with mosses and lichens — homes, too, for beetles and ants. And so, when we walk the aisle-like defiles of the woods over ridges, through meadows, and still cool glens, we find each in perfect beauty as if God had everywhere done His best in putting it in order that very day.

Some big days ago I came drifting through the gorges and woods from Mariposa trees, arriving in the Fresno Basin. Then the grove was full of noon sunshine, and on sauntering from tree to tree, marking their form and condition, making my way through hazels and dogwood, and over huge fallen trunks, I came suddenly upon a handsome cottage with quaint old-fashioned chimney and gables, so new and fresh it still smelled of balsam and gum like a new-felled tree. At the door I found a gray hermit <sup>1</sup> wholly unlike the ordinary California mountaineer, sad looking and unspeculative, living a true hermit existence in the woods. Bit by bit he gave me his history, romantic but in the main only a typical example of eventful pioneer life full of intense experiences during the Gold period — now up in exciting success, now down in profound reverses. Finally, the day of life wearing on into the afternoon and long shadows stretching before, health and gold gone, the game played and lost, he had crept into these solitudes to await the coming on of night. . . . How sad the undercurrent of many a life, and now that the clang and excitement of the gold battles are over, what wrecks of hope and health remain, and how interesting are some of the wrecks! No country is so full of unique and rare men. . . . This old man of fine breeding and intuitions, gazes back at the home he hoped to make for his children, as a dream.

<sup>1</sup> See Muir's *Our National Parks*, pp. 312-14.

Being a true tree lover, his eye brightens as he gazes on the grand Sequoia Kings that stand guard around his cabin which seems as much a part of the woods as a squirrel nest in the bark. He is finely alive to the silent influences of the forest pets, the mountain quail and the squirrels, talking to them as to friends, and stroking the tender Sequoias a foot high, hoping they will yet become giants and rule the woods.

*September 1.*

The mountain meadows are now being painted in delightful blendings of brown, yellow and green upon which the mellow sunbeams love to fall. . . .

The Sierra can hardly be said to have any remnants of an ancient flora, for the whole range has been lately plowed up by the glaciers. Some of the meadow edgings have been so lately made that we can positively say that these forests are the first ever grown upon them.

I camped the other day upon a meadow sloping to the San Joaquin at an angle of thirty degrees. Everywhere beneath the flowery sod I could hear the rush and swirl of running water. An ancient landslip had choked the gorge with boulders which gradually acquired this fine sod of vegetation, and beneath it the stream still ran . . . forming a covered cascade. I slept on it for the sake of the music which was sweetly and rarely varied.

Springs of the Sierra occur mostly in the middle region where moraine matter is abundant, and where rocks have so disintegrated as to form veins for rain and snow water to percolate through and be absorbed. These springs often give rise to sloping meadows which are surrounded with beautiful firs, and adown whose verdant flowery bosoms the sunbeams pour, making a creation of sun and shade that causes one's whole being to glow with sympathy.

The cool crystal springs that well forth know better than to sing loud in such places of hushed and sacred repose. The springs themselves are always edged with moss no matter whether issuing from rock heaps or sandy banks. These mosses swell forward over the water in rounded capes and headlands, like the glaciated bosses of alpine lakes — green and yellow and brown, marvelously blended, and with here and there a stalk of overarching grasses and a few violet tufts. Here the robins and larks come to wash and drink as well as the great brown bears.

*Birds.* Now a wide-winged hawk heaves in sight — sailor of the air, fish of the upper sea with pectoral fins ten times as big as his body — so high you scarce hear his fearless scream.

Now comes a cloud of cranes with loud uproar, coor-r-r, coor-r-r, breaking the crisp air into greater waves with their voices than with their broad brown wings, their necks outstretched as if eager to see farther and go faster, their legs folded and projecting back like the handle of an umbrella. Looking down as they go, they see the woods below dappled with meadows and glistening with streams, and know the location of all the frog bogs for hundreds of miles.

A little dusky crested bird dwells among the willows, keeping the twigs in tremor, though seldom seen. Now a linnet flits across the open, and lights on willow sprays, making shimmer of shining leaves like the beautiful disturbance made by ducks plashing down from the sky into a sunny mirror lake.

Jays with guttural notes hop from limb to limb, leaving stiff dead twigs in fine vibration like the fibers of a violin.

Woodpecker is drumming on hollow logs, tapping dead spars. Then comes the way-cup <sup>1</sup> with golden wings

<sup>1</sup>“Way-cup,” “Wake-up,” one of many names for the flicker or goldenwinged woodpecker.



colored like October leaves, clad in perpetual autumn, the dearest of the woodpeckers, elegant in form notwithstanding his short barbed tail. He moves gracefully on the ground and sits well on slender sprays, and climbs as easily and fast as any of his tribe.

Now we hear the loud cackle and chuckle of the log-cock, prince of Sierra woodpeckers, larger than a pigeon, with ivory bill, crimson head and jet wings, making the woods ring, loving the deepest dells where the sugar pine and Sequoia grow tallest and cast dim shadows. Astonishing how far they are heard in calm weather drumming on dead Sequoia tops.

Now a humming bird as big as a bee, alights wing-weary on a twig, and begins to smooth his feathers. He has flown many a mile since early morning and touched more flowers than the botanist could gather in a week.

The squirrels send down showers of burr scales and purple seed wings and bark that flicker and alight like snowflakes. . . .

How infinitely superior to our physical senses are those of the mind. The spiritual eye sees not only rivers of water but of air. It sees the crystals of the rock in rapid sympathetic motion, giving enthusiastic obedience to the sun's rays, then sinking back to rest in the night. The whole world is in motion to the center.

So also sounds. We hear only woodpeckers and squirrels and the rush of turbulent streams. But imagination gives us the sweet music of tiniest insect wings, enables us to hear all round the world, the vibration of every needle, the waving of every bole and branch, the sound of stars in circulation like particles in the blood. The Sierra canyons are full of avalanche debris — we hear them boom again for we read past sounds from present conditions. Again we hear the earthquake rock falls. Imagina-

tion is usually regarded as a synonym for the unreal. Yet is true imagination healthful and real, no less likely to mislead than the coarser senses. Indeed, the power of imagination makes us infinite.

The *Pinus contorta* stands rigid on rigid rocks, but wanders along meadow edges and in rich alluvial basins where many grow close together and wave as one.

*Middle Fork Kings River. September 10.*

Huckleberries are ripe here at nine thousand feet.

Nature makes beautiful use of smoke. During September and October the Indians fire dead logs in hunting the deer, and shepherds do the same in making ways for their sheep. Great smoke springs are thus started which, oozing and curling forth into the still Indian summer air, make whole skies of smoke. The sun especially in the morning, fires this new sky and burns it white, producing a truly glorious effect.

The canyon of the Middle Fork Kings River is this morning full of smoke from bank to bank as when ice-filled during the glacial epoch, the sun burning the fading edges, the deeps slightly purple. The bold sheer headlands facing the canyon on either side, stand out into the fairy smoke flood, as into a boundless sea. The pines in the foreground are finely relieved upon it. And far beyond on the southern slope, the rich woods — some half submerged, others standing clear — seem enchanted and hushed in the crimson light of sunset.

From the Middle and North Forks' divide glorious views are obtained of all the Kings River Kingdom — the wideness of the valleys grassed with pines, the grandeur of their architecture on canyon edges and all along their fountains, and the sweet gentle beauty of their meads and gardens.

I have yet to see the man who has caught the rhythm of the big, slow pulse beats of Nature.

Last eve I heard a night bird I would gladly lie awake a week to know. Its note was very musical, flute-like, very soft and sweet, yet brave, cheerful and clear, Ka-wúkuk, Ka-wúkuk.

*Camp near South Fork Kings River. Undated*

*Sequoias.* While camped recently in a fir grove near the head of a tributary of the Merced, I caught sight of a commanding granite dome looming above the trees, called Wah-Mello by the Indians, and though now studying trees I could not resist running to its summit. Here I obtained glorious views of the forests filling the Fresno Basin, vast expanses of yellow pine stretching many a mile, forests of sugar pine with outstretched feathery arms, and towards the southwest the kingly Sequoias rising high in massive imposing congregations. There is something wonderfully impressive in Sequoias at a distance. Producing foliage in dense masses they can easily be recognized miles away. One is seen crowning a ridge rising head and shoulders above companion pines, with inexpressible majesty on his massive crown, or they are beheld in dense, close-together companies, their fine outline curves exceedingly distinctive. . . .

A supremely noble kind of tree. Redwood was once more widely distributed, but not the *Sequoia gigantea*. The Sequoia is the most venerable looking of all the Sierra Giants, standing erect and true, in poise so perfect they seem to make no effort — their strength so perfect it is invisible. Trees weighing one thousand tons are yet to all appearance imponderable as clouds, as the light which clothes them, so fine is their beauty. Huge limbs six feet in diameter, of heaviest wood, give no look of



heavy sagging, but take the slant which gives the most perfect form. Brown and gray and yellow-lichened, with indestructible vitality, they stand sound and serene after the hardships of wind and weather of five thousand years. They are antediluvian monuments, through which we gaze in contemplation as through windows into the deeps of primeval time.

Sequoia is a serious looking tree but not so serious as the Juniper. Instead of standing silent and immovable with only its light outer sprays like the tentacles of barnacles, sensitive and full of motion the Sequoia waves and sings gloriously in great winds and leads all forest choirs.

"Towering to the dimness of a Cathedral spire," no other tree has seen so much. No other is so full of other days — scores of centuries of sunshine are in it. Some are still standing older than the Pyramids.

The Kings River Sequoia Belt extends from Old Mill Flat north northeastward, almost unbrokenly, a distance of ten or twelve miles, to near the South South Fork of Kings River. In some places it is two miles wide, and forms the bulk of the woods. Beautiful meadow edgings are in many places. Here are no evidences of decadence. For every old and dying tree is one or more in prime, and for every one in prime, many young trees, saplings and seedlings. Here as elsewhere they seem to follow streams, small cool oozing brooks in which they dip their roots. However, they mostly make those streams. . . .

From the southwest end of the Kings River Sequoias there is a break of about one half a mile to those of the Kaweah at Hyde's Mill. Here they attain full possession of the forest for several miles, covering the hill south of the Mill in magnificent order. The sky outline . . . I shall never forget — such swelling domes of verdure so effortlessly poised in the cool blue sky.

Hyde's Mill booming and moaning like a bad ghost, has destroyed many a fine tree from this wood — two million feet of lumber this year. And it has been running three years. When felled the Sequoia breaks like glass, from twenty-five to fifty percent unfit for the mill. This is not true of the *Sequoia sempervirens*.

From Hyde's Mill across all the north forks, the Sequoia Belt is broken only by deep canyons and dry ridges. On all the ridges from five to seven thousand feet high, where the soil is sufficiently moist, they grow thriftily with no visible thought of dying, there being an abundance of young and middle-aged to follow the fathers to the highest deeps of the air and sun. Near Bald Mountain Dome is a lone Sequoia about three feet in diameter, young and vigorous, at an elevation of seven thousand seven hundred feet. This is the highest I have yet met.

After crossing three large streams I found a fine grove in primitive beauty about two miles long from northwest to southeast, and a mile wide, standing at an elevation of sixty-five hundred to seventy-three hundred feet high. Here to the southward another break occurs.

The Sequoia is never found in any valley exposed to the rush of floods, nor on any hillside so steep and unporous as to shed its soil and rain. It grows always where the deep sandy or loamy soil is capable of holding the winter moisture all the year, or where the rock is full of innumerable fissures and shaded and cool and moist. It thrives better than elsewhere upon low passes between partial tributary divides where the sides of the pass possess sufficient drainage to supply moisture. Also the largest trees are always the oldest, and therefore are found upon ridgetops isolated from fire by rocky bareness or by streams. Yet not so high but that water may be reached by sending roots down perhaps hundreds of feet.

*Camp in a Hollow Sequoia in the midst of  
a burning forest on Divide between Mid-  
dle and East Forks of Kaweah River.*

*Sequoia Forest Fire:* Varied beauty of fire effects: fire grazing, nibbling on the floor among old close-packed leaves; spinning into thousands of little jets — lamps of pure flame on twigs hung loosely, and taller spurts of flame; big bonfires blazing where heavy branches are smashed in heaps; old prostrate trunks glowing like red hot bars. . . . Smoke and showers of white fluffy ashes from the fire boring out trunks, rills of violet fire running up the furrows swiftly, lighting huge torches flaming overhead two hundred feet, on tops of pillars dried and fractured by lightning strokes. Down below working among arches of roots and burning whole trunks hollow into huge tubes as they stand up, which you may look through as telescopes and see the stars at noonday. . . . Smoke fragrant like incense ascending, browsing on fallen twigs and tiny rosebushes and Chamaebatia, flames advancing in long bent lines like a flock of sheep grazing, rushing in a roaring storm of energy like devouring lions, burning with fierce fateful roar and stormy booming, black and lurid smoke surges streaming through the trees the columns of which look like masts of ships obscured in scud and flying clouds. Height and hollow filled with red surges, billows roaring up hill in ragged edged flapping cataracts.

Every living thing flaming.

The destruction in great conflagrations, of fine buildings on which loving art has been lavished, sad as it is, seems less deplorable than the burning of these majestic living temples, the grandest of Gothic cathedrals.

In two-leaved pine groves, thousands burn at once in one continuous flame, flying like storm clouds with ter-



rific grandeur — an ocean of billowy flame reddening the sky at night.

*Sequoia Forest. Middle Fork  
Tule River. October 20.*

Here is temple music, the very heart gladness of the earth going on forever. On the Middle Fork of Tule I found a Sequoia forest eight miles long, six wide and wedge shaped. . . . I saw flocks of ladybirds going into winter quarters.

Sequoias fall mostly up hill because leaves and branches fall and pile against the upper side, and burn off the roots and trunks on that side, throwing the ponderous trees out of balance. Also the squareness or angularity of trunks is controlled by the quality of the soil. Sometimes the soil is good and deep and encouraging on one side, with bare rock on the other. Sequoias often seat themselves on bed rock if moist soil be near.

As soon as any mishap befalls the main axis, as being burned off at the top or broken down with snow or storm winds, every branch beneath, no matter how situated, at once seems to become excited and anxious that the onward growth be continued, and branches which before grew contentedly outward, now turn upward — rush to the front to take the fallen leader's place. . . .

I found a Sequoia struck by lightning this summer. Forty or fifty feet were shattered and stricken off, the bright red and brown-black fragments mingled with strips of bark and green branches, making a magnificent heap of ruins. When a pine or fir is struck by a powerful charge it is split into long angular rails and slivers and smithereens, but Sequoia being very brash breaks up like blasted granite. When a giant falls, it makes a regular trough in the ground, four or five feet deep and thirteen

or twenty feet wide, like a rounded ditch. When the fallen trunk is burned, young trees grow in the ditch thus formed and reach a height of one hundred and fifty feet, with a diameter of four or five feet. . . .

*November 12.*

Pausing in my studies this peaceful afternoon, I chance to think of the thousands needing rest — the weary in soul and limb, toilers in town and plain, dying for want of what these grand old woods can give. And though I suppose it may be of no avail, I yet shout, “Ho, come to the Sierra forests. The King is waiting for you — King Sequoia.” There is health and life in his very looks, in the air he breathes, in the birds he keeps, in the squirrels that gambol in his arms, and the flowers that blow and the streams that flow at his feet. . . .

Our crude civilization engenders a multitude of wants, and law-givers are ever at their wits’ end devising. The hall and the theater and the church have been invented, and compulsory education. Why not add compulsory recreation? . . . Our forefathers forged chains of duty and habit, which bind us notwithstanding our boasted freedom, and we ourselves in desperation add link to link, groaning and making medicinal laws for relief. Yet few think of pure rest or of the healing power of Nature. How hard to pull or shake people out of town. Earthquakes cannot do it, nor even plagues. These only cause the civilized to pray and ring bells and cower in corners of bedrooms and churches.

The form of a perfect Sequoia is an ellipse — the aged, blunt and dome-like at top; the younger, sharp and slender, but not aspiring or arrowy like the fir or yellow pine. The colossal brown trunks are tapered with infinite care and beauty, often branchless to a height of

two hundred feet, yet not altogether leafless, for slender sprays issue at intervals flecking the brown pillars with green as if pinned on for the sake of ornament only. The cones measure two inches long by one-quarter in diameter, bright green in color, and are made up of about forty diamond-shaped scales lined round and round inside with a thin issue of rich purple color, each containing from five to eight seeds, making from two to three hundred in a cone. . . .

No one of the conifera seeds so profusely. In a single day one could count every seed on the most fruitful of sugar pines. Not so with the Sequoia. It has the smallest seed, and there are enough in this grove to plant the globe. Winged . . . wafted on the breeze, like a boy's kite . . . alighting silently, lightly as flakes of snow, they grow in silence, making only one grand sound, rock-shaking, when they fall. Sequoias are dying, but so are all forest trees. They live their appointed time, like mastodons of the vegetable kingdom, and like other mastodons will be known only as fossils. . . .

*Undated.*

Come to the woods for here is rest. There is no repose like that of the green deep woods. . . . Here grow the wall-flower and the violet. . . . The squirrel will come and sit upon your knee, the logcock will wake you in the morning. . . . Sleep in forgetfulness of all ill. . . . Of all the upness accessible to mortals, there is no upness comparable to the mountains.



## Poems by Sister Mary Irma

LA PUCELLE

I had thought Patience would come in the evening,  
    silver-gowned,  
    Gray sandals on silvery feet,  
Gray-eyed, with bright hair in silver ribands bound,  
    Her low voice sweet.

But no, she comes riding, riding, and ever riding,  
    On an iron-mouthed steed with a froward and hard-  
    curbed will,  
And all her days and her nights are spent in the saddle,  
    And at dawn she is riding still.

For the traffic of Patience is not with age in the shadows,  
    For shadows and age are still with the calm of years;  
In the vanguard of Youth goes gauntleted, steel-helmed  
    Patience,  
    Through travail, and torrents, and arches of triumph,  
    and tears.

YOUNG POETS

You are like cardinals, swift and shy,  
Darting from cover to cover,  
Or poised against the sky,  
Thistle-down light on the last inaccessible twig of the  
tallest tree.

None of your kind can know you;  
Only the lover  
Of wildness known, not questioned, finds you out.  
He only can understand, and even he  
Can not translate your shout  
That is sweet, unhomed, an exquisite, exiled thing —  
The flash of your color,  
The sweep of your air-light wing.

I will not teach you the gull's pragmatic gesture,  
The arrogant blue-jay's swoop,  
Or the sparrow's safe dun vesture —  
I will not key your voice to a lower tone —  
But I shall put signs on all of your wild high haunts:

*These are my rare bright birds: Leave them alone.*

## MIGRATION

The winds went south in the fall, like mad bulls charging,  
    Bellowing out their wrath,  
And leaves and palings and beggars' rags went whirling,  
    Scurrying out of their path.

But now they come back, like curious young calves  
    startling,  
    In honey-colored coats,  
To crop the clover on the young sloping pastures  
    And nibble the sprouting oats.



PRISON TOUR

He sat huddled in his cell,  
    Marked with stripes and chain;  
And anyone who saw could tell  
    How hopeless was his pain.

He scarcely raised his eyes to me  
    Reluctant to depart  
On feet so fabulously free,  
    With bars about my heart.

## FINALITY

It matters not that when I saw you go  
The world turned on its heel and walked away,  
Leaving my heart too numbly chill to know  
The tonic sweetness and the warmth of May.  
Now I go on as though I really cared  
To set the chairs straight in this foolish room —  
I who so gladly, gladly would have shared  
Your wide, unvalled extravagance of doom.  
Now I have meat, and kindling for my fire,  
And corn in plenty on the kitchen wall;  
I sit untroubled now by young desire;  
Unanswering, I hear the plovers call;  
It does not matter that we left unsaid  
The words that haunt me, now that you are dead.

## THE FIFTH WISE VIRGIN

In this last moment, when the tired day dies  
And all my housemates slip away to rest,  
I look again into your answering eyes,  
And feel your tired head bowed upon my breast;  
And life, long frustrate in its loneliness,  
And circumspect in its secluded pain,  
Acknowledges the holocausts that bless,  
Consuming longings as they rise again.  
For Memory is but a querulous crone  
Stirring the embers it were best to kill,  
Bending above the darkling hearth alone,  
Conjuring shadows that are shadows still.  
The moment passes; hearth and heart grow dim.  
I turn, remembering: There are lamps to trim.



# Wall Street Under the New Deal

BENJAMIN GINZBURG

A FEW WEEKS ago the American public received a startling reminder of 1929. The stock market crashed, and in one day wiped out some twenty-five billion dollars in the value of the securities held by an estimated fifteen million investors and speculators throughout the country. And, as if this were not enough, the events in Wall Street spread panic through the entire business community. An incipient business recession was transformed all at once into a fair-sized depression, with wholesale lay-offs of workers in most of the basic industries. With bated breath pessimistic prophets even stood waiting for events to repeat themselves on the exact Hoover model. The reassuring utterances by business and governmental leaders that economic conditions were fundamentally sound were uncannily reminiscent of similar utterances in 1929 and in 1930, and they aroused forebodings that they would be followed by the same aftermath.

In the weeks that have elapsed since Wall Street's "Black Tuesday," it has fortunately become apparent that history will not quite repeat itself. Indeed, as the philosophers will tell you, human history never does and never can quite repeat itself. Although Wall Street has not experienced any great recovery, the immediate panic in the business world seems to have ended. The outlook is for a slow recovery from a recession that is far more severe than had been anticipated before the crash in the stock market.

But if the events of October and November, 1937, have not ushered in a complete collapse of the business

cycle, they have dramatically raised a number of serious questions concerning the present place of Wall Street in our economic life. Is our apparatus for speculation out of all proportion to our possibilities for industrial expansion? Will the stock market continue to have a valid social function as we approach closer and closer to a stabilized economy? Or, on the other hand, will the stock market's excesses so overbalance its social utility as to make it necessary to excise this financial organ in order to cure our economy of speculative appendicitis?

It is in the light of these serious questions concerning the changed role of Wall Street that the federal program of security and stock market regulation, which has been initiated and developed since 1933, has to be judged. Superficially this program has seemed to many persons a substitution of federal policing for the more or less ineffective policing that used to be furnished by state "blue sky" laws—a policing that aims to protect individuals against fraud in purchasing securities and against sharp practices in speculating or "gambling" on the stock exchanges. But if the questions raised concerning the new role of Wall Street are valid, then it can readily be seen that in so far as federal policing serves to make Wall Street safe for speculators it may aggravate rather than curb the disease. On the other hand, in so far as the federal program seeks to restrain speculation and to confine both speculation and investment to their proper role in the present economic structure—and that on the whole would appear to be the philosophy motivating the federal securities laws—the question arises whether the present restraints can be effective against the vast vested interests of speculation which were built up in the pre-1929 era.

But before we can go further in analyzing the problems

involved or discussing the success or failure of the government program in meeting these problems, we must get down to fundamentals. What is the nature of speculation and investment? What was their economic role in the past, and what is their economic role today and in the future? Let us attempt to answer, or at least clarify, these questions.

Living as we do under a regime of private capitalism operated under the stimulus of the profit motive, we have depended on the reinvestment of individual and business savings to replace the wear and tear of our capital plant and to expand it in order to operate at a higher pitch of production. It is a fact, of course, that most of the capital for the expansion of our most successful business enterprises has come from the direct plowing back of business profits; these businesses have often been developed by individual families or by what is known as "close corporations," representing small groups of shareholders without public participation. Instances of this are legion: one thinks at once of Carnegie, Ford, the Du Ponts.

But though this fact of the plowing back of business profits is often used to minimize the role of the investment and speculative markets in the economic development of the country, it is also a fact that large amounts of capital have been publicly subscribed for industrial expansion. This capital has been subscribed through the agency of investment bankers and underwriters, who have sold stocks and bonds both to individuals and to institutions — insurance companies, or trust funds. It has gone into enterprises that have proved successful and into enterprises that have proved unsuccessful. It has also gone into successful enterprises at a late stage of their development when the original owners desired to withdraw part or all of their capital from their business, or



even to retain control while getting additional capital from the public. Well known examples of this are the retirement of Carnegie and the organization of the U. S. Steel Corporation (with the curious by-product of the flotation of the Carnegie philanthropies), the sale of the Dodge Brothers' automobile firm in 1929 following the death of the original partners, or the expansion of the Du Pont interests into General Motors. Only Ford, among the very big enterprises, has stubbornly kept aloof from the investment markets.

Even if we suppose that all capital for business expansion could come from the plowing back of business profits (which is not true), the long-term investment markets would be socially necessary in order to provide an opportunity for the original owners or their heirs to liquidate their holdings. Otherwise, the spirit of enterprise, the incentive for industrial development and expansion, would be dammed up. Still more are the investment markets necessary in order to provide investment channels for the billions of dollars of individual and institutional savings that are piled up every year.

At this point we come to a third stage of functional development. Just as it is necessary to have long-term investment markets to provide an opportunity for original owners to turn their businesses into cash, so it is functionally necessary to have day-to-day markets where holders of long-term investments, who may need cash for unforeseen emergencies or who may desire to shift their investments, may liquidate their holdings at any moment. Otherwise few people would be ready to tie up their surplus funds in long-term commitments. Such day-to-day markets are provided by the organized stock exchanges of the country, and also by thousands of individual dealers who maintain individual "over-

the-counter" markets. The technical relation between the function of the stock exchanges and the unorganized over-the-counter dealers need not concern us here: for certain types of transactions it is advantageous to trade through the over-the-counter dealers, but broadly speaking these could not perform their function without the existence of central markets for the meeting of traders which are constituted by the organized exchanges. Twenty-two exchanges are registered with the U. S. Securities and Exchange Commission as dealing with securities on a more or less national basis. The most important of these is the New York Stock Exchange, which accounts for between sixty-five to seventy-five per cent of the share trading done on all the registered exchanges. The New York Curb Exchange accounts for fifty or sixty per cent of the remainder. Thus, in the two New York exchanges are concentrated from eighty-five to ninety per cent of all the share trading done on the organized exchanges.

As it happens, the nature of industrial securities is such as to make it possible to develop a class of traders who go in and out of the market from day to day without waiting for long-time trends to develop and without depending to any large extent on the dividend or interest earnings of the securities they momentarily hold. This condition does not obtain in the case of real estate mortgages, notwithstanding certain recent attempts to adapt them to the pattern of industrial securities; and because this condition does not obtain, real estate mortgages do not represent as liquid investments as do industrial securities. The ability to turn them into cash depends on the would-be seller meeting the right kind of buyer, who is in turn ready to hold them for a long period or risk the chance of finding or not finding a second buyer.

In the case of industrial securities — the term industrial is here used in the wide sense to include railroads, utilities and even merchandizing corporations — a condition obtains not unlike that in the grain and other commodity exchanges, where a class of traders can contract to buy and sell grain and cotton for spot or future “delivery” without ever expecting to receive or deliver the goods they so eagerly buy and sell. And just as the standardized character of these commodities, by facilitating trading in contracts rather than in the tangible goods, makes it possible for the genuine users — millers of wheat or manufacturers of cotton goods — to pass on to these contract traders the risks of price changes, so, too, does the standardized character of industrial securities make it possible for the genuine investors to pass on to the day-to-day traders the risks of fluctuations in the value of their investment. An investment may earn at the rate of six per cent this month, four per cent three months from now, and nothing at all this time next year; but it is necessary to get cash for the investment now. Another investor might shrewdly take the risk and offer to buy the security at a certain price, but without a wide market furnished by the day-to-day traders which crystallizes a collective judgment as to future earnings, either the seller or the buyer would find himself disappointed in the results of the transaction.

These day-to-day traders are speculators, in the strict dictionary sense of the term. Their opportunity for individual profit depends upon their ability to forecast the risk fluctuations governing security prices, and their social function is to provide a wide market for securities and a sort of insurance which stabilizes prices. Although they are often attacked from a moral point of view as indulging in gambling (which under our Puritan moral-



ity is regarded as a crime), they perform their social function best when their activities most nearly approximate gambling. In gambling the objective chances of gain and loss are mathematically equal, and that is the condition that obtains in insurance, with this difference, that an insurance company throws all the chances of gain and loss into one pot and thus comes out neutral. If we assume for a moment that the underlying conditions governing securities as a whole are stable and predictable, with only the individual enterprises subject to unpredictable risks, then the speculative community could be likened to an insurance organization. Not only would individual security prices approximate, under the influence of competition, the best present collective judgment as to their future risks, but the mistakes of judgment on individual securities would balance out. An investment trust which purchased diversified securities would come out exactly even on its capital account. Speculation in individual securities would become pure gambling; and those who did not wish to gamble could take advantage of the collective insurance result of individual gambling by diversifying their investments and being able always to sell their diversified investment at a stable price.

Unfortunately, stock market speculation under actual economic conditions only partly resembles gambling. Those reformers who constantly agitate for the closing of the stock exchanges on the ground that they are houses of gambling would be better advised if they agitated for the closing of the exchanges on the ground that they are *not* gambling houses, for it is principally from the non-gambling character of speculation that the deleterious social evils arise. Stock market speculation ceases to serve its social function when it generates wide price changes which may not only interfere with the liquidity

of investment, but which may even disturb business confidence in the economic system at large.

The chief basic fact which interferes with the purely gambling (and socially fortunate) character of speculation is that we have been living in an expanding economic system, punctuated into periodic business cycles of boom and depression. We have been living under a bull philosophy, a philosophy which expects industry not merely to expand at an even rate but to expand at a fabulous rate — that is, it expects this to happen until we are suddenly brought face to face with a collapse of expansion. There is a school of economists which seeks to explain the entire phenomenon of business cycles as a case of bull enthusiasm overreaching itself. Doubtless there are other factors involved in the mechanism of business cycles, but that psychological enthusiasm plays an important role, particularly at the crest of the business cycle, is undeniable.

This element of enthusiasm plays a far stronger role in the financial markets, where enthusiasm is not restrained by the inability to sell goods to ultimate consumers who do not share in the upswing of the business cycle. In the financial markets it is only necessary to persuade other speculators that since business is going up, you can already count the future rate of earnings as the basis for the present value of a stock. Thus the gains of the business cycle, particularly as they are available for common stocks, generate a mad scramble, similar to those which take place in real estate booms, where the announcement of an important improvement like a bridge or a system of roads may lead people speculatively to capitalize ten or twelve times over the possible gains from the improvement. The scramble is facilitated by an abundance of credit, which is obtained by the pledging of securities —

the system of so-called margin trading, which played such a great and ultimately disastrous role in the late twenties. The result of the speculative scramble is to give rise to a series of booms and recessions over and above the underlying booms and recessions of business. Thus, in its interpretation of business conditions, stock market psychology, as well as the mechanism of speculation which is built on it, tends to overemphasize optimistic and pessimistic trends, so that securities, when judged by prudent standards, are always overpriced at the height of the business cycle and underpriced at the bottom of the business cycle.

Curiously enough the mechanism of speculation is geared to facilitate stock market recessions as well as to facilitate upswings, so that downswings take place not merely as the logical counterpart of upswings, but also because they are to a certain extent artificially provoked or artificially exaggerated. The reader will guess that I am referring to the technique of short-selling. Under this technique a speculator, expecting the market to go down, sells a stock without owning it, borrows it to make delivery and later purchases the stock and cancels the loan.

The organized speculative interests of Wall Street are always defending the ethics of short selling, and allege, first, that it acts as a break upon bull enthusiasm and keeps prices closer to true values, and, second, that when the market is going down, the "covering" or purchasing by the short-sellers provides a cushion or support to prices. The ethics of short-selling need no defense: short-selling is just as moral and just as immoral as any other form of speculation. But the arguments as to its physical effects are not only fallacious, but in their fallaciousness reveal the central social problem involved in stock market speculation. If short-selling by bears could act as a



counterweight to bull purchasing, we should have reason to expect that the ultimate effect of stock market speculation would be to iron out the price fluctuations due to the ups and downs of the business cycle. Actually we know the effect is just the opposite: it increases security price fluctuations over and above what can be ascribed to changes in earnings. The reason speculation has this effect is that the speculative community, so far from being divided into permanent bulls and permanent bears, comprises speculators who individually take turns at being bulls and bears. As bulls they seek to drive the market up when they think they can make money by driving it up; as bears they seek to drive the market down when they think they can make money by driving it down.

As it happens, short-selling can serve to demoralize a market and drive values down to fictitiously low levels more readily than a buying wave can drive it up to fictitiously high levels. (There is every reason to believe that short selling operations played an important role in the "Black Tuesday" crash.) When the market is steadily going down a panic can spread through millions of investors as well as speculators, all of whom will want to sell before values drop still lower; and the buying that comes from short covering, after previous sales to depress the market, can at best provide only momentary support. A buying wave, on the other hand, can feed only on the number of new speculators or investors it can attract into the market in the hope of "getting in before it is too late" — a much smaller aggregate. For this reason, short-selling poses special problems of its own, but fundamentally all problems of stock market speculation are tied up in the same nexus, and arise from the same cause — the desire to exploit the swings of the business cycle.

There is no space here to discuss the more detailed abuses associated with stock market speculation. Some of these, like bucket shops (now extinct), resemble the abuses of running a crooked gambling house, and affect only the welfare of the individual speculators. Others, like pools and market rigging by company "insiders," while they also affect the welfare of individual speculators, may under certain conditions have broad social effects both on the investment markets and even upon economic activity. Under other conditions, however, all such practices may have a good social effect in so far as by quickly separating amateur speculators of small means from their money, they serve to restrict the size of the speculative community and limit the tempo of speculation. It was to this that President Roosevelt recently alluded when he jokingly remarked at a press conference that he saw no harm in the stock market being dangerous.

**B**EFORE THE WAR, Wall Street was just as "wicked" — probably more wicked when judged by common law standards — as it is today, but the speculative markets performed their function without interfering unduly with investment or with the economic development of the country. The mechanism for speculation developed by Wall Street contained all the dangerous excesses which have been revealed in recent years, but this Pandora's box had scarcely been opened. What kept the lid on the box were the phenomenal opportunities for economic development which this country presented. These opportunities did indeed generate a speculative temperament, but at the same time they afforded a constructive outlet for the spirit of speculation, the spirit of risk-taking. While the country was still on the make, business men could

take a chance and make money by doing something constructive, by developing a new industry or a new business. The lure of Wall Street was there, but it was restrained by the simple mathematical fact that for every man who made money by speculating in Wall Street, there were dozens who made fortunes — and held on to them — by starting and developing a business, be it ever so humble as making mouse traps or collecting rags or peddling junk.

And because relatively few persons crowded into Wall Street speculation, there was a fairly clear distinction between day-to-day speculation and long-range investment. The surplus funds of the middle classes went either directly into family corporations, or else into the purchase of investment securities, which by and large were priced on conservative standards and which the action of the speculative markets served to render liquid without, however, making them boil with excessive price fluctuations. It is true that every year tens of thousands of persons lost their savings both in unfortunate investments and in wildcat and fraudulent securities. But while there was a problem of protecting individual investors against fraud, it had no great social significance. Whoever had money to invest and wanted to feel safe could always go to a conservative investment house or could take the advice of the neighborhood bank; or, if he wanted to be still safer, he could put his money in the savings bank — cautious immigrants put theirs into the government postal savings — or into a building and loan association or into first mortgages. As for the losses sustained by the ignorant and credulous investors, they represented such a small phase of investment activity that, after making a routine effort at prevention through state laws, we could afford to be philosophical about the whole subject.



Similarly, the fleecing of suckers in Wall Street by bucket shops, which was a crime, or by pools and corners, which did not constitute a crime, was unfortunate for the individuals concerned. But the pools and corners were generally of small magnitude and did not interfere with Wall Street's provision of a wide and essentially stable market for investment securities. As for the crooked bucket shops, they were in the end stamped out by the action of the organized exchanges themselves, particularly the New York Stock Exchange, who thereby hoped to attract a wider clientele to the stock markets.

It is ironical to think that one of the prime factors in introducing a wider public to the mysteries of stock market speculation was the great Liberty Loan campaign of 1917 and 1918. The result of this campaign was first of all to distribute paper securities to tens of millions who previously had not known what it was to possess intangible property. Secondly, following the armistice the various issues of Liberty Bonds went down from par to around eighty — and then went back to par. This made millions of people conscious of the fact that money could be made by the simple process of holding paper securities until they went up in value.

The millions of persons among the lower middle class who learned this lesson, or rather this half truth, never forgot it. And as post-war economic conditions created a wave of prosperity at the very time that the opportunities for constructive economic expansion began to dry up, these millions turned to Wall Street to speculate with their surplus funds. Under the expert guidance of smooth-talking "customers' men" from the brokerage offices, everybody became initiated into the mysteries of margin trading. Doctors, dentists, grocers, barbers, bootblacks — everybody decided to speculate on margin.

The net result of the vast accretion of speculators can be seen from the comparison of stock market indices. The Standard Statistics record shows that the average price of stocks went up from \$60 a share in 1922 to \$212 a share at the peak of 1929. The prices of stocks as they were bought and sold in Wall Street ceased of course to have any rational relation to underlying economic conditions. What was worse was that through the mechanism of margin trading an automatic inflation of stock market credit had been achieved which both the banks and the government confessed themselves powerless to control. (There is some doubt as to whether most of our governmental and financial leaders during this era of normalcy (!) really knew what it was all about.) At any rate the credit inflation was allowed to proceed until the market reached dizzy heights and the bubble finally burst.

What was the source of the stock market credit inflation, which in the form of brokers' loans rose from under two billions in 1922 to eight and a half billions in 1929? In part it represented community savings and bank credit based on community savings, which were diverted into speculative channels instead of being applied to useful consumption and production. And that was bad enough. But what was worse was that in large part this credit represented nothing but thin air. The head of one large corporation later testified before a senate committee that his company took advantage of the easy market conditions to float securities and then used the proceeds, not for capital expansion, but to lend the funds back to the market on call loans to brokers — which at one time commanded the not unattractive rate of twenty per cent per annum. Nor was this company alone in following the practice. Other corporations, who had first tasted the

fruits of Wall Street prosperity by lending their corporate surpluses on call loans at high interest, came back to the market with more funds raised by security issues. Thus in the last analysis the market's readiness to bid up securities on credit speculation provided more credit with which to bid up still further the price of securities. Although Wall Street had no constitutional warrant for issuing paper money, it had nonetheless a mechanism for inflation comparable to that of post-war Germany.

And while all this was going on in the speculative market, what does one suppose was happening in the sound investment markets? As the prices of common stocks were being feverishly bid up, the standards of value even on the safe senior securities like bonds and preferred stocks — the standards of what constitutes safety in investment — inevitably underwent a transformation. This transformation did not stop merely with the prices and other objective factors in security values: it affected the human equation as well. It affected the standards of judgment, even the moral character, of our erstwhile conservative bankers, underwriters and dealers.

Thus guaranteed mortgage bonds were sold long after the guarantee ceased to be worth the paper it was written on. Through investment affiliates our leading bankers got their trusting clients to invest in doubtful foreign or domestic securities on which they, the bankers, made the greatest profit, or which they desired for other reasons to unload on the public. Utility magnates formed giant holding companies with mazes of intermediate subsidiaries, and had investors supply the funds and take the risks while they, the magnates, exercised control and took the gravy. These abuses represent only a sketchy sample of a long list spread with great detail in the hearings of the Senate Committee on Currency and Banking, which



from 1932 to 1934 conducted an exhaustive post-mortem on "new era" financing and speculation.

No investigation has ever been made of the effect of the stock market boom on the post-1929 depression. No investigation, however, is necessary, for while theorists may dispute as to precisely how great a cyclical depression would have come at that time or before that time even in the absence of a speculative boom, there is no gainsaying the fact that the stock market boom enormously magnified the extent of the drop during the depression as well as prolonged the period of readjustment before recovery could take place. The interaction between the stock market and business was both psychological and physical. As security prices tumbled from dizzy heights to dizzy lows, business confidence went through the same gyrations. On the other hand, the very drop in security prices gradually affected the stability of banks and financial institutions; and, as everybody knows, after a preliminary attempt to prop up the financial structure through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation we had to go through the painful process of closing the banks and reconstructing the banking system before business could begin to recover. Thus in one way or another the sins of stock market speculation were visited upon millions of industrial workers and farmers whom the depression might otherwise have spared.

THE GOVERNMENT PROGRAM for the regulation of security issues and security trading is the outgrowth of the Senate Committee investigation of the speculative and investment abuses of the Coolidge-Hoover era. It is crystallized in two principal laws. The first is the Securities Act of 1933, providing for full publicity and for public registration in the case of all new securities which are

sold through the mails or through the instrumentalities of interstate commerce. Railroad securities are exempt as being already subject to the regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and "governments" (including state and municipal securities as well as those of the federal government) are exempt under our constitutional theory of concurrent sovereignty.

The second law is the Securities and Exchange Act of 1934, providing for similar publicity and registration (including the supplying of current information) in the case of all securities which are publicly traded through the organized exchanges. At the same time it provides for the comprehensive regulation of all trading practices both on the exchanges and in the over-the-counter markets. The same act set up the Securities and Exchange Commission to administer both the act of 1934 and the act of 1933 (the act of 1933 had been previously administered by the Federal Trade Commission). One important provision of the act of 1934 — that relating to the regulation of credit or margin trading — was reserved for the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System as the agency principally concerned with the regulation and control of the country's credit structure. The Federal Reserve Board, however, consults with the Securities Commission in setting and adjusting margin requirements for security trading.

A third important law, the Public Utility Act of 1935, is also administered by the Securities Commission, but this law, which provides for the regulation of holding company structures in the public utility field, applies to a detailed section of our security structure, like the Interstate Commerce Commission regulation of railroad securities. It has, moreover, scarcely been enforced, most of the utilities concerned having tied the hands of the

Commission with injunctions pending a Supreme Court test of the constitutionality of its provisions.

How has the government program worked out in practice? Has it purified the channels of investment so that men and women may safely invest their savings for building up the country? Has it served to restrain speculation with a view to getting it more nearly in line with the volume of investment activity and with the amount of constructive expansion that is going on? In answering these questions we have to make allowance for the fact that both the laws and the agency enforcing these laws are only a few years old, and that the enforcement of the laws has had to take place under exceptional economic and financial conditions. Nevertheless since we are asking only the most general type of questions, an answer may well be attempted.

It is universally admitted that the Securities Act of 1933, providing for the public registration of new securities, has been a complete success. It is one of those laws which after its passage spontaneously evokes the question, "Why didn't we do this all along?" The only objections that have been voiced have been on the score of the expense of preparing registration statements. But it is significant that the cost to the public of floating new securities, as measured by the spread between the price paid by the investment banker or underwriter and the price paid by the general public, has shown a drop with the institution of registration and has been going down steadily since 1933.

Unfortunately we have had little new financing or capital expansion during the period the law has been in force. Most of the financing has been for the purpose of taking advantage of lower interest rates and refinancing older issues of securities. This fact is sometimes loosely



used as a criticism of the operation of the act—as if the requirements for publicity and registration have obstructed the flow of new capital for industrial expansion. But as an insurance company official recently wrote, there are two easy ways of showing that economic factors, and not the Securities Act is responsible for this condition. He points out that

First, railroads are exempt from registration under the Act. The absence of new capital financing by the rails cannot, therefore, be laid at its door. Second, financing for refunding purposes has been prolific in all types of industries. With all the attendant disadvantages of cost, etc., corporations have not refrained from undergoing the painful process of meeting requirements under the Act, where real savings or other advantages accrue. After all, these registration requirements for refunding purposes are precisely the same as they would be for new capital purposes, ergo, if new capital were needed it would be obtained!

The lack of new financing, new capital expansion, serves, however, to cast a shadow over the enforcement of the second and more fundamental objective of the federal program, the curbing of speculation. The problem of restraining speculation is a problem in relations and proportions; if the economic system is expanding and a lot of new capital is being poured in for investment, we can stand a great deal of speculative activity before any symptoms of disease set in. On the other hand if there is no expansion, the function of the speculative markets becomes merely one of providing liquidity for the existing volume of securities. To accomplish that purpose, however, we need only about a tenth of our present speculative apparatus and activity.

One can imagine what a howl would have arisen if the federal government had sought to abolish ninety per cent of our speculative machinery. The storm over the Supreme Court reform plan would have appeared like a

whisper by comparison. And the howl would have come not merely from the vested interests of speculation but from the general business interests as well. To a certain extent the howl from the business interests would have been a legitimate one. Accustomed as it is to regard stock market activity as a barometer of business conditions, business recovery could not have proceeded unless it saw the stock market going up and up. . . . The dog, in other words, would not have moved unless it saw its tail wagging.

But if you have to tolerate what is otherwise unnecessary speculation in order to encourage business, you have to take the risk of this unnecessary speculation causing a crash later on and injuring business confidence. This explains the dilemma in which both the Federal Reserve Board and the Securities Commission have found themselves in attempting to enforce the provisions of the Securities Exchange Act of 1934.

The dilemma has been made all the more severe by the fact that we have been living in a period of easy money. Both as a result of federal deficit spending for relief and recovery and as a result of federal reserve policies, the economic system has had an abundance of unused funds. It was hoped that this abundance of funds would stimulate the construction industry and other phases of economic expansion, and thus solve the unemployment problem and create full prosperity. But the hoped for expansion did not take place to any considerable extent, and the idle funds crowded into the investment and speculative markets. It was feared, however, to carry through any restrictive or deflationary measures because it might foreclose the hopes of business expansion and might even affect adversely the existing level of business. When the Federal Reserve Board in the spring of 1937 finally did

decide to take restrictive measures, these measures contributed to bringing on a business recession and indirectly to precipitating the stock market crash six months later.

The provisions for registration and for current information on securities admitted to trading on the exchanges have caused no trouble. They are the logical complement of the publicity provisions for new securities under the Act of 1933. The mandatory and readily enforceable provisions in regard to certain trading practices have also caused little trouble, although in their case the question always arises whether their effect is socially good or bad. Thus company "insiders" — corporation officials or those controlling more than ten per cent of any class of stock issue — are required to report their holdings to the Commission, and if they turn over their holdings within six months, it is presumed that they took advantage of inside information, and the company or an individual stockholder may sue to recover the profits resulting from such transactions. Wall Street interests have repeatedly claimed that this provision, which effectively prevents insiders from trading in their company stocks within six months, results in a thin market especially in a period of decline and prevents such persons from coming to the support of the market. The "thinning" of the market is, from the social point of view, highly desirable, but in so far as, notwithstanding all the regulations, we have still had a highly speculative market, the possibility of this provision having a bad effect during a decline cannot be altogether dismissed.

It is, however, the discretionary provisions — the discretion given to the Federal Reserve Board as to the amount of margin or credit that is to be allowed and the discretion given to the Securities Commission in making



or not making regulations to enforce the general purposes of the Act — that have provided the real headache for the agencies concerned. Obviously under the complex social interests in speculation which have prevailed in the past few years these agencies can be attacked both on the ground of fostering speculation and on the ground of restraining speculation. And indeed they have been attacked on both grounds.

Thus the Federal Reserve Board, which by a special legal technique was given control over all brokers' loans, when it was originally faced with the problem of setting margin requirements, frankly dodged the problem and adopted the flexible standard suggested by the law itself. Under this standard stocks which had not risen much from the 1933 lows were allowed to be purchased on a smaller margin while those which had gone up required a larger margin — the range being between twenty-five and forty-five per cent. This standard is of course an indication that the Congress of the United States and the people of the United States in 1934 wanted stocks to go up. If a stock did not go up it was to be assisted by a smaller margin requirement. In 1935 the stock market responded to this encouragement, and in February 1936 the Federal Reserve Board raised the upper margin limit — that is to say the margin requirement for the leaders in the stock rise — to fifty-five per cent. Two months later, as stocks continued to rise, the Board abandoned the flexible standard altogether and set a flat margin requirement of fifty-five per cent. It was this margin which was in operation all through the 1936 and 1937 boom until the October crash. Then the Board lowered the margin to forty per cent, and, for the first time, instituted a margin requirement for short sales, a margin set at the unusually high level of fifty per cent.

Like the Federal Reserve Board's margin policies, the policies of the Securities Commission in regulating trading practices have been marked with a great sense of caution. Both because it was a new organization feeling its way and because it did not wish to disturb a bull market which seemed to be necessary to encourage business, it took no action that would palpably have the effect of restricting the volume of trading. Most of its regulations are designed to stamp out individual abuses, and a great part of these have been in the form of recommendations for voluntary adoption by the exchanges themselves. The Commission may have proceeded on the theory that the big operators in Wall Street would not be tempted to draw in the general public if they were prevented from engaging in unfair practices, and that thus the amount of speculation would eventually be restricted. Its regulations, however, also lend themselves to the theory that by hobbling the big operators the Commission makes or appears to make the market safe for the ordinary public. And, judging by the size of the market in the last two years, it is this theory that the general public seems to have acted upon.

In its magnitude and in its consequences the stock market boom and crash of 1935-1937 is second only to the boom and crash of 1928-1929. Judged by this brute fact, the federal program has failed to attain its objective. From its failure, however, we may derive some instructive lessons for the future. In the first place we must be single hearted in our objectives. If we want to restrain speculation, we cannot at the same time hope to use speculative enthusiasm to stimulate business recovery. Secondly, we must recognize that without economic expansion, to restrain speculation to its proper relative proportion is a big job — possibly a hopeless job.

The experience collected by the Federal Reserve Board and the Securities Commission in their dealing with speculation will thus really be useful only when we find a way of investing our savings into economic expansion, or else when we find a way to distribute them for purposes of current consumption. And if we don't find a way for solving this problem, the fundamental economic problem of the present stage of capitalism, it won't matter much whether we solve the problem of speculation or not, for the system of free enterprise would be doomed.



## Up From Missouri

MALCOLM VAUGHAN

ONE MORNING in the summer of 1936, a small-sized, black haired man stood on a high scaffolding in a corner of the State Capitol of Missouri, painting the barrel of an old-fashioned pistol that a bygone prairie bandit was pointing at the engineer and fireman of an overland night express. Outside the Capitol, the thermometers in Jefferson City had climbed past the one hundred degree mark; it was a few minutes of twelve o'clock and the painter was hot and tired after having worked all morning, up under the ceiling, painting a train robbery of yesteryear. He was hungry. Leaning backward to get a bit more distance between him and the wall, he squinted his dark eyes at the picture, reached for another brush, put it into a pale colored paint and swiftly made two or three horizontal strokes along the leveled barrel of the gun. The strokes added just enough realistic high lights to make the pistol gleam as savagely as if it were real steel.

A few moments later, descending the scaffolding and passing through the scattered group of people who had drifted into the building to see these mural pictures in the making, the painter seated himself at luncheon across the room. A whisper sprang up among the curiosity gazers as he passed by. "That's him!" they were saying to each other under their breaths. "He's the one. The others are just helpers. He's the artist." One or two of the women made bold to ramble over to where he was eating and, by way of asking him a question, engage him in conversation. Finding him friendly and willing to talk, everyone else in the room was soon crowded round the luncheon

table, plying him with inquiries about this or that detail among the hundreds of painted episodes that covered the walls with motley panoramas of Missouri life.

Presently, a tall, lean, elderly farmer cleared his throat and spoke up: "Say, is that there a new fangled kind of a plow?" he asked, pointing to the implement hitched to a big-eared mule near the center of one of the panels. The painter answered that the plow was an old-timer and voiced his surprise that the farmer, who was an old-timer himself, should happen to question it. "Wa-al," responded the farmer, "I ain't never seen one jest like it afore." The painter, now thoroughly interested, himself took up the interrogation and asked to know what was the matter with the plow. "O' course I don't know nothin' erbout hand paintin'," came the reply, "but I kin tell the hind part o' that plow is too short for the man you've got a-usin' it. Why it ain't no more'n a child's plow. And the handles ain't got enough turn to give anybody a real grip on 'em. That big mule a-pullin' it would yank the blade right up outen the ground most every step or so." Immediately the painter was expressing his thanks, declaring he found the farmer entirely right about the thing, now that it was pointed out, and adding that there were several such details here and there which he meant to correct as soon as he could get around to it.

The incident is characteristic of the sort that occurred from day to day while the painter was at work in Jefferson City's Capitol on the most sensational wall paintings west of the Mississippi. His aim being realistic, any passing realist might add a grain of grist to the mill. The thing he was painting in these mural panoramas was, according to their title, a *Social History of Missouri*, and the painter was the forty-seven year old stormy petrel of contemporary American art, Thomas Benton. A few

years ago, Benton was a struggling aspirant in the sphere of water color sketches and small easel-paintings, known only to a handful of New Yorkers and considered by most of them to be a fizzle. It is true he had long been experimenting with a series of six-foot mural panels to be called the *Epic of America*, but these studio creations of "early colonists fighting Indians and settling a rockbound coast" were to prove so unsuccessful that they are still in storage. It is the four sets of mural paintings he has completed in less than the last decade which have made him the center of a controversial whirlwind, America's most talked-of living artist. Today, one critic believes him to be a kind of Moses who will lead our painters forth from blighted Egypt. Another considers him merely a glorified cartoonist who ought to be doing a comic strip for the newspapers. The public similarly disagrees as to his worth.

Of the four sets of mural paintings Benton has produced, the first was painted in 1929 on the walls of a room in New York's New School for Social Research. At that time, most of our painters, loath to touch the downright actualities of American life around them, had betaken themselves into ivory towers of their own esthetic dreamings. Benton, reacting against their "pink lily art," took as his subject, *America Today*, and flung on the walls of the New School a conglomeration of vulgar main streets, gin parlors, sewer rats, racketeers and ditch diggers; a horde of coarse episodes which, as a whole, lack technical unity and would lack thematic unity but that they have a general idea-basis in "the crude reality of work that surrounds us in our daily lives." Ever since these paintings were begun, the crude reality of life has been his theme and he has remained in hot reaction against refinement of any kind.

When the leading patron of our native artists, the



founder of the Whitney Museum of American Art, was told that Benton had not received a penny for his labors at the New School — he had done the work for the experience it would give him — she commissioned him to paint the walls of the Museum reading room. Benton did this job in 1932, covering the place with four large panels that reflect inelegant realities of daily work in four sections of the country — East, South, West and Southwest. Here the coarseness of his idea is a trifle tempered by the fact that many of his episodes — broncho busting, Negro revival meeting, Indian dancing and Broadway cabaret — are associated in the mind of the average spectator with picturesque notions. But the paintings themselves are brutally blunt and their colors so “loud” that only a blind man could study in the place. Both in theme and technical treatment they are unconscionably inappropriate for a reading room.

These two sets of mural “decorations” having raised a hullabaloo that was heard from Maine to Monterey, the state of Indiana shortly hired the painter to do them a piece of publicity. Indiana had contracted for exhibition space at the Chicago Fair and had hit upon the idea of advertising herself by exhibiting nothing but a large, historical panorama of Indiana, a picture two hundred and fifty feet long and fifteen feet high. Given the job six months before the picture had to be delivered, Benton plunged into the preliminary tasks of picking up the history, gathering his facts, selecting events and overcoming official disapproval when his choice involved some touchy political issue — such as the Ku Klux Klan or the Terre Haute mine strike in which he depicts a miner throwing a rock at a soldier. Fortunately he managed, he tells us, to get in a month of “running about the state making drawings of people, buildings, animals, machinery, land-

scape," which he subsequently turned to account in the way of local color. The actual painting, itself, a stretch of forty-five thousand square feet, he did in sixty-two days.

In such circumstances it is understandable, even excusable, that the work should be a *tour de force*, a feat of skill. It is so excited in rendering that at first glance it takes your breath away even though, on closer examination, it proves to be artistically hurried and harried, a fight against the clock. Someone has called it a cannonade with blank shells. For my own part, I think of it as a tiger leap at the gist of things and I enjoy its quivering tenseness in the same way I should enjoy seeing a tiger at jump. Yet behind all the energy Benton has wreaked upon it and despite the fact that it is in point of technique remarkably knit together, there is less in the picture than meets the eye.

At the close of Chicago's Fair, Indiana removed her panorama to her State Capitol at Indianapolis. Ere long, Missouri commissioned her native son to do something of the same thing for his own Capitol. "Sa-ay, Tom," he was asked, "you did a picture there for Indiana. Why don't you do one for your home state?" These latest panels, in Jefferson City, are decoratively better, more acceptable in every respect, than any he has yet done. He has grown less violent with the years and no longer puts a premium on every vulgarity. Clearly, experience is teaching him his trade and his talents have come to a head. It may be you will still not give a rip for his train robberies and big-eared mules, his stockyard scenes and kitchen mothers, but you cannot now deny that he has become a designer of the first rank, a pictorial organizer unsurpassed in America.

This cursory glance at what the man has done brings

us to inquire what kind of a man he is: what is the consciousness from which his art springs and what the quality of his style. As those know who are familiar with his pictures, or come to read the "autobiographical" book he has just published,<sup>1</sup> Benton is a hot-hearted, two-fisted, rip-roaring go-getter, hellbent for election and proud of it. Born in the southwestern corner of Missouri in 1889, he has turned the negative stubbornness of Missouri's slogan — "you've got to show me" — into a positive cocksureness: "I'll show you."

He it is who helped to revive and now leads the "I'm an American!" school of painting, a group of isolationists who maintain that by turning their backs on Europe they will see more clearly, approach more nearly, perhaps finally succeed in unveiling, the universal principles on which art is founded. With obstinate singleness of mind, he pursues the thing he wants as if it were the only thing in the world, kicking away from him, as so many impediments to attainment, ideas and concepts that might distract him from his specific search. What Benton is after, the thing he searches for and manifests, is plebeian America, the rude scenes and subjects associated with what we used to call our "lower classes."

The impulse to paint in the backyard of life is almost as old as painting itself. It is responsible for various informal narratives that decorate Greek vases; enlivens sundry corners of otherwise saintly old Italian pictures; often animates the art of the Van Eycks and their followers — down to the last of them, Pieter Breughel, who gives his canvases entirely to the backyard happenings of sixteenth century Flanders — and finally becomes a widespread aim in the democratic painting of seventeenth century Holland.

<sup>1</sup> *An Artist in America*. By Thomas Hart Benton. McBride. \$3.75.



Benton brings to the aim a stress on grossness. He has done so from the time he first turned to it, though he has now expanded his field to take in all the backyards of American civilization, from the city slum to the derelict farm. His is no desire to uplift the down-trodden by focusing attention on them. His desire is to represent life in the raw and he represents it without softening any of its harshness or crudity. To get his material at first hand, he has become perhaps the most widely traveled artist, within our borders, America has ever known. Year in and year out he has journeyed up and down the Union by foot, bus, train, automobile and riverboat. He has talked, laughed, eaten, hobnobbed and got drunk with the people he depicts — ornery hillbillies of the Ozarks and the Blue Ridge, destitute share-croppers of the Cotton Belt, coal miners and steel mill toilers of Pennsylvania, sweatshop drudges and dime-a-dancers of New York, ranch hands of the prairies and the dregs of humanity that cling like flotsam débris to the bottom lands along the Mississippi and her tributaries.

As the purpose of his expeditions is to use his pencil and drawing pad, he gets busy at every likely opportunity, sketching down the scene and its people on the spot. Art having seldom entered the lives of these people, many of them are wary of letting him “do their picture.” Often he must employ cajolery or trickery to hold them the minimum few moments necessary for the quickest sketch. One is reminded of how Breughel was reduced to disguising himself as a peasant in order to take notes, on the sly, at village fairs or at country weddings where, with a smile and a pretty present for the bride, he palmed himself off as a distant relative of the groom.

That Benton has by hook or crook managed to catch down galore the people he wanted to picture is attested

by the multitude of drawings from life he has brought back from his travels. The faces, figures and most of the incidents in his paintings — lanky plowboys turning up a corn patch, Holy Rollers cavorting for their Lord, Negro roustabouts shooting craps, chorus ladies strutting their torsos, hot mammas on a whoopee holiday and shacktown of a Sunday in the coal country — all are built up from notes and sketches originally made at first hand.

The germ of the idea came to him by accident in 1924 on the occasion of his return to his home state. Missouri he had left behind when but seventeen, his art ambitions taking him to spend his youth in cities — a year in Chicago, five in Paris and a later twelve in New York. Up to the time of his visit home, at the age of thirty-five, his study of painting had proved so little availing that his most sympathetic friends had feared him misfit in his calling. He had been summoned home by a sad duty. His father, who had been a chum of his childhood but had since become "hardly more than a picturesque memory" to him, lay dying of cancer. Sitting at the old man's bedside in the days that followed, Benton felt renewal of their early bond of affection; found stirring within himself a flood of boyhood recollections, and was touched to the quick by the procession of rugged old friends and neighbors who daily came to cheer the dying man.

In these days of emotional pressure, he who had never succeeded at citified art gradually saw in these half-primitive folk a field for painting he had never suspected. At once he determined to embark upon it. "I cannot honestly say," he has written, "what happened to me while I watched my father die and listened to the voices of his friends, but I know that when, after his death, I went back East, I was moved by a great desire to know

more of the America which I had glimpsed in the suggestive words of his old cronies, who, seeing him at the end of his tether, had tried to jerk him back with reminiscent talk and suggestive anecdote. I was moved by a desire to pick up again the threads of my childhood."

One might suppose that in such tender circumstances the first fruits of his new aim would be warm with sentiment, perhaps even soft with sentimentality. Not a bit of it: before the year was over he placed his first Missouri fruits, a score of water colors, on exhibition in New York and the public as well as the critics recoiled from their caustic comment. Benton had made Missourians ludicrous. Lloyd Goodrich, a sound, unbiased critic who wrote about them, declared: "To judge by Benton's water colors, the types to be found in Missouri are fair game for the satirist. The *Old Campaigner*, the *Reverend Doctor*, the *Hillbilly* are made to order for caricature. And not only the human inhabitants, but the houses and even the face of nature itself seem to lend themselves readily to grotesque treatment."

A portion of this grotesquerie came from the restless, writhing distortion of forms which Benton, goaded by his wish to be modernistic, had long been working up into a series of technical mannerisms. The remaining portion might have been reckoned transient cynicism (a bitter reaction after the emotional upheaval of his father's death); on the contrary, far from being transient, it has proved a permanent characteristic of the man's painting. In some of his works this satiro-grotesque characteristic becomes insidious burlesque; indeed, a note, a look, a distinct air of smart Alec caricature hangs over his work as a whole. Clashing with the unaffected naturalness of the scenes and subjects he represents, their well-nigh pristine simplicity, Benton's "wise-guy" satire often



kindles in the spectator the feeling that the artist is a sneering egotist.

A well known writer, coming to Benton's defense on this count, has said that his apparent cartoonery is not that at all; instead, a kind of wild, strong humor which he has inherited from the pioneer West. The statement strains my ears. Poking fun at the simple and the lowly is not individual to the West. It has been going on since Cain first ran roughshod over his shepherd brother, Abel. It has never yet proved the badge of artistic genius and probably never will. Benton may and does legitimize it by bringing it into the realm of caricature, nevertheless it remains the prime flaw in his art. What is the origin of the flaw in him — vanity, lack of compassion, an inferiority complex in reverse, chronic adolescence or plain old-fashioned cussedness — only a competent psychoanalyst could answer. To judge from the symptoms in his painting, the trouble looks to be lack of compassion. Thomas Craven, who has known the artist for years, says that Benton "is genuinely sensitive to the poetry of the humbler aspects of the West" but that he is so "afraid, or ashamed, of his innermost feelings" that he shies away from them and manifests them only in some of his drawings and even then "in spite of himself." This explanation would indicate that the trouble is glandular; unfortunately it does not change the fact that humility and a deep fellow-feeling for those he portrays are generally missing from Benton's painting.

Style, in the best sense of the word, is the expression of a creative artist's thought, feeling, senses, imagination, intuition and disciplined talents — briefly, his consciousness — in terms of form. It is the artist who creates new forms or manifests unexplored aspects of an old form, and who, in either event, reveals life freshly and afresh to us,

that deserves the title of master. For example, Giotto, El Greco and Cézanne are preeminent creators of new forms; Raphael, Ingres and Renoir, great explorers of the old.

Benton is one of the estimable throng who has evolved from a traditional form a novel variation. The tradition is baroque and comes down to him, by way of Rubens and the renaissance Venetians, from restless Michelangelo. Before Michelangelo it leaps back to Hellenistic Greece. I doubt if Benton has ever made much, if any, study of Hellenistic genre sculpture — bas-relief rural scenes and subjects of rustic simplicity — yet it is the fountainhead of his tradition. That he has made close study of the tradition, somewhere down the line, is, of course, evident throughout his mural pictures. Indeed, one discovers in his first mural experiments, the studio panels for his *Epic of America*, that he had worked out the basic elements of his baroque form long before he chanced to revisit Missouri and dedicate his career to the crude realities of American life. From that day till this, he has been struggling to reconcile Americana to his baroque mode. His form is thus no creative outgrowth of his material, no natural, harmonious fusing of spirit and body. Their joining springs not from genius but from ingenuity. In him the mystery of creation is but a surface combination. That is why so many people feel disturbed when standing before his murals. They feel the conflict between spirit and body, the wrench between form and content. They sense, as a critic has put it, that this is “the art of one who works by will rather than for love” but they have not stopped to fathom out why so much will power has been necessary.

Benton’s agitated rhythms and distorted forms, his twisting contours, fluttering outlines and exaggerated

poses, each unit knit efficiently into enormous structures that seem to writhe in broken curves and angles across the walls, are usually superbly-organized compositions. But the compositions appear alien, unrelated to his subject matter. In other words, they seem to have little or nothing to do with America. A relationship has, however, been claimed for them. Their champion tells us that they reflect the restlessness and confusion, the violence, the chaos of modern America. To be sure, the times are rife; but it does not follow that an artist reflects them because he happens to have wrenched his art into baroque molds.

Unfortunately we have no man of the hour in American painting. Benton's worth lies less in his pictures than in the example he has set for other painters: the example that calls them to shun esthetic phantasies and find their strength in life near the soil, the teeming life of industry, the life of cities, in brief, whatever actualities of native life surround them. Actually, a tendency to follow this idea, without limiting it to his coarse themes or brutal treatment, is fast becoming a chief tendency among our younger painters. Benton is no hero to the younger generation, but hundreds of them are now working in paths parallel to his. Perhaps one of them may prove to be a great and simple poet who will disclose the meaning and the beauty of contemporary America to us.



## Search for Sound

EDNA LIVINGSTON

This ardent reach into the realm of sound  
To fasten thought, this avaricious clasp  
Upon that thought, evasive of that grasp —  
What magic method is there to impound  
Within the mind the mystic, the profound?  
We close our eyes; it slithers like an asp  
Or hums and buzzes like a mettlesome wasp.  
We miss the music and sustain the wound.

Distracted by the sudden sting, we veer  
And find ourselves confronting nothingness.  
The song will not come now — but it was near!  
Then for a little while we repossess  
Ourselves, repudiate our wounds and seek  
Again, and fail again, and turn the cheek.

## Our Bonds with the British

LIVINGSTON HARTLEY

THE INTIMACY between the United States and the British Empire, growing progressively through the depression years, has today reached an all-time high. Our Administration is now seeking to crown its farsighted efforts to free international commerce with a trade agreement with the United Kingdom. The Treasury department is working closely with London to maintain the stable ratio of the dollar and the pound established in the Tripartite agreement of September, 1936. The Navy department remained unperturbed by a British rearmament program of five new capital ships at a time when we were only laying down two. And the high-ceilinged rooms of the State department contain very few officials who do not believe that a stronger Britain will benefit the national interests of the United States.

This happy relationship of governments finds an echo in the present attitude of the American public towards Great Britain. The drama of Edward of Windsor absorbed our people to the exclusion of all local issues, and the Coronation drove our own serious political and economic problems to obscure corners of the front page. Millions of Americans, fearing that the war in Spain will yet ignite the long-dreaded European conflagration, pin their hopes for its continued insulation upon the policy of London. Meanwhile our editorial columns insistently urge the British to do those things in world affairs we will not do ourselves.

Our present harmony is the more extraordinary because it defies and refutes the oft-proved lessons of history. As Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, and

Britain's successive conflicts with Spain, Holland, France and Germany seemed to have shown, the natural tendency of the two greatest naval and commercial powers is to clash rather than to cooperate. So when we replaced Germany in 1918 as the principal rival of Britain for sea-power and trade, our local Jeremiahs shook their heads and prophesied a dark outlook on the Atlantic. Yet the last nineteen years have laughed at their gloomy prognostications, bringing instead a progressive improvement in Anglo-American relations.

The continuance of this intimacy between the two greatest world powers is of the utmost importance to the peoples of both. It is pertinent, therefore, to examine its fundamental causes, to seek to obtain a comprehensive picture of the principal factors upon which it is based. For if these are of only temporary character, our present harmony may evaporate. But if they are enduring, our friendly relations with the British Empire will also endure, subject to minor recessions but never to complete collapse.

As surveyed from an American angle, there is both a positive and a negative side to our bonds with the British. The first may be summarized briefly here, since many of its aspects are already widely appreciated. The more limited negative side, to which little thought has been given by the general public, requires more extended consideration.

Our principal positive ties with the British Empire may be grouped under eight general headings.

1. The intangible bonds created by a common origin, a common language, common institutions, and a great similarity of legal and moral standards and political thought. This affinity has been stressed so constantly by statesmen, writers and public speakers as to require no



detailed treatment here. While it cannot be weighed in specific terms, it cannot be ignored by foreign governments, since it paves the way for political cooperation when parallel interests are imperiled.

2. A very tangible bond is mutual trade, which amounts to a far greater proportion of our total foreign commerce than most Americans realize. Some eighteen per cent of our total exports went to the United Kingdom in 1934, some fourteen per cent to Canada, and over forty per cent to the entire British Empire. These figures speak for themselves. Despite all the ballyhoo we have heard about Latin American markets in recent years, our exports to the Empire are more than five times as large as to the whole of South America.

Our imports from the British Empire are not quite as extensive, comprising about thirty-four per cent of our total importation from abroad. Our trade with British owned territory amounts, accordingly, to well over one third of our entire foreign commerce, a figure out of all proportion to such Anglo-American export rivalry as exists in certain overseas markets.

3. An equally tangible link with the British Empire is the sum of direct investments Americans have made in enterprises situated in British territories. Such investments in Canada, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, India, Malaya and British Africa amount to more than \$2,700,000,000, or over thirty-six per cent of our world total. When we include securities as well, we find that our investments in Canada alone reach a figure of \$3,700,000,000, or about one quarter of our entire financial stake abroad.

4. The growth of the British Dominions to full partnership in the British Commonwealth of Nations has drawn the Empire closer to the United States. Three of the

Dominions now maintain their own legations in Washington; all of them are members of the League of Nations and all of them now have a real voice in the foreign policy of the London government.

In their attitude towards Europe the Dominions react more like the American people than the British. Whereas Great Britain is bound to Europe by geography, the overseas Dominions view with almost American alarm any binding entanglement in the power politics of Europe. Although they are strong adherents of collective security on a world-wide scale, they have consistently refused to subscribe to military commitments in Europe, such as those of the Locarno treaty.

The United States has, for this reason, far more kinship of view with the British Empire on foreign affairs than it would have with Great Britain alone, since the latter cannot help being a European power. The Dominions, moreover, enable us to secure by roundabout methods better British support for American policies than we can obtain direct from London, as was shown in the termination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1922, and during the Manchurian dispute, the naval limitation negotiations and the recent Imperial Conference. If we should ever come into serious conflict with Japan in the Pacific, we should find Canada, Australia and New Zealand valuable catalytic agents in crystallizing behind us the political power of the British Empire.

5. Canada, the greatest of the Dominions, is a pledge to Anglo-American amity. The famed three thousand miles of undefended frontier proclaim more eloquently than any treaty the British need for permanent peace with the United States, since the British Commonwealth of Nations would dissolve into its component parts if that peace were ever broken. Canada would have to secede

from the Empire in such an event as the only way to protect her national security, a procedure some of her sister Dominions might be expected to emulate. The position of Canada, consequently, imposes a lower limit on British relations with the United States which the London government can never pass without danger of splitting the Empire.

The ties that bind the American and Canadian peoples, geographical, historical, political, economic and financial, and their similarity of outlook and community of interests are already widely recognized on both sides of the border. Their relationship is indeed so unique in the strength and magnitude of its interwoven strands as to point directly to one inescapable conclusion: as long as Canada maintains its allegiance to the House of Windsor, our relations with the British Empire must be more intimate and more amicable than our relations with any other world power.

6. The larger interests of the United States and the British Empire are parallel in Eastern Asia. Both are now responsible for Far Eastern territories too weak to stand alone, and the Pacific interests of each are threatened by the aggressive and expansionist policy of Japan.

Great Britain has long stood with the United States behind the principles of Chinese integrity and the open door in China. Her Government seconded John Hay's early efforts to secure their international acceptance, and Lord Balfour ably assisted Secretary Hughes in writing them into the Nine Power treaty of 1922.

Although neither Government has proved willing to maintain these principles by force against Japan, they remain the accepted policy. The present attempt of the Japanese army to make China into another Manchukuo has thrown a lurid light upon the parallelism of British



and American interests across the Pacific. The military conquest of Peiping, Shanghai and Nanking, the threat of a similar seizure of Canton, and the inclusion of Mussolini in Tokyo's ominous partnership with Berlin, have caused the British to abandon the anaemic role Sir John Simon played in 1932. Mr. Eden, in contrast, now announces that he will move step by step with the State department, while national concentration on rearmament, the development of the Singapore base, and the fortification of Hongkong indicate that Britain is preparing for a stronger stand in eastern Asia. Such a stand would obviously confer a direct and far-reaching benefit to the Pacific interests of the United States.

7. The recent rise of rightist and leftist "ideologies" has pushed democratic beliefs, practices and institutions to a central place on the Anglo-American canvas. A dozen years ago we took our democracy calmly as the accepted order of things, and expected more backward nations to embrace it as they became politically mature. We looked upon Mussolini as a temporary atavistic aberration. We never dreamed of Hitler in our wildest visions. And we did not believe the Moscow dictatorship would endure.

Today, in contrast, we see free government pushed to the fringe of Europe, with Czechoslovakia and Switzerland its only outposts unwashed by Atlantic waves. We have witnessed the ruthless, cynical defiance of international law and morals by the Fascist International in Spain, and listened to its proclamation of the coming submergence of "Bolshevik and democratic states." It is only natural in these circumstances that Americans should look on Britain as the trans-Atlantic center of sanity and liberty, and regard the Mother of Parliaments as the strongest bulwark of free institutions in Europe.

Democracy, liquidated in so many lands by the shouting dictator, his hysterical followers and subservient yes-men, and his pitiless secret police, has become a mutual bond which influences profoundly the attitude of every English-speaking voter.

8. Last, but far from least, is our parallel position on peace. Both the United States and the British Empire are "status quo" powers with much to lose and little to gain by war. Both have bound themselves in pyramiding international treaties to abstain from war "as an instrument of national policy." It might be claimed by foreigners, accustomed to the low valuation their leaders and general staffs have placed upon their own national honor, that these engagements mean no more in Washington or London than in some other capitals. But we know that this is not true, that the mass of our peoples are solidly behind these pledges, as the eleven million British "peace ballot" voters of 1935 and the nation-wide reactions of Americans to Manchuria, Ethiopia, Shanghai, and the aggressive policies of Hitler have demonstrated.

Our common aversion to military expansion has been shown by our actions as well as our reactions. We have withdrawn from Haiti and Nicaragua, relinquished our treaty right to intervene in Cuba, provided for the independence of the Philippines, and ratified the Non-Intervention Protocol adopted by the Inter-American conference at Buenos Aires. This proof of our good-neighbor policy is all the more eloquent when our paramount power position in relation to our neighbors is borne in mind. The British have lately followed a similar course, marked by the evolution of their Commonwealth of Nations, the independence of Iraq, the recent treaty with Egypt and the new constitution for India.

Both of our nations, moreover, support the preserva-

tion of peace throughout the world. American efforts in this direction have been persistent in recent years, even though insignificant when compared with our predominant world power and influence, and frequently limited to what we term "moral pressure." The British, exposed to danger on most of the Seven Seas, have undertaken far more positive and effective action. Their unremitting efforts to avert war have made competent American observers virtually unanimous on two conclusions: first, that Britain is the strongest bulwark of world peace today, and second, that British rearmament is primarily responsible for the decline of fear in Europe during the past year.

It will readily be seen that most of the Anglo-American bonds mentioned above are of enduring nature, and could only be broken by some radical transformation in either nation, such as the overthrow of democracy, the development of an imperialistic drive in America, or the collapse of the British Empire. We must not forget, furthermore, that their progressive development has been accompanied by the elimination of certain former causes of friction. Foremost among these is the Irish question, which for decades had created bitter hostility towards Britain among millions of influential Irish-Americans.

This side of our relationship with the British Empire is already generally recognized by the American public. Even where our people have not visualized clearly its specific causes, they possess an instinctive appreciation of their sum result. But the negative side of our relationship, potentially of comparable importance, has been given little thought by the average voter. It can only be understood by realizing how the continued existence of the British Empire serves the most vital national interests of the United States.



We can best see this picture by endeavoring to find the answer to the following question — how would America be affected if the British Empire were destroyed, the Royal navy removed from the international stage, and Great Britain herself reduced to the status of a second class power?

Such an earth-shaking event could, presumably, only be brought about by the conclusive defeat of the United Kingdom in a new European war. Her triumphant adversary would then inherit her present position in Europe, and with it the rule of the European waves. It will clarify our picture to paint into it here the only potential European enemy which might conceivably fill such a role in the more immediate future. France, seeking primarily her own security and bound firmly to Britain for over thirty years by strategic geography, is clearly out of the question. Russia, remote from the British Isles with her naval outlets confined to the Baltic and Black seas, might do terrible things to the British Empire in the Middle East, but could not threaten its heart without the aid of a more adjacent ally. Italy, similarly, might succeed in driving the British flag from the Mediterranean, but could not menace the British Isles without the assistance of an Atlantic seapower.

Germany alone is favorably situated to play such a role, either alone or in concert with her "ideological" partners in Rome or Tokyo. She possesses at once the greatest "war potential" in Europe, a central position which permits expansion in all directions, and North sea bases within two hours bombing flight of London. Her aircraft and her submarines can now strike directly at British cities and communications from these bases; if her army could win for her simultaneously the Channel ports of Northern France, Berlin's dream of 1917 might become a

fact. The Nazi government, moreover, has demonstrated clearly by aggressive policies and its published program the expansive urge that motivates its leaders. It is no secret that Britain's rearmament drive is aimed primarily at Berlin.

It seems reasonable to hold, accordingly, that the Third Reich would play the predominant part in any conclusive defeat of Great Britain. How would German annihilation of British power affect the United States? This question can best be considered from four separate angles.

1. The British navy would no longer be able to prevent a German challenge to the Monroe Doctrine or German expansion across the Atlantic. The United States would lose, in consequence, one of the basic elements in its present national security. This conclusion, which may seem at first sight startling, requires some explanation.

As long as Britannia rules the European waves, no continental power can conduct a naval campaign against our hemisphere without the acquiescence of the British government. Geography, strategy, and relative ratios of sea strength give the British battle-fleet an absolute veto over any attack on either of the Americas, and enable it to function as an effective bulwark of the Monroe Doctrine and our Atlantic security, without firing a gun.

The German, French or Italian fleets cannot sail far westward with aggressive intent as long as the British navy, secure in its home bases and Gibraltar, can at any time cut off their communications, their supplies and their safe return home. British seapower, consequently, plays a decisive role in the eastern Atlantic, setting a definite limit on the westward activities of any Continental fleet or combination of fleets.

This virtual guarantee of our Atlantic security by

Great Britain is, of course, entirely voluntary, but, since it is based upon self-interest, it is none the less effective. Great Britain cannot afford to allow a potentially hostile European naval power to establish Atlantic bases which might threaten her imperial communications.

We experienced the protective value of British sea-power a generation ago, when the German navy was far stronger than our own. At that time, when the Kaiser was seeking a "place in the sun" wherever one could be seized, the sun was shining brilliantly on a tempting array of places in South America. Yet German imperialism never went further in the western hemisphere than an abortive attempt to collect by force some debts from Venezuela in 1902. The Berlin government never dared challenge the Monroe Doctrine, although its naval and military power was then sufficient to have permitted a successful attack on Brazil in the face of our navy. A controlling factor in this German restraint towards our southern neighbors was the attitude of Great Britain, which was opposed to German expansion in the western hemisphere. With the superior British battle-fleet sitting securely on her front doorstep, Germany could not afford to risk an oceanic clash in the Atlantic.

It is easy to see, accordingly, how the elimination of the Royal navy would affect the Atlantic security of the United States. We should have to undertake its direct protection ourselves, and prepare to face at any time an expansive drive of a triumphant Germany in either the north or south Atlantic. We could then no longer concentrate our fleet in the Pacific as we do today. We should have to strive instead to maintain a margin of naval supremacy over potential enemies in two widely separated oceans, a task we might or might not prove able to accomplish.



2. The reduction of British seapower would also change fundamentally the position of the United States on the Pacific. It would bring to a sudden end the support we now receive from the British in the Far East, a region in which we have long undertaken more direct protection of our interests than we have in Europe.

The United States is now the dominant naval power on the Pacific, the only western nation which can maintain there a sea strength comparable with Japan's. Under modern conditions, it is generally agreed that our navy would encounter great difficulty and danger in attempting an offensive in Far Eastern waters alone. A joint British and American offensive, on the other hand, could not be indefinitely withstood, as even the most rabid Japanese imperialists realize. Consequently, the community of interests between Washington and London on so many Far Eastern questions and the ever-present possibility that they might one day act together to protect these interests are factors of basic importance in the Pacific position of the United States.

If the British navy were removed by Germany from the international scene, leaving Hongkong, Singapore and Australasia bereft of the protection of the White Ensign, the resultant change in our position would be serious. We should have lost our principal support against Japan, yet our rivalry with Japan would continue. The leading European power in the Far East would no longer be the British Empire but Nazi Germany. It is possible, of course, that the victorious German dictatorship might seek to aid the United States to restrain the overseas expansion of the Japanese military oligarchy. But it is also possible that Berlin would prefer to work with Tokyo against democratic America, perhaps along the lines of their existing "front" against Russia.

Common sense would point to the latter alternative, since Germany and Japan, separated by the width of Eurasia, would have little reason to clash in their regional areas of predominance. Both, however, would have cause for increasing friction with us over our restrictive immigration and tariff policies and the veto we have placed upon overseas interference with our richly endowed hemisphere.

3. The defeat and subsequent disintegration of the British Empire would leave the Dominions, so rich in resources but so poor in population and military strength, adrift on exceedingly stormy international seas. Their fate would be of vital interest to the United States for two reasons: first, because they of all nations are closest to us in their attitude towards world affairs, and hence constitute a powerful influence on our side of the fence in any crisis we may face; second, because their conquest by aggressive, expanding Powers would strike a serious blow at our own strategic situation.

A Canadian Republic on our northern border would, as a result of geography, receive the same protection from the American navy that Canada enjoys today. Distant South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, however, would be far too weak to maintain their own independence without powerful support. The South African Union, under such conditions, would seem destined to suffer eventual military occupation despite any efforts of our government, once Germany had consolidated beneath her grasp the former African territories of her defeated European enemies. But the fate of Australia and New Zealand would depend directly upon the attitude of the United States.

Our country alone would have the power to prevent the conquest of these two Dominions by Japan. Would we

be willing to undertake their protection, to form with them alliances of the most "entangling" nature, to risk war for their defense? The prospect sounds dangerous and very far removed from political isolation, but the only visible alternative is dangerous too. That is to see the Japanese Empire expand southward until it covered the entire western Pacific, to watch it grow in power, resources and manpower, and to realize that its progressive control of the Pacific could only be stopped in the end by the United States.

4. The world-wide galaxy of heterogeneous territories that now form the dependencies of the British Empire would create an analogous problem for America. If Great Britain were crushed by Germany, what would be the fate of India, Malaya, British dependencies in Africa and the Near and Middle East and British naval bases in all parts of the globe? It is obvious that these territories could not remain independent, but would be absorbed by other powers. It is also obvious that the foreign powers best able to absorb them would be the victorious German Reich and an imperialist Japan which was eager to capitalize the new Far Eastern supremacy she had gained from Germany's defeat of Great Britain.

What policy would the United States pursue towards these territories? Would we enter the race to seize them at the risk of war and in opposition to our historic policy of avoiding such entanglements in other continents? Or would we remain passive and detached, while Japanese empire builders moved southward on Singapore, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies and eastward half way across the Pacific, and while Berlin pushed the swastika east towards India and south towards Capetown?

The German "inheritance" of the West African coast, which would seem certain to follow a military defeat of



Great Britain and France, would be of direct and compelling interest to the United States. The eastern point of Brazil is thirty-five hundred miles from our Atlantic coast, but less than eighteen hundred from Dakar. If a German dictatorship which surveyed South American resources with a greedy eye were free to stud the bulge of Africa with modern naval bases, the strategic foundation of the Monroe Doctrine would be seriously undermined. Even if we proved able then to hold our own in naval power in the north Atlantic while simultaneously building up to Japan on our other ocean, our ability to furnish protection to distant South American republics would be reduced near to the vanishing point.

The above brief survey shows how vitally the existence of the British Empire serves America today. It suggests that the continuance of this Empire is a fundamental requisite for our present detachment from European politics, which would come to a sudden end if it were destroyed.

Should such a catastrophe occur, we should lose not only our best customer and foreign friend, a world wide political entity containing half a billion people to whom we are bound by unique ties of exceptional strength and magnitude, but also our present position in world affairs. We should be pushed overnight into the maelstrom of power politics, forced to play a high-pressure role we have never contemplated in overseas regions, and compelled to dedicate our national energies to armaments in order to safeguard our national future.

Some Americans believe, for these reasons, that we could not afford to allow the British Empire to be destroyed, that it would be preferable to intervene ourselves in an overseas war rather than to permit such a disaster for America. Whether or not this view is justified

can only be determined by a dispassionate, factual examination of our long-range national interests.

There remains no doubt, however, that our unexampled positive bonds with the British Empire have been molded and in some part created by the negative side of the Anglo-American relationship considered above. In this time of world uncertainty, when all nations stand on the threshold of the unknown, it is essential that the American people should see both sides of the picture.

## The Fate of a Hero

JAMES T. FARRELL

PETERS was a husky, almost ox-like young lad from Iowa. After emigrating to Chicago he moved around from job to job, until he was hired as a service station attendant by the Nation Oil Company. He was accepted in May, too late to attend the Nation's annual school for new attendants. Hence, his training was incomplete. Part of it consisted of lectures and inspirational talks delivered to him by Prevost, the Superintendent of Service Stations, and by others with lesser titles. For over a half hour, he sat in bewilderment while he was told what a large, what a great, what a humanitarian corporation the Nation Oil Company was. For over ten minutes, he listened while he was told how squarely the company treated all those who worked for it, and served it and the great public well. For fifteen minutes he sat while an assistant of Prevost's told him that the company held its employees more dearly than did the union to which the service station employees and tank wagon drivers belonged. For an hour he learned and listened while it was explained to him that he must have vision, imagination, and ambition. The words that were sprung on him were often too large, and too unfamiliar for his comprehension. But he sat listening, shaking his head, nodding in acquiescence, adenoidally expressing his agreement in simple language. He sat through twenty minutes of exposition on the values, joys, and virtues of honesty, efficiency, courtesy, as well as the commercial and human value of politeness. His office instruction was finally completed with five minutes devoted to the cursory details of opening and closing a station, making audits, making up the



money bag which was collected daily by the guarded money wagon, shortages, and other pertinent instructions. He was told:

“And if you ever get held up, offer no resistance. Obey the hold-up man’s instructions quickly and to the letter. If he tells you to give him the money you have, give it! If he orders you to open the safe, open it, and give him whatever money there is in the safe. If he says stand on your ear, stand on your ear as promptly and efficiently as you can. Obey him to the letter! Nation does not want you to incur personal injuries, or to be killed trying to defend its property and its money against armed men. We are heavily insured. We lose nothing when our stations are held up.”

Peters was sent out to a large station on Marquette Boulevard to be broken in by experienced attendants. He was instructed to report at seven in the morning on his first day. He was down at the station, and waiting for it to be opened at twenty minutes to seven. He was chilled by the time that the regular attendants appeared with a key, and sleepily opened up. The station manager, Kagan, was on an early shift that morning, and he took Peters in hand. He told Peters to work out his chill by cleaning the crankcase pit. Peters did not know how to do it, so he was given gasoline and a bare handled brush and told to use elbow grease. He did, for three hours, and the pit was cleaner than it had been in months. He was given kerosene, and told to scrub the stone floor of the station. He objected, in his drawl, that at the office, he had been instructed not to use kerosene or gasoline inside the station.

“I’ll take the responsibility,” the manager said.

“Well, sir, I can’t do that. I was told not to,” he said.

“You were sent to me to be broken in, weren’t you?”

"Yes, sir."

"All right, go ahead, Peters."

"Well sir, now, I was told not to use kerosene or gasoline inside of the station."

"It's my can if anything happens. Nothing will, and this floor has to be cleaned. Go ahead."

Peters sulkily obeyed, working until one o'clock on the floor. At one period when there was a lull in business, Kagan, and the other attendant on duty, Morrissey, watched him, smiling, and amused.

"Dumb but earnest," Kagan said.

"No, dumbèr, more earnest," said Morrissey.

"The hayseeds stick out of his ears plenty," said Kagan.

"Out of his ears? His brains are hayseed. If a cow ever sees him, the cow will come up and start chewing, thinking that the lad is new mown hay," laughed Morrissey.

Peters gulped his lunch in ten minutes. Then, while Kagan sat on a chair, slowly eating, with Morrissey attending to the cars that came in to the pump islands, Peters was told where the clean rags and Bon Ami were. He was set to work polishing all of the brass in the station. This task kept him busy until three o'clock, when his eight hours were up. The fire guns, the door knobs, the faucets on the oil pumps were all shiny, almost like sunshine. He went home while the attendants were checking up, and turning the station over to the afternoon shift.

"Who's the rookie?" asked Kanaly, one of those coming on duty.

"Hiram Hayseed," said Kagan.

"Boy, you saved us all plenty of worry, breaking him in. I saw that crankcase pit, and boy, look at these faucets," said Kanaly.

"He's a horse, and he's going to make our joint here look like a palace," said Kagan.

On the station grounds, in back of the drive, there was a large plot of grass. On his second morning, Peters worked on it with the lawn mower, and Kagan and Morrisey joked back and forth about how Slicker Peters might think it was home, and start calling the cows any minute. They had a good time laughing at him while he plodded back and forth with the mower. This done, he was ordered to pull out all of the weeds, which he did slowly, moving about on his hands and knees. Then, he swept the stone driveway. He scrubbed the woodwork. He started in cleaning the canned stock, and polishing the tops of the cans. On his third morning, he completed this chore, and was told to wash the windows. After window washing, he scrubbed the walls and ceiling of the station, and then, the lavatory. On his fourth day, he hoped that he might be taught how to use the pumps, how to drain the hose properly when he pumped gas into a car tank, possibly how to pour oil into a car, and even how to drain a crankcase. Then too, he wanted to learn how to make out the audit from practice. He looked forward to the time when he could act like Kagan and the others, with a money changer on a belt strung around his overalls, the uniform cap on the side of his head, and feel himself really to be broken in, and a regular attendant. Instead of learning these aspects of his work, he cleaned the pumps. His next task was to take all of the globes down from the posts spaced around the grounds, and to wash them. At one o'clock, he finished his lunch, and felt that now, he had no more such work ahead of him, and maybe they would teach him how to wait on the customers. He was mistaken. He was told by Kagan to scrub the bricks on the outside of the station.

As he left, there was a telephone call from down town, and he was told to report the next afternoon at three



o'clock at the station located on Sixty-first street and Langley avenue. He went home pleased. He was told that it was a two man station. He would be alone, and a boss while alone, just like Mr. Kagan was here. He walked off smiling. The supervisor drove in just after he had left. He nosed around the station, and told the boys that they had the neatest station in his district. He complemented them, and said that Prevost would be told of their neatness.

Peters was alone, after his partner had made the audit, and given him some hasty, perfunctory advice. He had to learn for himself. He was alone in a station for the first time. He tried to feel as sure of himself as Kagan and the other boys did when they waited on a customer. He was slow in giving service. Gasoline was nineteen cents a gallon, and he had difficulty in calculating quickly the cost of odd gallons, three, four, seven. He was not familiar with the stock, and every motorist wanting oil was given Ford oil on that first day. He did not know what cars took medium, and what ones took heavy oil. Also, during his first days he generally spilled oil on the outside of the motor whenever he poured it. Sometimes, he also spilled oil on the running boards. Customers were aggravated. When he drained the hose after pumping gas into a tank, he would often waste half of that which was to be drained. One customer accused him of taking the varnish off the back of his car with gasoline. When he poured water into a radiator, he sometimes gave the hood and the metal surface a bath. Several times he forgot to wipe the metal after spilling water on it, and the customers, unnoticing, drove off. One returned the next day, complaining angrily, claiming that Peters was responsible for having rusted the metal surface around his radiator cap. Three

others came in to complain that he had sold them gas, and forgotten to screw the caps back on their gas tanks, and hence, the caps were lost. He had great difficulty draining his first crankcases, and almost stripped several bolts. He didn't know what wrenches to use. He learned by making blunders, wasting time, annoying customers who were accustomed to speed and efficiency. In his daily audits, he sometimes gave promise of inventing his own system of arithmetic and accounting. And before he had been on the job a week, he was visited by a confidence man, a neatly dressed fellow who looked as if he might be a business man, a salesman, one of any number of occupations. The fellow asked Peters to change a twenty dollar bill. The fellow light-fingered ten dollars out of Peters during the transaction.

However, these were all the errors and mistakes of a beginner. They were all overlooked by his superiors, all except the shortage in gallons which amounted to ten dollars. Peters had to pay that. The company knew its man. He was steady, plodding, honest, hard working. He patiently worked to keep his station clean. He learned from his mistakes. He was the kind of man the company wanted. He could be trained. He gave evidences of being reliable. He obeyed orders to the letter. In approaching customers, he never deviated from the formula which he had been instructed to use.

"Good morning," he said approaching a car which parked by the pumps.

"May I fill your tank?" he said next.

The customer would tell him how many gallons. He would, once he learned how to work efficiently, then fill the order promptly.

"May I test your oil?"

If the customer said yes, he did, and sometimes sold a

quart or two. He was scrupulous, and if the oil gauge indicated that the car did not need oil, he made no effort to sell it.

"May I service you with water and air?" he would then say, and since this service was free, he would usually be told to check the radiator and the tires.

He tried to sell as much as possible to every customer. He even tried to sell specialty goods to company salesmen who stopped in the station for gasoline. He became a man to soothe the heart of a superintendent and a supervisor, men who were perennially faced with the problems of handling lazy and dishonest employees, attendants who did not believe the pep talks they were given, attendants who could not sell as much oil as they were pressed, urged, driven into selling. He wasn't clever, flashy, quick in repartee like the fraternity men from the colleges who were always being hired as attendants. But the college men frequently, very frequently, had to be fired for dishonesty. He was a yokel. He was to receive the regular and standardized pay, which meant that after he had worked three months, he would earn one hundred and forty dollars a month. He considered that very good pay, pay which enabled him to save money. He was satisfied with his job. He was prepared to park at it for the remainder of his life. After his early days when he was learning, he gave no grounds for complaints. He kept his station spotless. By perseverance, he sold oil, canned goods, specialties. He did not run shortages. He was caught in no infractions of the rules.

One quiet night after he had been working for five months, two young fellows in a high-powered Marmon drove into the station, and parked at one of the gasoline pumps. They ordered ten gallons of gas, and got out of the



car while Peters prepared to put the pump into the tank.

"Mister, it's against the rules to service you with gasoline while the motor's runnin'," Peters said in his slow, drawling manner.

"Go ahead, buddy," one of the fellows said.

"No sir, I can't disobey orders," Peters said.

"Come on, we're in a hurry."

"I'm sorry, sir, but it's against the rules."

The second fellow stopped the motor. Peters gave them the ten gallons.

"Two quarts of medium oil."

Peters lifted the hood. He noticed the gauge.

"I don't think you need the oil, sir," Peters said, looking up at them.

"Go ahead and get the oil, buddy. We're buying it. It's our car."

He went toward the station house. They followed him. Just as he was stepping inside, a revolver was jammed into his ribs.

"Get inside, keep your trap shut, do what we say, buddy!"

He nonchalantly went into the station. He was told to hand over his money. He handed them his money changer, and the small roll of bills which he kept in his overall pocket for change. The second fellow pocketed the bills, and emptied the money changer, pocketing it also.

"Open the safe, and give us the rest, you dumb sonofabitch!" the fellow with the revolver ordered.

Peters knelt down by the safe, calm, unruffled, fingering the combination until it clicked.

"Get up and stand back with your fingers touching the ceiling, you bastard!" the fellow said.

Peters obeyed. The fellow with the revolver kept him

covered, and his partner bent down to get the money from the safe. Peters noticed the face of the fellow for the first time. He was a kid, who couldn't be over nineteen years old. The partner took the tin box out, and with undue slowness, he dallied, counting the bills as he pocketed them.

"Hurry up!" the fellow with the gun said.

Peters noticed that he was nervous, that his hand was shaking a bit as he pointed the gun. His thin face was contorting.

"One bat out of you, dope, and you get plugged. You were too wise by the pump. There's heat in this gat, and you'll get it if you blink your dumb eyes. You'll shake hands with the daisies. Hurry up, Mac!" the kid with the gun said, turning toward his partner as he spoke.

Peters swung quickly, crashing him flush on the jaw with a powerful left fist. The kid fell, the gun dropped from his hand. The other bandit was off balance. Peters quickly put him to sleep with a left uppercut. The first one tried to crawl for the gun. Peters barred his way. He arose, totteringly, and one more punch drove him onto an oil barrel. He slipped to the floor, also unconscious.

When the police arrived, Peters was sitting on the desk, smiling, gun in hand, nonchalantly discussing the incident with a group of curiosity seekers. The two bandits were on the floor, both battered with swollen faces, one unconscious, the other sitting with lowered head, whimpering, begging to be let go. They were taken off in a patrol wagon, and in prompt order, sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

Peters' picture was in the morning paper. When he saw it, he felt like a famous man. He was one of those who, along with President Coolidge and others, had their pictures in the paper. He clipped it, and mailed it

back home to the folks in Iowa. He was called into the main office. Prevost congratulated him, and told him what a hero he was. Then, the Superintendent admonished him mildly. He reminded the attendant that the company warned its employees not to resist holdups. The company money was insured against robbery. It was too risky to resist men with guns these days when there was so much robbery and killing. It was particularly dangerous to resist young lads with guns. They were shaky and nervous, and often shot and killed out of fear. Peters said that these bandits were young, and that the one with the gun had been shaky. He had seen that, and knew it was his chance. So he hit him. Peters received a reward of five hundred dollars. Also, the Marmon proved to be a stolen car, and the owner gave him a reward of fifty dollars. Peters was transferred to a new station. He secretly enjoyed his role of hero, but he went on working in the same placid, dutiful, conscientious manner.

He was transferred to a larger station where he received better commissions on oil because of more business. Several uneventful months passed. He worked day by day in his usual manner. One evening, just after he had locked up the station, and was walking across the drive, a group of fellows drove upon him. They were members of the gang to which the two bandits he had thwarted belonged. They rushed at him in a group. He fought back sturdily, fiercely. He was overpowered, hit over the head with a monkey wrench, kicked, battered, and left lying half conscious in the drain pit. He was transferred to a new station. He reported there the next afternoon as if nothing had happened, his face marred with swellings and cork plaster. Three more months passed, and again at night after he had closed up, he was beaten by the same gang.



He was transferred to the north side. One night, he was alone, and there was little business. A bandit came in with a gun. Peters hit him over the head with a stove poker, and finished him off with a right to the jaw. His picture was in the rotogravure section of the papers, and his previous exploit was also described. He received a second reward of five hundred dollars. He was congratulated by his bosses. He was also warned, this time more emphatically. They reminded him of the beatings he had received because he was responsible for having sent those two bandits to Joliet. He was told that it was very dangerous to take chances with these gangs that were about nowadays. Why had he done it again? The money would have been repaid. Why be so foolish?

"Well, sir," he said to Prevost, "I just didn't think. There he was with the gun, and the stove poker was lyin' right beside me. I looked in his eye. He seemed afraid. I just didn't think. I grabbed that poker and I laid it over his head, and then I hit him. He dropped as if he didn't know what had happened to him. Well, sir, I just didn't think of what you told me the last time."

His partner told him that he was a fool, and Peters repeated that he hadn't thought. He was unpopular with all the other attendants with whom he worked. He kept the station too clean. He sold too much oil. He was too conscientious, and they claimed that he made it hard for them. They called him, behind his back, the boss' pet.

The third bandit whom he had beaten up also received ten years in the penitentiary. He now had two gangs after him. He was placed in a busy station on Sheridan Road where there was always more than one attendant. A city detective was assigned to the station to guard him from any future beatings. He was sternly told that he must beat up no more bandits. It was too damn

risky. He should have learned his lesson. Several times, while he was off duty, he was caught by gangs and beaten. When he reported to work with blackened eyes and cork plaster, he said that it had been a fight over a girl. His partners smiled at him. Behind his back, they said that he deserved it, protecting other men's money when it wasn't necessary. He was just a damn fool yokel. A few more months passed. One evening at supper time, he was alone at the station. His partner had gone down a block to eat. Peters and his bodyguard were caught by a gang, and beaten into unconsciousness.

Immediately after this beating, the Service Station department was reorganized. The stations were all divided into divisions of ten, and a supervisor was placed in charge of each division. Peters was made a supervisor. He was given a company car to use in his district, and his salary was one hundred and sixty dollars a month. He seemed headed for further promotions. Despite his foolishness in taking guns away from hold-up men, he was thought of most highly in the main office. However, he was not qualified to be a supervisor. He was on the job fourteen hours a day, and he watched his men so closely that he demoralized them. Prevost liked his supervisors to watch the men, but he found that Peters carried it to an extreme. It was useless to keep firing attendants and have to break new ones in. It was useless to drive them jittery. They were on nerves all the time. They were often driven out of resentment to infractions of the rules. One of his best men, a station manager, had even threatened to resign if he had to continue working under Peters. So Peters was transferred to the main office, and charged with handling supplies and supply vouchers that went to the station. There was too much clerical work involved in his task. He could not do it. At the end of two months,

two clerks had to be put to work straightening up the mess he had made of his records. Prevost sent him back to the stations. He placed him in one on West Madison Street, assigned him to work days only, and an Irish detective was assigned to the station while Peters was on duty. Six busy months followed. There had been no attempts on Peters. It seemed that the gangs had decided to drop their practice of taking more revenge. The detective was withdrawn, and sent to the vice squad. Peters went alone. His station, as usual, was spotless. His partner silently complained because of the way Peters worked. He was conscientious. He was never short. He never cheated the customers. He tried continually to sell oil. He was a good man. Then, one Sunday morning, just after he opened the station, he was held up by four bandits. He was found lying on the floor, unconscious.

"I just opened her up, when they came in on me. They got me when my back was turned. I knocked one of them down, and then something hit me on the head, and that was all," he said, feeling a bump behind his ears.

Prevost called Peters into the office the next morning.

"Peters, you're an exemplary attendant," the Superintendent said, and Peters felt good because of the praise. "You've been honest, efficient, reliable. You have a good record in every way. You're a man with real guts and personality. You're the kind of a man that Nation wants in its service. You haven't one black mark on your record."

"Well, sir, I always just go along and try to do my work as best I can," Peters drawled.

Prevost's face clouded. He said, with a feelingful voice, that despite Peters' fine record, despite his high integrity, they couldn't keep him. To do so would only endanger



his own life as well as the company property. Even the insurance company was complaining. Much as he regretted, Prevost had to discharge him. They had all warned him not to resist holdups. And for some reason, he wouldn't take such advice. He persisted in fighting every time he was held up.

"Do you like to fight?" asked Prevost.

"No sir. I just don't think. It seems they are trying to take something away from me, and so I let them have it. Afterwards, I say to myself, 'Now, didn't Mr. Prevost tell me not to do that?' I always feel sorry after I do it, honest I do, Mr. Prevost."

Prevost told him that never had he discharged a man with the same feeling of regret. But it had to be done. Peters was too much of a liability. However, he offered to give him the finest recommendation, and he was sure that Peters would find no difficulty in getting new employment.

Peters left the office forlornly. He thought of going back to Iowa. But he had saved money. He went looking for new work. His talents were not left unrewarded. A detective agency which specialized in furnishing strike breakers heard of him, learned of his record. He was hired by them at a better salary than he had received as a service station attendant.

## Dreamer's End

EDWARD MOSES

Quenched the heart now, quelled the tongue —

Fervor faded from the brain . . .

Half the song alone was sung

And the rest is lost again.

Here he is who knew the hunger,

Strange nostalgia of the soul —

Searched and sought, and seeks no longer,

Fallen half-way to his goal.

Much he fought for, ends possessing

Wealth of dreams which he has found . . .

Longed for love, and dies caressing

Lips beyond our sight or sound.

## Two Cents an Acre

W. H. DEPPERMAN

THE CAMP-FIRES of the Civil war were barely extinguished when, on July 8, 1865, a curious flotilla of twenty-four vessels sailed out of the Golden Gate. Five hundred adventurous young men — surveyors, explorers and engineers — impatiently paced the decks as the expedition headed northward. Vast, and rather unusual, was the cargo stowed below decks. In addition to the customary supply of rifles, axes and ammunition, there were several tons of green-glass insulators, and strangest of all, twelve hundred miles of iron telegraph wire! For this was the telegraph armada setting forth to build the Collins Overland Telegraph to unite America and Europe by *land*, linking New York and Paris by sixteen thousand miles of pole-strung wire, except for thirty-nine miles of water at Bering Strait.

The dream of instantaneous communication between the New World and the Old had been fermenting in the imagination of men since 1844, when the first telegraph line was stretched between Washington and Baltimore. Fourteen years later the dream came true for a few brief hours as Cyrus W. Field succeeded momentarily in joining England and America by submarine cable. But no sooner was the cable laid than it wheezed out its asthmatic death-rattle and parted somewhere in the Atlantic ooze. Four subsequent attempts, costing ten million dollars, proved fruitless, and the hope of connecting two continents under the sea appeared as chimerical and remote as ever.

One man, however, had an ingenious solution. He was Peter Macdonough Collins, destined to become the



most talked-of character of his day. Collins had joined the California gold rush, but no pick-and-shovel Forty-niner was he. With the father-in-law of General U. S. Grant as his partner, he operated the firm of Collins and Dent, bankers and dealers in gold dust. In 1856 President Pierce granted Collins an appointment as commercial agent to Siberia. During the long journey overland to his post, Collins made the startling observation that only thirty-nine miles of water separated the cities of Paris and New York! Here indeed was the long-sought northwest passage — and what was more important, the safest telegraph route between America and Europe. While Cyrus Field was feeding thousands of miles of cable to the Atlantic fish, Collins was securing grants from Tzar Alexander II and Queen Victoria to construct an overland telegraph line through British Columbia, Alaska and Siberia.

The grants secured, Collins needed financial assistance. He turned to Hiram Sibley, founder and first president of Western Union, the only American with the vision and cash necessary to bring off such a colossal project. Already, Sibley's seven year old Western Union had in one mighty gesture flung a transcontinental telegraph across the United States. The construction of a telegraph line girdling half the globe, and joining America and Europe overland, would make Sibley's company a world power. The hard-headed Sibley was willing to gamble. He gave Collins a check for one hundred thousand dollars, plus one hundred thousand dollars in stock in the Collins Overland Extension, the company which Sibley formed to build the line. Congress, which at first had given the project scant encouragement, finally passed Public Act 171, and A. Lincoln scratched his name on a document appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the enterprise.

The earnings of the Collins Extension were (in prospect) fabulous. One line of two wires could easily handle one thousand messages a day, and with a contemplated charge of twenty-five dollars per dispatch, the income was computed at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month, or nine million dollars a year. Furthermore, the telegraph company was already projecting a network of subsidiary lines as bold in conception as the original. One was to unite the whole of South and Central America, the other to extend southward through China and Japan. Sibley and Collins visualized the commerce of the whole of Europe, Asia and North and South America as tributary to their system. Such were the telegraph titans.

The Collins Overland Telegraph at its greatest distance was to be sixteen thousand miles in length, extending from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, thence to British Columbia, where for twelve hundred miles it was to run along Fraser's river and the famous Caribou wagon road built shortly before to open the gold mining country. The fifty-foot right of way which was hacked through an almost solid wall of virgin spruce is still the main highway through central British Columbia and to this day is known as the Telegraph Trail. The telegraph was to continue through nine hundred trackless miles of Russian America (Alaska), then cross Bering Strait to the Siberian shore; from this point it would pierce the bleakest part of Siberia for eighteen hundred miles to the mouth of the Amur river, Siberia's only outlet to the sea. By the time the American expedition took the field the Russians had already completed three-quarters of their seven thousand mile line from St. Petersburg to the Amur.

With five hundred daredevils fresh from Antietam and

Gettysburg under his command, Colonel Charles F. Buckley, in charge of the expedition, imposed strictest military discipline. But in this motley telegraph army there was one man, Robert Kennicott, to whom the military complexion of the expedition was irksome. Kennicott was accustomed to move rapidly and alone; at thirty he was a noteworthy Arctic explorer and one of the leading naturalists of his day. At twenty-two he had organized the Museum of Natural History at Northwestern University and at twenty-four explored Russian America for the Smithsonian museum. Kennicott was the first to discover that the Yukon emptied not into the Arctic ocean but into the Pacific, a fact which obstinate English cartographers failed to acknowledge until twenty-one years later. When the telegraph company began its search for a qualified explorer, the Smithsonian recommended Kennicott, who accepted with the stipulation that he be permitted to select a party of six to make scientific observations and collections. Before leaving San Francisco, Kennicott was stricken with a heart attack, but went on in spite of it. Although he had spent many years in the field, outdoor life had not given him the robust health to withstand either the rigors of the far north or the delays and inconvenience attendant upon the slow movements of the large telegraph army.

The actual building of the telegraph line was an epic of hardihood. Bitter cold, sometimes fifty-five degrees below zero, numbed the workers hip-deep in snow. With the ground frozen like rock to a depth of five feet, the men laboriously gnawed out post-holes for the telegraph poles brought with heroic drudgery behind straining dog teams. Whymper, the artist of the expedition, reports that "six holes were a good day's work." It was almost a miracle that on New Year's day, 1866, the telegraph



army reached the shores of the mighty Yukon and set up the last spruce pole amid the thunder of a thirty-two gun salute and the explosion of an old Russian blunderbuss.

Meanwhile, in Siberia, a gargantuan work was going forward; already fifty stations and magazines had been built. Six parties were in the field, twenty thousand poles were cut, and all the wire, insulators and brackets were on the ground ready for the actual erection of the line. In British Columbia eight hundred miles of line was up, reaching almost to the Yukon territory. By July 27, 1866, little more than a year after the expedition had left San Francisco, the construction was progressing with phenomenal rapidity along the sixteen thousand mile route. But on that date the needle of destiny swung sharply away from the Overland Telegraph and pointed directly at a huge steel vessel nosing into Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. It was the *SS Great Eastern* carrying the last hope and the last dollar of Cyrus W. Field. She had left Ireland on a lucky Friday the thirteenth. Behind her she had strung a two thousand mile trail of gutta-percha-covered wire not much thicker than a man's thumb. By 8:43 o'clock of that momentous evening of July 27, the two ends of the first successful trans-Atlantic submarine cable were spliced together! It was the end of the titanic job to which Cyrus W. Field had devoted more than a dozen patient, painstaking years. And it was the death knell of the Collins Overland Telegraph.

The ambitious and almost-successful land telegraph which was to have spanned two-thirds of the globe, was discontinued. The existence of the Atlantic cable, on which messages could be sent cheaper and quicker, struck at the basis of the Collins Overland revenue, and nudged the whole project into oblivion. It took more

than a year for the sound of "taps" to carry to the workers in the field, so far were they from civilization. When the telegraph pioneers returned to America, they left in their wake a sixteen thousand mile trail of telegraph material, much of which rotted where it lay. For decades afterward, Alaskan Eskimos were drinking reindeer milk from huge green-glass insulators; they also found that telegraph wire came in handy for fish nets and weirs. In British Columbia the Siwash and Chinook Indians used the abandoned wire to construct primitive suspension bridges, some of which were hanging until recent times. The twenty thousand telegraph poles which had been so neatly piled in Siberia provided ample firewood for many years for wandering Koraks, to whom this strange telegraphic pageant was beyond all understanding. They saw the white men rush into their land, hew down tall trees, painstakingly strip them of their branches and then pile them in huge mounds. Suddenly they disappeared. Inscrutable indeed are the ways of the white man.

Of Peter Macdonough Collins there is little more to relate. The Overland Telegraph was his only stake in history; when it failed, Collins turned eastward, hibernated for twenty-five years in an obscure hotel in New York city where he died in 1900 at the age of eighty-seven. His passing stirred no more than a paragraph of comment in New York newspapers.

It was Robert Kennicott's fate to die heroically in the Alaskan wilderness while saving a companion who had fallen into the icy waters of the Yukon. Kennicott did not live to hear that the Atlantic cable had been successfully laid; he never knew that the Collins Overland was destined to be a monumental failure. History has been a neglectful step-mother to Kennicott but we now realize that it was this frail young man who, before he died, set

in motion a sequence of events which magnificently justified all the hardships and heartaches of the ill-starred telegraph expedition.

Briefly, Robert Kennicott is largely responsible for our purchase of Alaska. Without his knowledge of that mighty region, contained in a score of reports to the Smithsonian, we should never have known enough about Alaska to want it. Kennicott was the first to reveal the majesty of its vast interior wherein the mighty Yukon surges twenty-three hundred miles before it leaps into the sea, and it was he who first mapped this great stream. More than any other man before him, he and the members of his expedition enriched our knowledge of its geography and natural history, its variegated flora and fauna, its infinite resources of timber, fish, fur and precious metal. Others had been there, and there had been previous proposals to purchase the territory but it was Kennicott's glowing reports about Alaska, coming at a time when a permanent solution was required to settle the squabbles of American fishermen in Russian waters, that inspired Secretary of State Seward to conclude negotiations with the Tzar's government for the purchase of Russian America, five hundred and eighty-six thousand square miles, for seven million two hundred thousand dollars. For two cents an acre we purchased an inexhaustible territory from which we have already taken seven hundred million in minerals alone! Such were the fruits of the failure of the Collins Overland Telegraph.

Two years after Robert Kennicott died in Alaska a great banquet was held in London, at which the Duke of Argyll and three hundred British notables fêted Cyrus W. Field in a fitting manner. Toasts were drunk to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, our President, the commercial prosperity between Great Britain and the United



States, and at long last to Cyrus W. Field and the trans-Atlantic cable. But of the Collins Overland Telegraph, and the heroic young explorer whose glowing reports led to the purchase of an area thrice the size of Texas — not a single word was spoken. Today, a mountain, a city, a lake and a glacier bear Kennicott's misspelled name, but his most enduring monument is Alaska, the frost-bound theater of the Collins Overland fiasco.

# Jumping

EDWARD A. RICHARDS

Not enough to spare or all to spare  
And every brook to give me a dare,

Or maybe one brook that turns so fast  
It's always the one I hurdled last

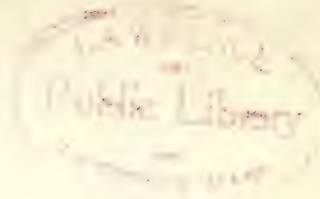
Dodging out from behind a boulder  
To frighten me, half an hour older.

And I cannot go home safe at night  
Unless at each jump I measure right;

Jump too short, I'm as wet as ocean;  
Leap too far, and it's wasted motion.

But to cross on a plank or a fallen tree  
Is always a little too tame for me,

So I brace my heart to stand the thumping  
Of under-jumping and over-jumping.



## Miami

PADRAIC COLUM

**M**IAMI has no theater, no bull-fight, no religious revival. Dog-racing supplies the popular spectacle. And Miami did itself proud when it built this stadium for the devotees of dog-track racing. Does the peanut-vendor who goes amongst our thousands — he is a Greek — remember that in a previous incarnation he heard the Wrath of Achilles declaimed to an audience less magnificently installed? Tier upon tier the stadium fronts a southern sea which tonight has a moon above it. And we fill up that magnificent space, young and old, rich and not so rich, but mainly, I guess, workers in offices and stores, youngish men and women.

To a blare of music the hounds are led round by red-coated and blue-coated attendants. What is it that is so exciting in this procession? The liveness of the hounds, palpably. The men are robots, but the hounds are quick and alive. I suppose that in an age so mechanized as ours anything that manifests life at some high tension is exciting. The marching men are mechanical, but the hounds are alive from head to haunch. The contrast between these quick, living creatures and the uniformed, drilled men is highly dramatic. But these live things should not be so docile; too trustfully they look towards where their mechanized attendants are leading them. Then, suddenly, a phantasm is fleeting round the track. The live things go after it, one out-distancing the other, and we delight in the verve that the mechanical can never show us; it is the leap from necessity to freedom. We are enthralled, and not merely because we have been betting on particular exponents of speed. Ah, but the exhibition of



*elan vital* is soon over. A hound reaches the phantasm a yard ahead of the others. The phantasm vanishes. Docilely and trustfully the hounds go with the verveless men, and, tier upon tier, we whose only escape from the mechanical is through the chase of the phantasmal, wait for another round.

Miami has a girl-show — a “girlisk” as those brilliant creators in telescopic language have named such — but I have not been in it; my phonetic conventionality prohibits my going where burlesque is undraped to burlesk. With a rich friend I go into one of Miami’s palatial hotels. In the baroque dining-room there is a floor-show. The guests are chic, the announcer glib, the performers lovely and expert. It is all very fine, being up to the international standard maintained by palatial hotels all over the world. And then we go into the cocktail lounge where the guests, if not so distinguished are more distinguishable.

Yes, but how am I to make distinguishable to you the only guest I’ve seen before? She is at the table beside ours with a girl-friend and two gentlemen, and in her white furred wrap she looks even more attractive then when last I saw her. It was in a barber’s shop and she officiated as manicurist. My chair was close to her table. As the hot towel was removed from my face, looking in my general direction, she queried, “The name of a river in Egypt, four letters, the first N and the last E?” “Nile,” I ventured. She put the letters in their place and they made the required word. She looked at me rewardingly. “You must be a great traveller,” she said. Well, here she is now and she is crying softly. “I know how you feel, Billie,” her girl-friend says consolingly. Billie says, “What’s the good of being a good-time girl when he hasn’t opened his trap in three hours?” Her partner re-

mains glum. He is still wordless as we leave the lounge. I am left with the distinct sense that night-life here has some blankness then. But at tea-dances in the Miami-Biltmore (I go in for the afternoon life) the girls are lovely to look at and they and their partners are joyfully spontaneous. Any section of the city shows girls who are not merely pretty but have a radiance of health that in itself is attractive — sunshine, beaches, the unclothed life gives that to them. And they need never dress drably.

Yes, there is something of blankness in the city's features, for Miami is still a frontier town. The mind of the frontier town is shown in its grandiose schools and its lack of a theater or picture-gallery. People grow up in this city without ever having seen a real theatrical performance. The university puts on plays occasionally, but apart from these productions there is nothing but cinema. Music, except jazz, would be outside the life of Miami too were it not that an excellent conservatoire is joined with the youthful university. The lack of an art gallery is compensated for by something in the vicinity — Viscaya, that great house with its wonderful assembly of period paintings, sculpture, furniture, all in a building of fine proportion with one of the world's beautiful gardens around it.

The ancient cities represented themselves as crowned with walls, and Miami might represent herself as crowned with beaches. I do not know how the sculptor could achieve such a coronal. But the crown of beaches — it would have to be the best of its kind — should surmount the sculptured representation.

Fashionable beaches have to be as modern and cosmopolitan as can be. But how interesting it is when one finds along some of them bits of native and archaic life. It is like discovering lost worlds. One has to walk only a

quarter of a mile from the most privileged section of a Mediterranean beach to come upon fishermen laying out nets as in Odysseus's day. And in Hawaii, even in Waikiki, one does not have to go a distance to come upon Kanakas pushing out in out-rigger canoes. On the beaches around Miami there is nothing old-world in contrast — here there is only the modern and the cosmopolitan.

Unless we accept the pelicans as archaic. They certainly look archaic. As they fly, three together, with queer spread of wing and queer outstretched heads they look like pterodactyls. They hit the water with a splash. They cruise around, their eyes beady, their beaks down-pointing, their necks pouched, everything denoting extraordinary acquisitiveness. How simple-minded the mediaeval fabulists were when they fixed upon the pelican as the emblem of compassion and altruism! If ever birds looked self-seekers the pelicans do. As they snatch at this and that or stand on a rock to exhibit themselves in all their singularity, they have no appeal except through their grotesqueness. I think we will have to put on one side of Miami's coronal this grotesque, acquisitive and exhibitionist fowl.

The pelicans are not the only curious creatures on the beach. Massed in thousands are human beings whose legs, stomachs, bosoms, hips, and heads are as unbelievable as are the beaks, wings, neck-pouches of the contiguous fowl. I suppose that in everyday garb each and every one of them would pass (except the ones who are obviously the victims of elephantiasis) for not too violent divergencies from the human norm. But with wrappers and singlets for covers, with large masses of nudity showing, they do not seem as if they belonged to any ethnic group that we know of. This concentration of singularities beside a sparkling sea has the effect of a phantasmagoria.



Their colors are as odd as their forms, their movements as queer as their figures.

These great loops of coral sand around a cobalt sea are, I suppose, the most elysian places for exposure that any shore has to offer. Compared with them the Mediterranean beaches are no more than dingy, scanty strips along a tideless sea. Hawaii has some sections — not Waikiki — where there are beaches that can be compared with Miami's. There are beaches and beaches here. And as one goes to where the gatherings are less dense the human type becomes increasingly recognizable. On one carefully guarded beach I behold young women whose costumes are enchanting and whose figures might go on a frieze, and young men who are worthy to go beside them. They are, of course, the rich and the high-born.

As some eighteenth-century painter might complete his *Voyage to Cythera* by bringing to the edge of his joyful and charmed band old, unfortunate Pantaloon, so there comes on a figure very different from the young bathers. An old fellow trudges by holding a kite that is high in the air. It is advertising something. As he goes along, tugging the wild thing that is high above these white-limbed boys and girls, his head bent, the cobalt sea alongside him, the man is individual, interesting. In the picture he is Pantaloon. In a poem he would be a modernization of a figure that Theocritus would make an idyll around. There isn't a Theocritus in the crowd of us, and he goes by as if bent on drawing some catch out of the pools of the air, coming out of the distance and going into the distance. A line to hang on to — he has that! He is one of the populace whose lines are very skimpy and very weakly held. For South Florida, as well as being the place of the moneyed, is very much the place of the

moneyless — literally the moneyless. And so, though we give Miami full lips, the corners of her mouth will droop.

In this sunlit terrain, sheltering in shacks raised amongst the palmettos, is a population who feed themselves on bananas and fish, who barter what they raise for coffee, shoes, writing-paper, coins or bills being unknown to them. They have a tribal kind of life: very good-naturedly they share what they have with others of their kind. In a shack I go into, the family consists of a man and a woman, one wife-deserted, the other with a husband in gaol, and three children who have no relation to each other or to the adults to whom they have attached themselves; they all live very contentedly together. A neighbor brings them some provision which they accept in the spirit offered, and they, in their turn, will hand out bananas and fish.

And my friend Maria Moravsky, the poet, who has finished a long poem whose beginnings are in Poland and whose most arresting episode is a hurricane here, reads from it to me her description, first-hand, indeed, of these unresourceful lives.

Lied to by the papers, we are taught  
That everything is right in the back country,  
That easy, opulent life is sauntering  
There at a gay pace.  
But we know better. We have seen men  
Living in huts shamed by a cattle pen,  
Sleeping under a skeleton of a roof,  
Selling their fruit unpicked, their skinny pigs on hoof.  
That boy with yellow face saffroned by fever,  
Those crumbling shingles open to rain and stars,  
That white witch-doctor with his incredible farce  
Of incantations, borrowed from the Negroes —  
Are samples of the extolled "vigorous  
Life of our latest pioneers."

Every bleached skull of rattlesnake leers  
At city culture, astray in the Everglades,  
A thin veneer that cracks, peels off and fades  
After the first flood, the second storm, the third "freeze"  
That hits the poor, unhardened exiles of cities.  
Yes, you have ordered this niggardly surcease,  
You have decreed such life at your committees,  
Godfathers of relief. You may not know  
How incredibly, how indecently low  
One may sink, facing implacable Nature,  
Away from the nearest market, nearest ambulance-stretcher.  
So I am yelling at you from across this unconquered state,  
"Help, help, before it is too late!"  
Hush . . . No one can hear the loudest thought  
Untransferred to the blank pages, still uncut.

For garments for the statue of the city the sculptor would have to indicate some parts rich and new and some parts frayed to tatters. . . . I walk along a road that looks as if it had been made to lead to a residence of royalty. There is no one on it but myself. A flock of quail crosses; they are very bold, not hurrying at all; they have the knack of becoming dim in the dimming light on the grass — a grass that a few minutes before was tinged with redness. The road is solidly made; there are elaborate gateways to houses that never have been raised; there are foundations of houses that never have been built. I go on, not by ruins but by grandiose projects that have been suspended. Oleanders with crimson and coral blossoms are planted at regular intervals; hibiscus blossoms are scarlet amongst the greenery of their bushes.

This is the frayed part of the garment, but there is another part that is new and grand. I watch two shining argosies settle in the sea within ten minutes of each other, and I talk with a passenger who has been surveying Mayan ruins in a Guatemalan jungle the day before



yesterday. In the hall of the building from which I saw the argosies alight I look at a great globe lighted from within: blue gaps of ocean, continents, countries, pass before me as it turns; geography is made dramatic by this turning globe. The revolving pattern of land and ocean, the arriving argosies, make me feel that a new terrestrial domination is beginning, and that here we are close to its processes. This is the tip of the American continent, and I am in the Pan-American Air Ways building. It is an uplifting piece of modern architecture, gleaming, with straight lines that suggest aero-dynamics and the lines of speeding vehicles. Beyond is the city where linear blocks of buildings are smokeless and radiant — Miami. So on this side Miami is wonderfully garbed.

Her feet are on a ground that is between two polities, America of the North and America of the Center and the South, the hinterland of an area that is not yet knit together. I have a secret and proud feeling that this part of the world so speeded over by hundreds of thousands of cars is really only for the few — for us who want to trudge, to look on, to be solitary and meditative.

Most wayfarers want to have their eyes uplifted by a line of hills. The flat seems desolate to them. It is not to me; South Florida has the flatness of my native bogs. Here only statureless palmettos grew before Australian pines had been planted. They stand up, branchless, with some foliage around their tops, the most linear of trees. In a flat land at the coming of darkness trees have character: these have special character, the only things that stand up to the gathering dark; all the somberness of the day's end is revealed by them.

Where I walk I note the tokens of a new, an up-to-date nomadism. I had been told that two million people in the United States are now living, for part of the year at any

rate, in trailers, and that the manufacturers are expecting to add seventy-five thousand to the trailer output this very year. Here is a trailer; it is grappled to an automobile; it is a regular house with sleeping-place and cooking-equipment, and it can be left by the side of an empty roadway. The people in this moving house, no matter in what remote place they sojourn, can have radio-entertainment. Here is nomadism under modern conditions. This land of sunshine offers ideal climatic conditions to these up-to-date nomads. Moreover, everywhere through this land of expected but still non-existent towns there are empty roadways by the sides of which the trailer can be stationed. Said an official of one of the Florida Chambers of Commerce, "In the future people are not going to spend five months in anybody's town."

The buzzards are planing as if they had no carrion-thoughts and were in the air to show how expert and self-rewarding flight can be. I go on. In the clear sky stars have dimension and vibration. A youthful owl stares at me from an hibiscus-bush. He is not very experienced in owliness, for when I go to look at him he flies off without attempting to out-stare me. I hear the mocking-bird repeating his throbbing piece. I am told I have not yet heard the mocking-bird; what I have listened to are his reminiscences; I should hear him later on when he is not burdened with memories of other birds' notes and sings a strain that is exclusively his own. Yes, like certain human artists he suffers from his own appreciativeness, his own versatility, suffers even to the extent of being misnamed, for he should not be known merely as a mocker; he should have some Greek name that would mean the Many-melodied. I have said that the pelican might be on one side of Miami's coronal. The other emblem should be this lively, tuneful and extraordinarily expressive bird.

## Abraham Lincoln—Artist

ROY P. BASLER

**A**BRAMHAM LINCOLN during the seventy-two years since his assassination has received possibly the most complete and widespread study ever given to one man within an equal number of years. Yet what may be seventy years hence considered his most important phase has hardly been touched. Lincoln was above all an artist, and though his art was far from confined to literary expression, his prose may yet be recognized as his most permanent legacy to humanity. Even the carping critic must admit this. Edgar Lee Masters has opined that only Lincoln's literary accomplishment has "made him more important in history than William McKinley," which is a tribute, coming from Mr. Masters. Certainly Lincoln's words will endure, longer perhaps than the marble and bronze upon which they have been engraved.

Though at present his fame as a literary artist is not so widespread, popularly speaking, as his legendary and historical fame in the role of Emancipator and Savior of the Union, it is at least as complete and seems to be growing far more rapidly. The probability that it may be even more permanent lies in the fact that its preservation must remain chiefly in the hands of those who study his works. Indeed, it is not difficult to conceive of the time when much of what men know of the Civil war will be contained largely in Lincoln's great addresses, just as, by decree of ironical fate, much of what we know of Catiline and his conspiracy has been preserved chiefly for the rhetoric of Cicero and Sallust.

It may be a bitter pill for the historically minded to swallow, but the truth remains that rhetoric has demon-



strated its ability to outlive the facts that inspire it. "It is his poetical flashes," laments Mr. Masters, "that have stayed his fame against attack." Even today the popular conception of Lincoln is more the result of his Second Inaugural Address than of his war policies:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

The best of our recognized critics have without exception, though somewhat belatedly, placed the better known addresses and letters in a high place. Still, even his most devoted admirers have occasionally hesitated with such judgments as "worthy of Webster" and "equal to Burke," and confined themselves to what are somewhat ineptly called "purple passages." One looking for purple passages in the traditional sense can hardly be trusted to evaluate Lincoln's prose. But more significant for Lincoln's future literary status is the fact that as yet only a few of his writings have received anything like the literary analysis that is due them. The Gettysburg Address and the letter written to Mrs. Bixby are perhaps enough in themselves to assure Lincoln immortality, but the time is already at hand when more and more of his strictly analytical and expository pieces will be studied for their literary significance.

It may be argued that for permanent literary significance too much of Lincoln's writing is taken up with routine exposition and expression of political policy not in itself permanently significant. It must be answered that much of this matter will in the future get its significance from the fact that Lincoln wrote of it as he did — again

witness Cicero. In the last analysis the quality of the masterpiece, great or small, lies not in subject but in artistic treatment. It will doubtless be the business of the often despised, but nevertheless useful, commentator to ferret out the facts and backgrounds which will aid succeeding generations to admire more completely Lincoln's prose.

Among his expository writings only a few such items as the famous letter written in answer to Horace Greeley's *Prayer of Twenty Millions* have been recognized for what they are — the most completely lucid, emphatic, and concise expressions of thought in modern literature. But these are often equaled, if not excelled, by other papers, which for not very clear reasons are generally left for the study of the mere historian. Exposition has never been reckoned a form conducive to the highest flights of literary expression; yet Lincoln demonstrated that it could be so beautifully and austere sculptured that the very solidness of solid matter would vie with the ethereal.

Within recent years some excellent initial steps have been taken, generally in the right direction. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, Daniel Kilham Dodge, Carl Sandburg, and Luther E. Robinson have each added something to the understanding and appreciation of Lincoln's literary accomplishment. Among straight biographers none has placed sufficient emphasis upon his early cultivation of style. There is still a crying need for a good and fairly inclusive edition of his works prepared for the student of literature as well as for the student of history. But literary people in general and professors of English in particular have been notably remiss in recognizing an opportunity. Though there has been a saving group of literary heretics who have all along insisted on including liberal selections from Lincoln's less known as well as better known works with the accepted selections from

Emerson, Hawthorne, and the traditional group of "prose masters" in classes of American literature, it is lamentable that they have sometimes had to insist that Lincoln more than holds his own in such select company. If I may judge from two recent anthologies of American literature that have come to my desk, views are changing. Instead of classing Lincoln, according to the common procedure, in the few pages usually devoted to a political writer, the editors have given him individual rank and pages approximately equal to those devoted to such celebrities as Bret Harte and Phillip Freneau, whereas originally he was honored with the two or three pages accorded such significant persons as Captain John Smith and Thomas Godfrey. This is merely a step toward the time when of all literary figures of nineteenth century America, his will be one of three, or at most four, great names.

What makes this tendency even more significant is the fact that it has arisen simultaneously with the neglect of political writers in general. It is a curious fact that as American literature has come to the fore during recent years much fine political writing has been neglected in favor of the ephemeral writer who labored for "art's sake." Yet some of the finest American prose lies in the political papers of Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Freneau, Calhoun, and many another political figure. For statesmen, historians, and scientists often write better prose than our so-called "men of letters."

Yet, fine as much of our political literature is, little of it reaches the heights Lincoln attained. A literary genius of his rank is hardly paralleled in the ranks of public men, and even in the instance of certain exceptions — John Milton for example — the artist is likely to have made his greatest achievement in forms traditional to pure literature rather than in documents and papers of state, in



which we have learned to expect only a second best. No other expression, not even that of Cicero or Demosthenes, has so transcended the limitations congenital to the breed of public oratory as to infuse it with the simplicity and imagination and music of great poetry. It has been well said by Lord Charnwood that Lincoln's great addresses are more like the speeches in tragic drama than like traditional oratory. This hardly clarifies their real quality, but it does give some idea of their uniqueness. The more the magic of Lincoln's words is studied, the more certain his works are of occupying a niche set apart for the masterpiece that cannot be dismissed in a catalogue of types and classes.

A critical examination of all Lincoln's more important works reveals just where this supremacy exists, as it has always existed in the works of the few indisputable masters of the language. First, it lies in an undeniably superior vitality of imagination that was able to infuse the matter of the Civil war epoch with great poetic significance; and second, technically, in language more effortless and yet more grandly beautiful than any of his contemporaries — Whitman possibly excepted — ever achieved. That Lincoln took and made his own the thought and spirit of those phases of nineteenth century America which he has come to symbolize is so far true that his matter, like the matter of Shakespeare, appears to be definitely his in a degree that is never met with in lesser literary genius. Though this matter was used often in his day and somewhat since, we can hardly think of it again except as especially Lincoln's. This may be seen clearly even in the works of his middle period. The Cooper Union Address, Peoria Speech, and Springfield Speech illustrate his power to synthesize without recourse to illusive, transcendental generalities, and to stamp with unity,

without narrowing to personal bias, the political matter of nearly a century.

But when we speak of "originality" in a literary artist we refer always to a technique of expression rather than to his matter, for where the one is individually his the other is universal. So it is less by his matter than by his technique that Lincoln is distinguished from the host of those above whom he looms, singular and lofty. His workmanship, even in many little known passages, is so individual that it cannot be imitated, much less reproduced. It has, though it was based upon years of trial and error, the effortless inevitability that we recognize as the authentic inspiration of the creative artist.

It is perhaps unnecessary to labor this point of originality with regard to his most famous works. But even in his anecdotes, certainly in those that seem definitely authentic, his hand is plain in application and point in spite of the fact that most of them are retold in words remembered by others. And though as a humorist he was, as was Shakespeare, indebted to the mode and spirit of his time, he displayed in his crude, sometimes even bitter, humor the touch which cannot be found in the works of lesser humorists of the age. Not the story, but how he told it makes it a Lincoln story.

The tendency has been not so much to underestimate Lincoln's attention to style, as to estimate it not at all. Here, as elsewhere, the legend of Lincoln the prophet has bedimmed the genuine achievement of a human mind at work, until a scathing critic like Edgar Lee Masters comes, because of his knowledge of the craft of words, closer to the true *why* of Lincoln's expression than all the idolators. Lincoln did not, of course, always preserve the extreme niceties of grammar, and he did say things inimitably because of his genius; but his genius was not

the uncultivated accident of inspiration that has been so often supposed. Is it more reasonable to think that the artist who gave "balance" some of the finest uses it has ever achieved in English prose got no hint of style from his study of Bacon and the King James Bible, or to think that he recognized a technique for what it was? It is true that as a rule his words are austere in simplicity, but it is equally true that the feeling for cadence that arranged them is unfathomed subtlety. Let the reader examine, if he has not already, the pattern of Seward's suggested peroration for the First Inaugural, compare it to the cadence of Lincoln's revision, and then decide which of the two men had made the most fruitful study of prose style. Seward suggested this:

I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all the hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.

Lincoln made it this:

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

A careful study of Lincoln's works of the middle period (1854-61) emphasizes the fact that his later beauty of expression was not an accident that simply happened to a man who had no care for finely wrought sentences. In-



deed, it seems evident that the Cooper Union Address, Peoria Speech, and Springfield Speech, as well as others have technically in large measure the perfection that is generally credited only to his later masterpieces. It is not in technical command of style so much as it is in power of feeling and imagination that his later works surpass by all odds those of his middle period.

The reasons for this may not seem so obscure when sought, but perhaps every student has his own explanation which he prefers above others. Some have seemed to find that the great change which did undeniably come in Lincoln's prose in 1861 was the result of Seward's influence. Perhaps some very slight part of it was, but I believe that the turning point came before Seward had opportunity to influence Lincoln to any marked degree. The Farewell Remarks made at Springfield as Lincoln was departing for Washington have the new combination of imagination and feeling in as great measure as the First Inaugural.

My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

My own opinion is that this new quality was more the result of internal experience than of external influence. It is a commonplace that Lincoln was reckoned cold and

unemotional by his most careful observers. Also, it is true that no other orator of his time was more coldly logical, more careful of a self-imposed restraint, than was Lincoln up to 1861. Upon his departure from Springfield a new note of unfathomed emotion, at once heroic and simple, sounded in his words for the first time. This note was sounded again in the prose poem which he made of Seward's suggested peroration, and thenceforth, restrained but full, it suffused all the more important papers of his years in Washington, but above all the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

It has been said that Lincoln's art is always applied art, utilitarian in purpose and held strictly to the matter in hand. If this implies that it does not therefore reach the heights of imagination to which we expect only belletristic art to attain, nothing could be further from the truth. And yet, perhaps he did even in the deep moving cadences and high imagination of the Second Inaugural consider his prose only as a means to an end, recognizing that in an emotional crisis of national scope the truest appeal could not be made to the intellect alone. And because he had early learned to eschew the illusion of emotionalism — that bane of the swayer of multitudes — which saps the hearts of hearer and speaker alike into floods of mere rhetoric, he was able in his great hour to plumb depths hitherto unfathomed by oratory.

The emergence of this new quality was significantly coincident with his assumption of what he seems to have considered his supreme task — the preservation of the Union, and with it Democracy. His utterances regarding slavery, in fact his words on all other subjects, fine as many of them are, fall into place near or far from the high words in which he defended democracy as symbolized in the Union and pled for its preservation. Alexander

Stephens said that the Union with Lincoln rose in sentiment to the "sublimity of a religious mysticism." The Gettysburg Address is excellent literary evidence in support of Stephens's opinion, if we understand how the Union was for Lincoln the symbol of a democracy yet to be realized:

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

So it is that Lincoln, like the greatest literary figures of the past, becomes as we study his works, more than a man. He is a creative consciousness in whom the enduring matter of Civil war America lives. As this matter is in Lincoln intrinsic and his expression of it inimitable, so his name will endure, as something representative and symbolic with singular completeness of the epoch which nurtured him. Even as we come to recognize his fallibility as an ideal hero and President, we may perceive that the most incontrovertible *fact* about him is his prose.

We have failed, perhaps, to assess Lincoln adequately as a literary artist, because for seventy-odd years we have been taught to consider him primarily a political figure. But Lincoln belongs with our few literary lodestars of the past. We must of necessity give more recognition to his literary accomplishment and perceive his dual role as an artist-statesman without peer.



## The Old Sewing Room

IDA M. TARBELL

TO THE AVERAGE family of the 'seventies and 'eighties the sewing room was second only to the kitchen in importance. My Mother, my Sister and myself bought nothing ready-made except our hoop skirts and corsets, stockings and shoes, and an occasional coat. We were clothed from the skin out in the sewing room.

Sewing activities were continual, but the big moment came every Spring and Fall, when a real dressmaker arrived to produce the "best" or Sunday dress which each of us was to have for the coming season. Days were spent choosing the material from the dry goods store's large assortment of wools and silks, poplins and alpacas for winter — of delaines and organdies, lawns and calicoes for summer. Again and again we looked them over, considered price and, above all, quality — for quality, in my Mother's code, was moral.

Before the dressmaker arrived the sewing room must be ready. Scissors had been sharpened, patterns prayerfully selected, and innumerable bobbins wound for the double thread Grover and Baker machine which had been overhauled and oiled. On hand was an extraordinary collection of linings, whale bones, braids, spools of thread, hooks and eyes of several sizes, packages of pins and needles. Sewing tables, lap boards and scrap baskets must be ready and the coming autocrat's favorite chair in the place she wanted it.

And then came the momentous day. We liked it to be Monday, for then the dressmaker had had a Sunday to sleep off her last place. We knew all about her regular clients. There were those we knew to be "trying." We

aimed never to be "trying." There were those who we thought spoiled her by attention; we couldn't rival them, but we did our best. For a fortnight the dressmaker was the center of the household. A cup of coffee was sent up to her as soon as she arrived in the morning. She shared our noon dinner, and Mother saw to it that her favorite dishes were served. At four o'clock both Mother and the dressmaker had a cup of tea to help them through the last terrible hour when their cheeks were flushed and their tempers a bit ragged.

The basic dressmaking processes were methodical — the cutting, basting and trying on. But the trimming was exciting; you had a wide choice of bands or ruffles; you could have fringes, bugles, passementeries. The buttons, in an endless variety of sizes and shapes, contributed not only to our adornment but to one of the favorite collecting hobbies of the young — the button string. I had buttons from all the family past, and from friends, and I knew the history of every button. I would give a great deal today for my old button string.

After each day's work came the operation called "cleaning up the litter." This was serious business, for everything must be saved. The big pieces were carefully put away for future repairing and remaking. The scraps went into Mother's piece bag to be used on the crazy quilt Mother always had under way. I have now a treasured crazy quilt from which I could write a fairly complete history of the gowns which came out of our sewing room over a period of twenty-five years.

Beside these seasonal campaigns a steady production of undergarments went on. In the 'seventies I was wearing high neck, long sleeve, wool combination suits; home-made because Mother did not think those beginning to come from the factory fitted properly. Over these were

worn cotton drawers buttoned around the waist — “panties” we called them — and a high-necked chemise. Our best undergarments received the same care as our best gown. Mother would never permit imitation lace or machine embroidery. She hated imitations as she hated lies. She herself knit beautiful lace, hemmed and tucked ruffles — miles of them — for the bottom of drawers and chemises. But the factory got the best of her at last. In the multitude of new duties life brought, she finally yielded to ready-made ruffling and machine tucking, though I am not sure but that she prayed God to forgive her.

Over these underthings we wore petticoats and skirts. In winter I had a red flannel petticoat for every-day wear, and one of white flannel for Sunday. Over that, I wore a heavy, colored petticoat. In summer we had tucked and frilled white petticoats. We wore cotton stockings in summer and heavy woolen stockings in winter, sometimes of Mother’s beautiful knitting. I never heard of silk stockings in those days.

Thus we were outfitted with pain and thought and care. And for what occasions? The name “Sunday dress” suggests the most important function — going to Church. Sunday promenades up the main street in our town of Titusville, Pennsylvania, had all the features of the Fifth avenue parade in New York today. People surreptitiously looked to see how your new basque was made or your hat trimmed. When you met someone who had a gown or a hat like yours — that was a tragedy.

When occasion demanded, simple accessories turned the “best” dress into a “party” dress. My favorite device was the fichu, a very long scarf, fitted about the shoulders, brought down and crossed around the waist and tied in a big flat bow behind. I liked them long and soft and trimmed with little ruffles.



I remember distinctly the gown I wore to the class room when I went to college in 1876: a tightly fitting black alpaca redingote, down to my instep in front, a tiny train behind. It was trimmed with forty-eight white pearl buttons, almost as large as twenty-five cent pieces. The first bit of provocative coquettishness I remember was connected with the scarlet felt petticoat with black silk scallops and embroidery on it, which I wore under this dress. Whenever I lifted my train on the dusty campus paths, I took great care to show that scarlet petticoat.

There were evidences in my college wardrobe of the agitation for more sensible dressing. I had already laid aside the corset with the steel stays in favor of a stitched Ferris waist buttoned down the front. My hoop skirt was only a relic of the fine old balloon I had worn as a child. By this time, the feminine silhouette, which from the waist down had been that of a huge swaying bell, was very like that of a pear that had been cut down the middle, flat in front, bulging behind. My alpaca redingote was worn with a bustle at the waist line to hold out the skirt.

What impresses me now, as I think of the way I dressed, is that I got much more fun out of it, as well as a greater feeling of dignity, than I do from my present method. The careful planning, the attention to principles, all contributed to making the sewing room respected in our domestic economy. Its two chief principles were Mother's insistence that quality was a virtue, imitation a kind of sin, and Father's contention that waste was wrong, because you robbed the poor.

When you finally discarded an old dress you gave it to somebody who needed it, after first putting it in order and pressing it. Then you watched to see how she used it.

If she didn't take care of it you were not likely to give her another. You resented the lack of respect for the thing which you had so long respected.

The final act in the sewing room drama was the burning of the contents of the waste barrel into which had gone only those old scraps of cloth that would serve no useful purpose.

On some still evening my Father would empty the barrel in the middle of his garden. I always sat on the back steps and watched the remnants of the processes which had meant so much going up in smoke. When the last particle was consumed Father would rake the ashes over his garden. Good fertilizer. "Nothing lost but the smoke," he would laugh. But even the smoke had not been lost on me. I had dreamed dreams as it went up, dreams of new dresses and less, far less, substantial things. Who can say that smoke which evokes dreams is lost?

## Is Thoreau a Modern?

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

SINCLAIR LEWIS writes of Henry David Thoreau that he

conducted a one-man revolution and won it. . . . We aren't within seventy-five years of catching up with him. He wanted, more than anything else, to buy his own time. . . . He did it. . . . He built his own warm shack, and in it he lived with a dignity vaster than any harassed emperor. He was popular in his social set . . . composed . . . of swallows and chipmunks and sunfish, and other swift, elegant and shining notabilities.

All this with gaiety and warmth, he wrote out in *Walden*. . . . published in 1854 and more modern than Dos Passos. . . . His *Walden* and all that is important from his other books, with notes and biography by Henry Seidel Canby, in an 848-page volume handsomely published by Houghton Mifflin at five dollars is the book-buy of the year.

And so it is. Mr. Lewis wishes that one hundred thousand copies will have been sold in the Christmas season just past. And though I would not, like Mr. Lewis, care to set up Thoreau as a supreme *Duce* for this sick world, I could wish that everyone capable of understanding Thoreau who has never read him, should meet him in this new year.

Mr. Canby, like Mr. Lewis, claims that Thoreau is modern where most of his contemporaries are dated. And the proposition is worth examining. With this republication of Thoreau, especially if it does become the best-seller it deserves to be, the man and his thoughts are shorn of the limp-leather immunity accorded to unread classics, to Scripture, to saintly lives of the past. He is bruited; his pages are flung wide open. They will be



read, I hope with Mr. Lewis, by those who acknowledge no fealty to the grace of things past, but judge every writer by today's standards. By high-school boys who think of chemistry as the touchstone of Cosmos, by students in New York City College who look at the world sociologically. By persons not less fanatically conscientious than Thoreau, who believe it their first duty to picket for the garment-workers' strike, and by others whose conscience dictates that they shall bash the heads of such picketers. And by countless more whose persuasions, trainings, emergencies were undreamed of in Concord in 1838. What will they find in Thoreau?

First let us take a swallow-flight over the table of contents, representing Mr. Canby's preferences among the works of his master. We open with some selections from the great poetic and philosophic quarry of the *Journals*. They are selections rather carefully dissected out of Thoreau's natural tissue of sheer nature writing. For Mr. Canby believes that "much damage has been done to his [Thoreau's] reputation as a writer to be read, by the still current belief that he was only a nature writer." (And of course he wasn't only a nature writer.) And "while he was a nature writer *à outrance* as he was a protestant *à outrance*, and paid the penalty of all those whose ambition is infinitely to know, that is not the way to begin to read him."

Mr. Canby does give us some of the nature essays, not the immediate, Thoreau-afoot of the diaries, but for the most part the reworked and highly finished products which he either sent to the printer or must have been nearly ready so to do. The one called *Wild Apples* is especially Thoreauvian, and for myself I could wish that it led off the book.

The second big item is *A Week on the Concord and Mer-*

*rimac Rivers*. Mr. Canby, like a flattering tailor, has slimmed the portly girth of this, Thoreau's first book. Even so it is one of the most leisurely, digressive books ever written by an American and it is be-gemmed with a wealth of classical allusion and references to thoughts in others' books.

But *Walden* comes next, and since it is a work so nearly perfect, and probably immortal, no comment is needed on its inclusion or its better-than-modernity. Next come a few poems, and then selections from the travel books (and it did Thoreau a world of good to travel, in spite of his reluctance to leave Concord). Then follow essays on friendship, civil disobedience and on John Brown's execution. The last indeed was an oration, probably Thoreau's only really successful speech, and it closes the book like a trumpet blast.

The purchaser also has the benefit of Mr. Canby's own comments. They represent, though so admirably concise, years of scholarship, a restrained but vital enthusiasm, and some little distinguished prose on their own account. One of the lasting impressions of this omnibus is that of gratitude to Mr. Canby for his work and guidance, and respect for his opinion, a respect that does not preclude, we may hope, the right to prefer, sometimes, one's own way of reading Thoreau.

Three preoccupations had the man of Walden, Mr. Canby points out. They were Nature, Himself, and Criticism (that is, social criticism, comment, even satire and open scorn). Proper to all philosophers are these concerns, for they tackle the age-old problems: Where am I, Who am I, and What shall I do? For himself, a hundred years ago, Thoreau knew all the answers. He is definite as a right angle. How does that clear voice ring in 1938?

"We have the Saint Vitus dance, and cannot possibly

keep our heads still." He begs us to "simplify, simplify." Verily, verily, he says unto us:

Our life is frittered away by detail. . . . The nation itself, with all its internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is . . . cluttered with furniture . . . ruined by luxury and heedless expense. . . . It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour . . . but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain.

"Must every squirrel turn a coffee mill?"

It stings sharper than ever; the finger he points through Concord identifies ourselves.

He visits an Irishman in his miserable shanty, surrounded by his brats and under the thumb of his old wife. Why should Paddy swink and sweat to get his hot morning coffee? Thoreau has the solution: he can go without coffee, and drink pure spring water.

If you take the railroad to Fitchburg and he walks it, he will be there afore ye. He means by this that while you are earning the fare to Fitchburg, he, penniless, will have set out the day before. And will have lived more, on the way. True, though he may have walked to Fitchburg, Thoreau took the trains to Philadelphia.

He demands to know what good word was ever sent by cable? What are we likely to hear? Why, that the little Princess Adelaide has whooping cough. But one brave and eternal thing, never. We can fancy his opinion of airplanes and automobiles. One doubts whether even for radio concerts he would have had any use. The opera was caterwauling to him, but he listened with pleasure to a child banging a tin spoon in an old pot.

I believe there is no pose anywhere in the man, that a soul never spoke who meant more literally what he said.



But are we in our Babylon all hypocrites and Pharisees, softies and fools? It is easy to proclaim that Middletown should learn from Tepoztlan; can it assimilate the knowledge, and apply it? Perhaps Thoreau would still have preferred only a thrush on the air to a broadcast of Brahm's *First*. He may like best, as he says, to sit alone on a pumpkin. But for good or ill we are not, most of us, born under his lonely planet. You cannot get away from the neighbors by crossing the Mississippi today. You cannot even, always and anywhere, hear a thrush. But you can find a sort of skill and self-reliance and nerve in men who can bring a Diesel locomotive in on time, even if they cannot build a shack. There is the brotherhood of man in a free medical clinic, is there not? And even if we should admit that we were sick now with the maladies of Thoreau's times in a virulent degree, in a pandemic that has spread from the foci of industrial civilization to the ultimate isles, it is then, alas, only too likely that we are too far gone now for the simple cures that Thoreau proposed.

But his own needs Thoreau perfectly comprehended, as he could in himself satisfy them.

His self-exploration was accomplished well nigh to perfection. It is clearer than Whitman's, and to my taste more decent than Tolstoi's. To be what he wished, even in the face of social opposition and ridicule, was his right and his great triumph. When we ask whether his splendid disobedience and his affirmations and doubts are widely applicable to moderns, we are asking his biographers to tell us what befell him. Mr. Canby answers that question when he says that the solutions worked out in *Walden* are not for family men. He might have added that, on the whole, they are not for women. Or children. Thoreau chose to have no personal ardors,

and underwent no great personal griefs. He was sheltered from most hard-bought human knowledge, so that he can say, "I have heard no bad news." Thank God that it was so.

But he knew Nature. By Nature he means of course Cosmos. He means the nature of Nature, the fundamental structure of the Universe that shall manifest itself in the revolution of the moons of Jupiter, and the six-sided crystals of a snowflake, and the hiving of bees and the curious ways of women. When he speaks of the surface of Nature, of a terrestrial, a New England view of it, he writes as a poet and a lover. But to be a Transcendentalist, particularly Thoreau's especial brand, is to seek through all Nature for some higher law, some reality transcending that which the senses proclaim.

This idea is inherent in Greek philosophy of which Greek science is but a department. It reached Christian theology early, and came to New England, no doubt, in the sermons to which Thoreau listened, as a child under compulsion, and, as a man tramping past the meeting house, with horror. Platonic realism or Scholastic Aristotelianism in Thoreau's youth, enjoyed a recrudescence in the sciences. Beginning in Germany as romantic Natural Philosophy, it had spread to other nations briefly. Coleridge brought it to the Lake poets, Wordsworth brought it to the world. Alcott and, if I am not mistaken, Emerson brought it to Concord. Thoreau, the only naturalist among them, made it peculiarly his own:

*Jan. 21, 1853.* A fine still warm moonlight evening. . . . I am somewhat oppressed and saddened by the sameness and apparent poverty of the heavens, that these irregular and few geometrical figures which the constellations make are no other than those seen by the Chaldaean shepherds. I pine for a new

world in the heavens as well as on the earth, and though it is some consolation to hear of the wilderness of stars and systems invisible to the naked eye yet the sky does not make that impression of variety and wildness that even the forest does. . . . It makes an impression rather of simplicity and unchangeableness, as of eternal laws. . . . I seem to see it pierced with visual rays from a thousand observatories. It is more the domain of science than of poetry. It is the stars as not known to science that I would know, the stars which the lonely traveler knows. . . . The classification of the stars is old and musty. . . . A few good anecdotes is our science, with a few opposing statements respecting distance and size, and little or nothing about the stars as they concern man. It teaches how he may survey a country or sail a ship, and not how he may steer his life. Astrology contained the germ of a higher truth than this . . . the sun is ninety-five millions of miles distant . . . a statement which never made any impression on me because I never walked it, and which I cannot be said to believe. . . . Though observatories are multiplied, the heavens receive very little attention. The naked eye may easily see farther than the armed. Man's eye is the true starfinder, the comet-seeker. No superior telescope to this has been invented. . . . The astronomer's eye . . . does not see far beyond the dome of the observatory.

Transcendentalism is here very clearly and consistently expressed; one might even say, nobly. But it declares its profound difference from modern science, or even indeed from the best science of Thoreau's time, which he took many occasions to deride and belittle. Out of love for Thoreau, I do not quote them; they are, I think, best passed over.

Nor are we to blame Thoreau for not being a scientist. Any educated man, however, can understand some science if he will, and Thoreau understood it quite enough to utilize it. But he distrusts it; he claims that its findings are less important than those which Transcendentalism will presently divine.

And even in his own times the sciences were discover-



ing the structure, behavior, and nature of protoplasm, which is the very seat of life and ought to have interested a Transcendentalist transcendingly. There was already current a body of knowledge about chlorophyll, perhaps the most significant single substance in the world, the very link between cosmic energy and terrestrial life. But I can find no reference in Thoreau to these facts. While the Transcendentalists were proclaiming the mystery of life, science has rather beat them to a solution of many of those mysteries at the despised gait of the tortoise. Nor has this been accomplished at any great monetary advantage to the scientist, nor in a scramble for fame, but in an incorruptible search for the truth. As for the Transcendental truths, they have never been advanced since Thoreau did what was just possibly all that could be done for them.

Is Thoreau then a modern? It seems hard to prove it; the gap between his century and ours is one of the greatest in the history of the human structure, greater perhaps than the change from classic civilization to barbarian romanticism. It asks too much of him to bridge it.

But were it any great compliment to say that he is modern? Would he himself be pleased to hear it? Would he not prefer to be "dated?" So, he might say, is the *Iliad* dated, so far as siege tactics, or the picture of the human soul in war-time are concerned. But the poetry of the *Iliad* is timeless. And so is the poetry of *Walden*. As Nature's lover, Henry David Thoreau is the greatest in the English language.

And it is as a Nature writer that I hope he will be read forever.

Let us listen to him first on winter. For he himself is so wintry — stinging, chaste, and white-paged. No heavy leafage about him. He brings the blood to our cheeks.

A cold and dark afternoon, the sun being behind clouds in the west. The landscape is barren of objects, the trees being leafless, and so little light in the sky for variety. Such a day as will almost oblige a man to eat his own heart. A day in which you must hold on to life by your teeth. You can hardly ruck up any skin on Nature's bones. The sap is down; she won't peel. Now is the time to cut timber for yokes and ox-bows, leaving the tough bark on — yokes for your own neck. Finding yourself yoked to Matter and to Time. Truly a hard day, hard times these! Not a mosquito left. Not an insect to hum. Crickets gone into winter quarters. Friends long since gone there, and you left to walk on frozen ground, with your hands in your pockets. Ah, but is not this a glorious time for your deep inward fires?

Note the economy of the style, the continence of adjectives, the passionless diction, like the season itself. Now let him speak for autumn:

It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down and turn to mould! — painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting a spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it — some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half-way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves! They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the trees, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die.

But no Thoreau enthusiast can long be put off a gloat over *Walden*. The sheer Nature writing first breaks away for a splendid dash around the track of Thoreau's mind in his description of Walden Pond. This begins on page 360 of the present omnibus, and runs on for eighteen

breath-taking pages. I have space here for a sample but Walden Pond will ever after linger in the memory not as the individual lake it is but as a jewel whose reputation may outlive that of the greatest diamond:

In such a day, in September or October, Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Sky water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding Nature continually repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh; — a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush — this the light dust-cloth — which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected in its bosom still.

At last he settles into the now-famous shack:

At length the winter set in in good earnest, just as I had finished plastering, and the wind began to howl around the house as if it had not had permission to do so till then. Night after night the geese came lumbering in in the dark with a clangor and a whistling of wings, even after the ground was covered with snow, some to alight in Walden, and some flying low over the woods toward Fair Haven, bound for Mexico. Several times, when returning from the village at ten or eleven o'clock at night, I heard the tread of a flock of geese, or else ducks, on the dry leaves in the woods by a pond-hole behind my dwelling, where they had come up to feed, and the faint honk or quack of their leader as they hurried off. . . . The snow had already covered the ground since the 25th of November, and surrounded me suddenly with the scenery of winter. I withdrew yet farther into my shell, and endeavored to keep a bright fire both within my house and within my breast. My employment out of doors now was to collect the dead wood in the forest, bringing it in my hands or on my shoulders, or sometimes trailing a dead pine tree under each arm to my shed. An old forest fence which had seen its best days



was a great haul for me. I sacrificed it to Vulcan, for it was past serving the god Terminus. How much more interesting an event is that man's supper who has just been forth in the snow to hunt, nay you might say, steal, the fuel to cook it with! His bread and meat are sweet.

Thoreau is on his Pegasus now, he is off on the wings of lyricism; these are the happiest moments of his life, and I think some of the happiest moments that were ever lived on the North American continent; certainly the most delicately perceptive. From this point to the end of the book we are borne like leaves on the sunlit brook of Thoreau's spirit and his style. The passage on the deserted farmyard, which begins on page 418, has no equal in American literature, for my tastes, unless it is the essay on arrowheads which begins on page 617.

This is the voice that was stilled by an early death. The sadness that this thought evokes is not consolable. Of the silence one can only hope that it is true that "The gods delight in stillness; they say, 'st — st."

## Shelley Grown Old

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

IN 1912 — the same year in which the late Harriet Monroe founded *Poetry* in Chicago, and in which Amy Lowell's first volume, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass*, appeared and in which *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread* was privately printed in Springfield, Illinois, for Vachel Lindsay — there appeared in New York a fairly sizeable, but not pretentious anthology, entitled *The Lyric Year*.

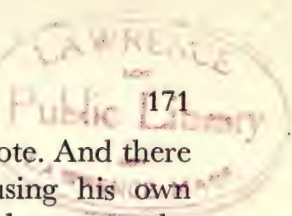
The editor was Ferdinand Pinney Earle, who thus guaranteed himself at least a reflected immortality. The publisher was Mitchell Kennerly, whose creditable part, incidentally, in what has sometimes, if perhaps vain-gloriously, been called the American Renaissance, has never been sufficiently acknowledged.

And it had quite as distinguished a list of contributors as any such anthology is likely to have. There were writers of a then established reputation such as Bliss Carman and Richard Le Gallienne. There were poets who were yet to be laureled. William Rose Benét, Arthur Davison Ficke, Joyce Kilmer, *Nicholas* Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Markham, Sara Teasdale, Louis Untermeyer. There was John Erskine who had not yet discovered the economic possibilities of Helen of Troy and Sir Galahad; Edward J. O'Brien with his first *Best Short Stories* still ahead of him; Donn Byrne, Hermann Hagedorn, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Zoe Aikins. There was Arvia MacKaye, daughter of Percy MacKaye, whose name, if not in any other way, will be remembered in the title of the most enchanting

*Conversation at Midnight*. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers. \$3.00.

*Edna St. Vincent Millay and Her Times*. By Elizabeth Atkins. University of Chicago. \$3.00.

*Bibliography of the Works of Edna St. Vincent Millay*. By Karl Yost. Harpers. \$3.50.



sonnet Edwin Arlington Robinson ever wrote. And there was Willard Huntington Wright, still using his own name — he who as S. S. Van Dine would later earn the right to walk very close to Conan Doyle by imagining Philo Vance.

But very nearly the youngest contributor was, possibly, the most important one. She had just graduated from "*Dear St. Nicholas*," where, with Stephen Vincent Benét and others, she had first tried her fledgling wings; and had scarcely given up being the "little girl with a boy's name and sharply cornered witch-green eyes and red hair," whose tomboy Maine childhood, with sisters nearly as brilliant as she was, and a congenial mother, and a trim cat, and plum gathering in brambly fields, and a garden that mixedly held "radishes and onions and lettuce and marigolds and zinnias," and tangy salt downeast wind, and a kind of exuberant economy rather than real poverty in a house where "the equivalent of 'milk and honey and white bread all in one day' represented a glorious extravagance," has gone so deeply into the texture of all she has written.

Elizabeth Atkins, from whose erudite and penetrating, if occasionally too pedantic and at the same time too brightly clever study of Miss Millay I have plucked the above descriptions, says:

Continually in England and in America one hears the question, "Who is our finest living poet?" God help me, I think I know the answer. But I am in no mood to divulge it, for I am pacific and vulnerable and it is terrifying to be set upon by a mob of militant believers in other poets. The book grows out of the safer question, "Who is our most popular and representative poet?" At that question the most disputatious roomful calms in a moment. Everyone recognizes that Edna St. Vincent Millay represents our time to itself, much as Tennyson, or Byron the period of Romanticism. She is the only living poet who is casually quoted



in philosophical treatises and in moving picture magazines, in churches and in night clubs, in the rural schools of Paris.

In *The Lyric Year* she made her debut. The poem was *Renascence*, part bird song and part essay in philosophy, and on its own merits it has gone into the permanent literature of the day. Her admirers call Miss Millay another Sappho. This is hard to say, with the poet still living and the age that produced her still kicking its heels. More likely her permanent rank will be that of the *Saffo de' nostri tempi, alta Gaspara*, and of the not negligible if currently despised, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Neither the lover of the handsome if disdainful Collalto nor the wife of the exuberant Robert played mediocre roles.

But it is not merely as a first poem, and it is not even as a good poem that *Renascence* calls for notice. It has also a botanical significance, for everything that Miss Millay subsequently set down is contained in and foreshadowed by this ringing piece of work. A kind of earthy, rather than heaven-soaring lyricism, based on plain images, based on country images of the most homely sort, and what is even more incredible, based on simple humor. Humor is a great rarity among lyric poets. With a kind of snub-nosed, almost freckled honesty, the little girl, nearly into middle womanhood, stands right at the shoulder of the immortal poet. She hardly vanishes until *Fatal Interview*. Integrity, clarity of vision — an amazingly healthy clarity so that she is in no way deluded but she is not disillusioned either — and, last of all, a definite courage, she has. Yes, Louis Untermeyer, courage, and may the Muses whom once upon a time you served, forgive you for the spiteful things you said about it. And, of course, over and above all, instrumenting each one of these qualities so as to make it realizable, the gift of writing. *Renascence* taught us what we have never had to

unlearn — that Miss Millay can write well. She can write clearly, supply, lucidly, vividly and effectively. This is not true of all distinguished writers or even of all great writers. It is true of her.

But there is one further quality possessed by Miss Millay, and in fact very personal to her, foreshadowed in this initial poem. It is unique among users of the singing word, and yet neither in *Renascence* nor elsewhere does it dull the dragonfly's wing-glimmer of her lyricism — the quality of being, the extraordinary power to be, objective. Unlike most poets Miss Millay can look down on herself, just as if she were some one else. There have been others who could examine their own ardors and those of fellow mortals with scepticism, utter disbelief, scorn or even anger but these have been the slightly, or wholly cynical, and they never took much stock in ardor to begin with. Miss Millay began and remains an idealist. She believes in every emotion she has ever experienced, but even while burning with any one of them, she can view it dispassionately. There have been poets of the head, and poets of the heart. Miss Millay very wonderfully is both.

*Renascence*, as it appeared in *The Lyric Year*, was followed five years later by the book *Renascence*. It was not wholly mature. Little in it, except four or five sonnets at the end, lived up to the marvel of the title poem; but it did show she could produce a book, and it did lay the foundations of her reputation. This was followed by *A Few Figs from Thistles*, published by Frank Shay and product of the not so strange interlude of Greenwich Village and Paris, when — as Harold Lewis Cook understates it in his otherwise gushing preface to Mr. Yost's admirable bibliography — she lived "a heady life . . . after a somewhat troublous graduation from Vassar." Then came *Second April*, quiet if not actually mellow,

which contained perhaps more good poems than any other Millay volume. *Pastoral, To a Poet That Died Young, Doubt No More That Oberon, Lament, Passer Mortuus Est, Prayer to Persephone, Elegy*. Next — after her marriage to Mr. Boissevain, who reached an all time high as the husband of a great talent, when he stated, and apparently has lived up to his statement, that though he had previously sold coffee and similar merchandize he would now devote himself to the career of Miss Millay and that if she could produce even a single poem in any given year, his devotion would have been worthwhile — *The Harp Weaver, and Other Poems*. Finally, *The Buck in the Snow*. There were inferior pieces in each of these volumes but the main line of progress was upward. Toward every subject that any poet has ever sung, she turned all of her abilities, writing classically yet with a homely borrowing of images from the world around her that is only modern because we choose to call it so. Presently it was very easy for so competent and disinterested a gourmet of the sung word as Thomas Hardy to say that America had only two works of art to her credit: recessive architecture and the poetry of Miss Millay.

Miss Atkins does think she notes one recession in this poetic march, too. Troubled by their flippancy, she writes thus of the poems in *A Few Figs from Thistles*: "Edna St. Vincent Millay would not have lost a great deal if she had signed them with her pseudonym, Nancy Boyd." But she forgets one thing and does not rightly evaluate another. *My Candle Burns at Both Ends, Thursday* — which is a woman's retort courteous to Sir John Suckling — and *To the Not Impossible Him* were among the first writings of Miss Millay to be learned by heart from (to change only slightly her own words) Cairo to Cathay. Cairo, Egypt and Cairo, Illinois, both. Also they were



intrinsic to her development. She had ardent beliefs which were not those a woman is supposed to hold, and because, believe it or not, she lacked self-confidence, she first tried to express them in the light manner. Later she would say them in plain words.

But she had yet to apply all her instruments to the shaping of a large whole. *Dirge Without Music*, *Moriturus*, *The Buck in the Snow*, and too many of her scattered fourteen-line perfections to risk choosing, had shown what her poetic equipment could accomplish when working with a single mood. But a passage is not a symphony, and it is the sustained effort we pay tribute to, even though it is the shorter loveliness we carry in our hearts.

*Fatal Interview* was her first symphony, and it made people regard her as a major poet, at least of her age. This book, said a reviewer in *The New York Times*, "is in the tradition of Petrarch, Sidney, Shakespeare and Dante Gabriel Rossetti." Such a description is a little two-edged for if it implies stature it also hints at echoes. Both suggestions are true. Looked at after five or six years, *Fatal Interview* does have a flavor of the library. But you hear also the systole and the diastole of a fervid heart. There is documentary evidence that it is the tense telling in seven hundred and twenty-eight lines of an authentic extra-marital love affair, but it harks back to Ilion and Cornwall just as it brings with it the surf pounding Matinicus. This is appropriate, for Miss Millay's heart was, as she once put it, "the heart of Lilith." She loved with "the love of Lesbia and Lucrece." Her warm feeling must have lost "some part of what it is, had Helen been less fair, or perished young or stayed at home in Greece." But also she was the freckled redhead of Camden, Maine and the exuberant and reckless young person of Washington Square and the Left Bank. These two

aspects, fused and mellowed went into her greatest, most sustained piece of poetic writing.

This beast that rends me in the sight of all,  
This love, this longing, this oblivious thing  
That has me under as the last leaves fall  
Will glut, will sicken, will be gone by spring.  
The wound will heal, the fever will abate,  
The knotted heart will slacken in the breast;  
I shall forget before the flickers fall  
Your love that is today my east and west. . . .

It is not thus that lovers ordinarily think during the beginnings of their volcanic interlude. But Miss Millay was not an ordinary lover any more than she is an ordinary human being. Her godmother's gift was, I repeat, that she could see logically and feel strongly at the same time. Lacking this, *Fatal Interview* might have been just another love sequence. Having it, it could talk of Troy Town and mortal Endymion and still be a modern and a personal poem.

But with *Fatal Interview* written and received, there seemed no place further, turning inward, she could go. *Wine From These Grapes* was therefore, just like its title, something taken from herself. The poetry did not fall off. Indeed, some of Miss Millay's most sharply etched lines are in the volume, and there is hardly a poem in it that would not have contributed to her reputation ten years earlier. But with but one notable exception, she simply said over what she had said equally well before. The exception was *Epitaph for the Race of Man*, and it was an attempt to be introspective for the aggregate of *homo sapiens* just as she had once been introspective in respect to herself. But Harold Lewis Cook notwithstanding — who seems hardly able to realize that Miss Millay ever wrote an uninspired line — this attempt to brew im-

mortal verse out of Jeans and Eddington did not come off. Miss Millay was now forty-two years old, and it seemed fair to ask her the same question she herself had once asked when she was still something-and-twenty.

Thalia knows how rare a thing  
Is it to grow old and sing;  
When the brown and tepid tide  
Closes in on every side.  
Who shall say if Shelley's gold  
Had withstood it to grow old?

Was this Shelley growing old, and if so what had happened to her gold in consequence? Her next book supplied the answer. If she had grown old — and though *Young Men of America* lists you until you are forty-five, she was not youthful either in years or experience at her trade — the rare metal had withstood it excellently. But in a strange way. By the old alchemic art of transmutation. Lady into Fox. Sappho into Martial, Horace or Juvenal. Shelley into the Byron of *Don Juan*. I can think of no other poet who has made so complete a change as Miss Millay did by ceasing to be the author of every line she wrote up to and including *Fatal Interview*, and becoming the reporter of *Conversation at Midnight*. She who had probed deeply herself now turned her eyes upon the outside world. (There are some people who would say that she looked outward on the world in the Sacco-Vanzetti poems, but it was not Sacco and Vanzetti but *her* reaction to that disturbing tragedy that was the subject.) The lyricist became the satiric realist. At first glance it is hard to find Miss Millay at all, for superficially *Conversation at Midnight* might have been written by another poet. But *superficially* does not tell the whole tale.

From any viewpoint, this lengthy piece of talking is a remarkable poem. When you consider who made it, it is



not only remarkable, it is amazing. It is cast into the form of an imaginary dialogue. Seven men gather after dinner in the drawing room of Riccardo, at Fifth avenue and Tenth street, New York City. The host is half Italian, wholly agnostic, the son of an Italian petty nobleman and of an American woman. One guest is Anselmo, a Catholic priest. Another is Merton, a wealthy stockbroker. Another is Pygmalion, a smart novelist. A fourth one is John, a painter and a liberal. A fifth one is Carl, a communist. A sixth one is Lucas, a young advertising man. Riccardo's butler, Metcalf, brings in a tray of whiskies and claret.

Then the conversation begins. It lasts, not until midnight, but until two the next morning. It shifts with a convincing lack of plan through quail shooting, bird protection, women, God, Fascism, salmon fishing, advertising, modern conveniences, Communism and the Catholic faith. Mussolini is mentioned and so are Hitler and Roosevelt. The talk covers the present world.

The virtuosity of it is extraordinary. Though it contains some of the worst lines Miss Millay has ever written, though its engine knocks badly at times, it moves toward and attains its goal. Particularly the transitions are excellent. But what strikes this male commentator most forcefully is its psychological and conversational accuracy. There is no woman in the book — and my guess as to the reason for this is that by having only male characters Miss Millay feels it easier to maintain an impartial viewpoint — and yet I can detect in its hundred odd pages only one improbable line. That is when she suggests the kind of name a man would give a bird dog.

It is not only this medley of real conversation that gives the book its weight. That is entertainment, like a good drawingroom comedy. But *Conversation at Midnight* is

much more than that. It is rather the things they talk about when they grow really serious, what really disturbs them, what surges beneath their pampered — for yes, even Carl, the communist is pampered — and their comfortable calm. And we find two things. God; religion; an attitude toward the unknown — seven characters in search of, shall we say, *the* Author. Society — man's relation to his fellow human beings — seven characters in search of, or in denial of Utopia. The stirring passages that lead up to Anselmo's fine words about the Catholic church on page thirty-two, to Riccardo's equally fine, moving and religious reluctance to believe anything. The long discussion, argument and sometimes wrangle, between Merton and Carl upon communism. Only the clever flippant Pygmalion is unpreoccupied by these matters. He like the famous character in the New Testament cares for none of these things. But it is right that there should be one such in this crowd.

And it is here suddenly that we realize that we are dealing with the same Miss Millay despite the surface change. For it is in this poem that she does what she did not do in *Epitaph for the Race of Man*. She becomes introspective for the whole genus she belongs to, by coming to earth, however, not trailing clouds of cooling solar systems. And she uses every quality we have said she slowly acquired. Humor, though more cutting, far less whimsical; honesty, though it is not snub-nosed and girlish any more; integrity, clearness of vision, excellent writing, and passages of her sharply focused lyricism.

But best of all, once again a fair objectiveness. Seven points of view come up during the long evening of talk and she does not, so far as I can see, make propaganda for any one of them. Even Riccardo who is, one suspects, her own mouthpiece, is not exempt from inconsistencies.

That they are the defects of his good qualities is another matter. Not even Carl or Merton are always prejudiced or always fatuous.

And therein lies a vulnerability to the criticism now fashionable. Carl says to Riccardo as follows:

You're right; but who the hell are you, and even if you were somebody,

What's your program? You haven't any program. You say,

'Tut, it's all very bad, it's all very awkward,

It's extremely unpleasant; it's even somewhat painful.

God's gone fishing. All's wrong with the world. Tut, tut.'

Similar remarks, more or less, have been hurled by every leftist critic at Miss Millay.

It is their bad luck not hers, as a lady of my acquaintance once said to a monkey when he broke a mirror she handed him. For if there is a program, who has certainly found it? Not Mr. Roosevelt, Herr Hitler, or the editors of the *New Masses*. Anyway Miss Millay is not a prophet of salvation but a poet. A poet ought to write about truth. The truth Miss Millay is now writing about is the chaos within us. May this book be, as a dictator once said of his son, not her latest child but the first of a new series. For looking into her own psyche, she has given us all the sweet disturbing poetry she is likely to. But she has not yet done all she can about what goes on inside of others. And this — basing the statement on her good beginning — is something that she can and ought to do further.



## New Facts from New World Prehistory

PAUL S. MARTIN

THE REPORT issued by the average archaeologist is unimaginative and of interest to no one but a few of his cronies. Even they are generally too polite to tell him that it is dull. The layman who has to earn his living in some other field, but who has a passion for knowing more about the past and who is actually one of thousands supporting the science of archaeology, is thrown a few stray crusts of information and is told not to ask for more. Archaeologists, like doctors and other professional men, have become so specialized and so expert in some sub-branch of their subject that they have no clear notion of what "the score is." They forget that archaeology is history, although scientific methods should be used in obtaining facts. One should be interested in the way a basket was woven, but the story does not end there. Therefore, *America's Yesterday* fulfils a very important purpose and is worth while because it attempts what few archaeologists could do.

Mr. Brown is braver than most mine-run archaeologists. He has tried to coordinate and present in orderly fashion the whole prehistory of the New World. Starting with man's antiquity in the Old World, the book reviews much of the most recent evidence concerning his antiquity in the New World. The author summarizes the Basket Maker and Pueblo cultures of the American Southwest, describing their basketry, pottery, and architecture in great detail and presenting a synthesis of these cultures. The attainments of the well known Aztecs and Mayas, and a few lesser known tribes of Central America

*America's Yesterday.* By F. Martin Brown. Lippincott. \$3.50.

are reviewed comprehensively. The several spectacular cultures of western South America (Chimu, Nazca, Inca) are exhibited in all their glory. The Indians of central and eastern North America who erected mounds for one purpose or another are cursorily treated under the older term Mound-Builders.

It would be possible for me to list mistakes in factual material. Mr. Brown states, for example, that Basket Maker Indian skulls were long, whereas some were round and some long. But errors of this nature are unimportant in a book of this type. The real task at hand is to sum up in simple words the work of a score or more of New World archaeologists.

As I read *America's Yesterday* I was struck with the fact that Mr. Brown could not have produced this book twenty-five years ago. Many of the most interesting and important phases of New World archaeology, which make up more than ninety per cent of his material, were unknown then.

For instance, in his chapter on *Man of Antiquity*, Mr. Brown states quite correctly that man was living in the New World at the same time as certain extinct types of animals, such as the giant sloth, the camel, a type of bison and the original American horse (for horses first originated in the Americas, spread to the Old World where they were domesticated, became extinct in their original home land, and were later reintroduced into the New World by the Spaniards). This statement is made possible by the work of Harrington, Howard, Roberts, Jenks, and others.

Recent, and as yet unpublished, investigations in southern Arizona by Gladwin, Haury and Sayles of Gila Pueblo, Globe, Arizona, and Antevs of Carnegie Institution have added even more to our positive knowledge

concerning the antiquity of man in the Americas. Mention should also be made of the new work of Bird, of the American Museum of Natural History, who has just returned from the southern tip of South America with three human skeletons, found in direct and unquestionable association with animals now extinct. The dating of these finds is difficult and not very exact, for to geologists a year is but as a day and ten thousand years one way or the other are not very important. However, as the evidence piles up it seems certain that man has been here at least ten thousand years.

So far as we now know, man had not arrived in North America before the last glaciation, the Wisconsin. It seems fairly certain that all possible routes through western Canada were blocked during the period of time from sixty-five thousand to twenty thousand years ago. However, there was one exception: a corridor or break in the ice occurred about forty thousand years ago. At that time it would have been possible for man to travel from Bering Strait through Alaska, down the Yukon and Mackenzie basins, and along the eastern part of the Rocky mountains or perhaps on the plateau between the Rockies and the Coast Range. There is yet no conclusive evidence that man spread through this opening at that time. For the past twenty thousand years there has been an open route. The recent work done by Gladwin, Antevs, Haury, and Sayles in Arizona shows that there were people living on and in beaches of old lakes formed during the last glaciation and now dried up. It is difficult to date the stone implements found along the shores of these now vanished lakes, but such implements must be more than ten thousand years old, and such lakes were probably in existence from thirty thousand to ten thousand years ago.

What did we know about this subject twenty-five years



ago? Practically nothing. There were reported discoveries from time to time of "ancient man," but some of these were frauds and discredited, or some of them lacked convincing proof of great age and were therefore disregarded. The length of time that man had been in the New World was any one's guess, and there were plenty of wild guesses! We may now not know exactly how long ago man immigrated to North America from Asia, but we feel sure that he did, and that that event took place at least ten thousand years ago. And these important discoveries have all been made within the last ten or twelve years.

In common parlance, we generally refer to all Americans who migrated from Asia to the New World before 1492 as Indians. That is, the ancestors of present day Indians are likewise termed Indians. Now, it must be made clear that the American Indians as we know them are not homogeneous. They are a mixture of several physical strains. Probably the most primitive Indian to enter North America was a chap with a narrow and long head. Hooton calls this type "Pseudo-Australoid," but he does not mean that this early migrant was an Australian. He simply wishes to indicate that this physical type bears some slight resemblance to the aborigines of Australia and "represents an archaic form of modern man which forms a substratum in many of the populations both of the New and of the Old World, usually found blended with more advanced types." Likewise associated with these "Pseudo-Australoids" Hooton describes a "Pseudo-Negroid" type. He does not imply that there was any Negro migration to the New World in pre-Columbian times; he merely believes that the earlier invaders to America carried some Negroid blood in their veins. The third early type of man found in association with the two

just described resembles very slightly the Mediterranean race. This type is known as Basket Maker Indian. It should be clearly understood that neither Hooton nor any other competent student believes for a moment that the Australians, the Negroes, and the Mediterraneans tripped merrily hand in hand across Asia into America. The three early New World types were a mixture of strains — a mixture which took place in the migrants before they left Asia.

The next wave of migrations brought the Mongoloid strain — a strain which causes tourists to note the resemblance between certain Indian groups and some Chinese. This is probably a proper observation. The Chinese and the average modern Indian are both from the same Mongoloid stock.

Thus we see that the American Indian as we know him today is not pure Mongoloid or pure anything else. He represents a fusion, probably of several strains. This is positive knowledge come to light in the last decade.

The Basket Maker Indian culture of the Southwest, a comprehensive description of which is given in *America's Yesterday*, was barely recognized a quarter of a century ago. The profuse, minute knowledge of the culture of the Southwest that we now possess was entirely lacking. A few investigators recognized before 1910 that some kind of culture preceded the classic Pueblo one, but their thoughts on the subject received scant attention. It was not until Kidder and Guernsey in 1914 undertook their archaeological work in northeastern Arizona that the Basket Maker culture was proven to have been earlier than the Pueblo. This proof consisted in finding Basket Maker culture underlying Pueblo sites. Later this stratigraphic evidence was strengthened by dates derived from tree rings.

The materials left behind in caves by the Basket Makers were perfectly preserved, because they had been buried in caves into which no moisture ever penetrates. Baskets, wooden implements, and textiles were in excellent state of preservation and in some instances looked as if they were only a few years old.

More work has been done since that of Kidder and Guernsey and more information has been gathered, but their work stands as that which placed this Basket Maker and Pueblo division on a firm, undisputable basis.

What has been said for the Basket Maker culture may also be said with equal force for the Pueblo culture. Twenty-five years ago, our information concerning the Pueblo Indian was limited to a few scattered facts. We knew that Indians had lived in "cliff-houses," and that they made pottery, baskets, and textiles, but beyond that we had no knowledge. No one knew exactly when these great community cave houses were built; no one knew when or why they were deserted. We did not know who were the builders of these houses nor where they went afterwards. Glamorous accounts concerning this culture appeared in magazines and popular books. It was said that the "cliff-dwellers" were dwarfs because their doorways and rooms were so small; that they had all been killed off by unprecedented volcanic activity which first produced noxious gases and later a shower of ashes that buried everyone and everything. We were informed that these "cliff-houses" were at least ten thousand years old, that the "cliff-dwellers" were the descendants of the seven last tribes of Israel, and so on, *ad infinitum et ad nauseam*.

The story of the Pueblo culture is not yet perfectly known by any means, but enough is at hand to enable us to paint a very vivid, accurate, and absorbing picture of



their lives. We now know that the "cliff-dwellers" were not dwarfs but were Indians similar in physical type to modern pueblo Indians. We are sure that the "cliff-dweller culture" was merely one segment of Pueblo history and that their culture was a fusion of several elements. It is possible to state positively that cliff-houses are not ten thousand years old, but that they were put up during the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and that they were built to protect the occupants from raids of nomadic Indians. It is highly probable that the "cliff-dwellers" were forced to abandon their comfortable homes because of a long drought and probable increased pressure from nomads (Navahos and Utes?). Some of the inhabitants of the Mesa Verde region (southwestern Colorado) trekked southwest to northeastern Arizona, but most of them moved southeast into New Mexico where evidences of their culture have lately been found by Dr. Mera of the Laboratory of Anthropology of Santa Fe.

All of this positive information has been discovered and carefully pieced together by many archaeologists.

But this is not all.

Within the last five years two new cultures in the Southwest have been discovered as a result of the excellent work of the staff of Gila Pueblo at Globe, Arizona. One of these new cultures has been called Hohokam, the center of which was in southern Arizona. The publication describing the Hohokam culture is not yet released. I think I may state, however, without stealing any thunder, that this culture was in some ways more highly developed than the Pueblo. The Hohokam people made excellent pottery, practised irrigation (the only known example in North America), cast copper bells, etched shells, and produced beautiful stone dishes. Their earliest pottery would probably date from the beginning of the Christian era.

Basket Maker culture to the north (in northeastern Arizona) was probably influenced by the earlier Hohokam.

The other newly discovered culture, the Mogollon (pronounced mug-ee-yoan), is not yet perfectly delineated. Its presence has already been noted in western New Mexico and this may be the center from which it spread. The Mogollon culture in its earlier phases was quite different from the Hohokam on the one hand and the Basket-Maker-Pueblo combination on the other. However, both the Hohokam and the Basket-Maker-Pueblo culture were affected by the Mogollon. Therefore, we now see the Southwest as the home not of just one culture, but of several, each of which was modifying the other.

I have mentioned building dates as revealed by tree-ring chronology. Tree-ring dates are a very recent innovation and this new technique was one of the most valuable contributions ever made to archaeology. This system of dating ruins by means of tree-rings is so astounding and yet really so simple that I shall give a brief explanation.

Dr. A. E. Douglass, a University of Arizona astronomer who developed tree-ring dating in the course of his studies on sun spots, found that disturbances in the sun affect weather and, therefore, the growth of trees.

He knew that each year a tree adds a layer of wood, a "ring," just underneath the bark. The width of this annual ring is governed chiefly by the amount of available moisture, as supplied by rain and snow. Wet years produce broad rings; and dry years, narrow rings. Basing his study on these facts, Dr. Douglass developed a system of tree-ring dating which utilizes the logs of roof beams and door lintels in ancient ruins. By careful study of hundreds of trees from various localities in the Southwest, Dr.

Douglass has derived an unbroken succession of tree-ring patterns for more than nineteen hundred years.

To explain his method let me present an example. Let us assume that he starts this year, 1938. From a boring or a cross section of an old, living tree he counts all the rings and makes a graph of the very wet and very dry years. Let us further assume that the tree possesses 635 rings or years of growth. This hypothetical tree is, then, 635 years old, and Dr. Douglass knows that it started to grow in the year 1303 (1938-635). It is now necessary for Dr. Douglass to find (in a ruin) a piece of timber which had started to grow before the year 1303 and had continued to grow for a few years beyond that date. This enables him to overlap the records of rings from this second tree with that of the first. This second log, let us say, was cut in the year 1310 (as shown by the exact duplication of rings from 1303 to 1310). With the cutting date thus fixed, he has merely to count the rings on the second specimen and he may find that it started to grow in the year 1290. Thus by dovetailing the rings of the first dated specimen with those that match exactly in the second, he now has a tree-ring calendar extending from the years 1290 to 1938. In this way, "cross-dating" or overlapping dated pieces of timber with undated pieces, Dr. Douglass works backwards in time until at present he has a master chart or tree-ring calendar from the year A.D. 11 to the present!

If I ask him to give me the cutting date on a piece of wood from a ruin in which I am working, he first makes a specimen graph of the wet and dry years of this piece. He then slides this short, specimen graph along the large master chart until the pattern sequences of the principal dry and wet years coincide or "click." The outer ring on the specimen plot will then be dated and the cutting date for the timber in my ruin will be known.



This remarkable development is very recent. The first official announcement, together with a list of dates, was made in the *National Geographic* magazine for December, 1929. Then it was that we knew for the first time that Cliff Palace at Mesa Verde was occupied from A.D. 1073 to 1273.

Similar progress in Central and South American archaeological horizons has been made. For example, little was known about the cultures which underlay the famous Aztec culture. Vaillant's brilliant work in the Valley of Mexico has cleared up many puzzling problems and has at last provided a relative dating for the important historical developments of that area.

Just about twenty-eight years ago, Dr. Morley prepared a correlation of the Mayan and Christian calendars which he claimed was accurate to within a period of twenty years. Since that time, Martinez-Hernandez and J. Eric Thompson, working independently, have perfected this correlation of the two calendars until now it is possible to read Mayan dates with accuracy to within a year.

Furthermore, we know so much about the ancient Mayan buildings, cities, customs, and stelae that the specialist is busy keeping abreast of the times.

South America is now less of a "dark continent" than it used to be. Naturally, since it is farther from us, less work has been carried on there than in our own back yards. Kroeber, Bennett, and Mason have conducted expeditions to Peru, Bolivia, and Colombia. Their work has brought to light new cultures (Nazca, Chimu, Tiahuanaco, Tairona) and has placed the better known ones such as the "Inca" in their proper chronological and cultural ranking.

All in all, the past quarter of a century has witnessed

a profound growth in our knowledge of *America's Past*. It has been impossible for me to cover all of it; I therefore stressed mainly recent development in North America. I did this advisedly, because I know by the inquiries that come to me by mail and telephone that that is the area in which there is most interest at present. But enough has been said to show how much new knowledge has been amassed and that new techniques have been developed.

In the last chapter of his book, Mr. Brown sums up the contributions that the Indians have made to culture and history. It is here that he attempts to add his bit by postulating that man developed in his modern form in the New World. He apologizes for this statement by calling it "blasphemy," but states that it is a possibility. I do not understand just what Mr. Brown has in mind, but as far as I can interpret the evidence, this is distinctly *not* a possibility. It is sheer nonsense. He has not produced one shred of new evidence upon which to base such a statement and in a popular book on archaeology it is positively unethical to make such unfounded, wild guesses. Furthermore, there is no evidence for his statement that man has been in the New World one hundred thousand years. I feel that Mr. Brown was not critical enough of his sources, some of which were good and some mediocre, and he did not digest thoroughly some of his materials.

# The New South from the Old

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE GREATEST service the study of history can render us is to give us an understanding of the present, and in the light of this understanding, to save us from egregious blunders concerning the shape of things to come. A knowledge of the past assumes unusual importance in such times as ours when large sections of the human race seem to be sliding into depressing abysses of the past, and when, indeed, our own people do not seem to be altogether safe from the dangers that surround them.

It cannot be said that even the most profound acquaintance with what has happened is an absolute guarantee of safety from new perils, but it is certain, on the negative side, that we can neither know the present nor foresee the future without grasping firmly and surely the reasons why we are what we are and why our culture has taken exactly the shape it has. In other words, only the ignorant or the deliberately blind fall into the belief that economic systems or systems of government which arise from peculiar sets of circumstances and which are inevitably shaped by racial or national characteristics can be transferred with ease from one country to another, without at least undergoing important, even vital, changes in the process. There has probably never been a time in our history when we needed more to have a clear understanding of how we came to be Americans, a people with recognizable traits that set us apart from other groups.

*The Old South: Struggles for Democracy.* By William E. Dodd. Macmillan. \$3.50.  
*The Wasted Land.* By Gerald Johnson. University of North Carolina. \$2.00.



These generalizations are provoked by two quite remarkable recent books which, while they deal directly with one part of the country, the South, are so filled with the essence of past and present Americanism that they should appeal as widely to one section as to another. One is William E. Dodd's *The Old South: Struggles for Democracy*, the first of four volumes, and written mostly, by an odd coincidence, while Dr. Dodd was serving as Ambassador to Nazi Germany. The other is Gerald W. Johnson's *The Wasted Land*, a small book based upon Howard W. Odum's monumental study of a few seasons past, *Southern Regions of the United States*, a sociological survey filled with statistics, and of great value, but simply asking for just the sort of popular digest Mr. Johnson has given it.

Two reasons suggest themselves for bringing the books together in this discussion, however remote they may appear in material and approach at first glance. One is that they illustrate admirably what has been said about the importance of historical study, since Dr. Dodd is writing of the seventeenth century Tobacco Colonies of Virginia and Maryland, and to some extent of the Carolinas, and Mr. Johnson is writing of the present-day South, which embraces the territory mentioned, and which has inherited many problems that began there. In Dodd one finds causes, in Johnson effects, so that the line of development or retrogression may be followed with ease. The roots of virtually all the difficulties analyzed by Mr. Johnson are to be found in the Dodd book.

The other reason is that if the South is to save itself from its present plight, which Mr. Johnson, with warrant, thinks is very grave, it can only be done by a frank facing of both the good and the bad that came out of the early colonial experiences. These Dr. Dodd treats with

complete thoroughness, and with a penetration that will bring home the lesson to thoughtful readers, which is that Southern patterns, persisting today to both the benefit and injury of the section, began to take shape almost as soon as the first English settlers arrived on this side of the wide and perilous Atlantic.

Mr. Johnson's principal argument, to give a specific example of the relationship between the two books, is that the South's unshakeable devotion to the one-crop system actually threatens the whole scale of civilization of the section. Turning to Dodd, we learn, if we did not know it already, that the one-crop system arrived very early in the seventeenth century, and while modified by laws designed to force our early farmers not to plant tobacco quite up to their front doors, quickly fixed itself upon the colonies, bringing with it the evils upon which Mr. Johnson descants so disturbingly. The present-day single crop that is making the trouble is cotton, which shares many characteristics with tobacco. Both demand not so much skilled labor as plenty of it. With tobacco, this influenced the whole course of Southern civilization by making the slave trade profitable and desirable, the black workers being easily passed on to cotton when the time came. From the beginning the one-crop system threw up warning signals. Throughout the seventeenth century there were depressions, to which most of the remedies which are in effect today were applied. But the serious effects were a long time coming, for tobacco, which like cotton, demands rich land, could always be planted in another place, since hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin soil awaited the attack of the early planters. They were at once, and naturally, tempted into a wasteful system of agriculture which we have continued, and of which we are the victims.

Mr. Johnson points out that some ninety-seven million acres of Southern land have been either ruined or badly damaged by overcropping, leaching and erosion, the last mentioned demon being the blackest and most dangerous of the lot, since his ravages are beyond repair. He also translates this lost acreage into human waste, and the picture that he draws is one to make anxious the stoutest heart. Dr. Dodd furnishes the explanations for it, and it is quite possible to see from reading his pages on early colonial agronomy why Mr. Johnson had occasion to write his digest of the large Odum work, as has been said.

Mr. Johnson explains why the South, with the greatest natural resources — it was, of course, the sample of these riches along the Atlantic Coast that lured thousands of English settlers to these shores — is the poorest of American regions today, both in worldly goods and cultural institutions; why it is, in other words, a section of wasted land and wasted human energies. His remedy is a regional planning board, which must, however, overcome some of the handicaps that are to be found in embryo in Dodd's seventeenth century. It could only function, for example, if the people of the states affected were willing to think in larger terms than political units, and were willing to be economic citizens of regions rather than political citizens of states.

But Dr. Dodd makes it clear that the ideals of human liberty which the early settlers brought over with them, though they were never quite realized, never quite died, either, and resulted at once in a high degree of individualism. This became in turn provincial. His entertaining account of the long conflict between Virginia and Maryland, once or twice becoming open warfare, is an illustration of just how early centrifugal forces set



to work in our history and how intensive rivalries could exist among neighboring settlements who often stood in need of each other's support. Mr. Johnson contends, basing his opinion upon Odum's findings, that Maryland falls more readily into a New England grouping than into a Southern. But Virginia also had its quarrels with what later became North Carolina, and North Carolina, in turn, with South Carolina. To make the regional plan effective, state lines would often have to be forgotten, and it is fair to speculate upon just how far this intelligent course could go, or whether or not it could be put into effect in time to meet the current crisis in Southern agriculture.

Turning aside, however, from this comparison, which inevitably seems to narrow the scope of Dr. Dodd's volume, since he is writing about many matters, and Mr. Johnson's is concerned primarily with only one, let us see what Dodd has to tell us of our beginnings which may have wider applications. His stress is upon the fight for democracy, as his title indicates, and on this point alone his book ought to be of interest to all thinking Americans. The fight, in his view, began immediately, and on our side the champion was a great liberal, Edwin Sandys, too little known, and as yet without a biography. (The noted Berkeley family, Dr. Dodd explains, is also without proper biographical treatment, making two first-rate tips to biographers in search of something to write about.) Sandys brought his love of liberty to these shores, where it flourished in the wide, free airs of a new country. He gave Virginia its House of Burgesses, the first representative body to function in this country, and to be an excellent training school for revolutionary Americans in the next century.

Thus ideals of political freedom were among the first

importations. And with them came ideals of religious liberty, which if never quite lived up to in either Virginia or Maryland, at least made life possible for innumerable dissenters. None of them suffered the mistreatment accorded their brethren in stricter New England. Side by side with the implantation and growth of these ideals went the steady development of an economic and social democracy, which immediately differentiated the New Country from the Old. In other words, American society started in a fluid condition, or, in Frederick Jackson Turner's phrase, "it was made up of mobile, ascending individuals." It still is — a fact of the most tremendous significance.

One of the most notable of all the early aristocrats of Virginia, for example, was William Claiborne, who owned the Isle of Kent, and who was a direct spiritual ancestor of George Washington and others of the landed gentry who led the final fight against British rule. And Claiborne's closest and most trusted friend was Samuel Mathews, who arrived in the colony an indentured servant! The House of Burgesses, and even the Council, which Dr. Dodd says, was a sort of House of Lords, was often well filled with men who landed on these shores with nothing more than brains and brawn. Their democratic sympathies were natural, derived from a very practical application of the high principles which influenced the lives of the liberal English and Virginia aristocrats of the period.

It was Edmund Burke who said that from the beginning British rule could not be enforced in the colonies because of the three thousand miles of rolling Atlantic between rulers and ruled. Dr. Dodd points out that Virginians and Marylanders, too, began almost as soon as they had landed to refuse to pay their taxes, and in

order to evade customs duties or the obligation to sell to England at fixed prices, to turn to busy Dutch traders as outlets for their products. Serious quarrels with representatives of the crown began within twenty years of Jamestown's founding, and occasionally broke into open warfare, as in the instance of Nathaniel Bacon's ill-fated revolt, another unmistakable hint of things to come.

Dr. Dodd's treatment of the early history of Maryland, which differed sharply from that of Virginia both in its peculiar economic organization — the manorial grants — and its Catholic complexion — varies interestingly from some of the more familiar versions. He is realistic, for example, in his discussion of the theory that Lord Baltimore was the true founder of religious liberty in this country, maintaining that in the first place the *Arke* and the *Dove*, the two ships which brought over the first Marylanders, contained considerably more Protestants than Catholics. He insists that the colony could only have got the settlers it later needed by giving them definite assurances that they would be allowed to follow their own consciences in the matter of religious belief. In other words, he considers that the Calverts' desire for profits from their colonial venture was the real reason for their guarantees of religious freedom, and not any idealistic devotion to the academic principle.

With all the democratic struggles that went on in the two older colonies, the first settlements to take on what might be described as a purely American shape were, Dr. Dodd believes, those in the Albemarle Sound country of what is now North Carolina. The reason is not difficult to ascertain; the people who left Virginia departed for the most part as rebels, rebels against crown government, or religious restrictions, including strict sumptuary legislation, or against taxes, or sometimes



just rebels. (This was one of the first great frontier movements, later to become so tremendously important in our story.) It was, then, no accident that the American Revolution began in North Carolina, which is merely one of the many things that may be learned from the book under discussion, but will serve as a good sample. From the first the North Carolinians were defiant about taxes as about other matters, and were, in general, as impudent a sort of borderers as could be found anywhere. They were mostly religious dissenters, Quakers, Baptists, and other individualists, and apparently feared neither God, man, nor the British King. It is possible to draw a straight line from Chowan, the territory they first settled, to Mecklenburg, and also possible to understand why the next-door states of North Carolina and South Carolina are really still as different as if they were on opposite sides of the continent.

And quite as possible from what Dr. Dodd has to say on the subject to see why South Carolina, settled later than the other colonies mentioned and upon a plan which established, in theory, at least, a landed aristocracy, was the first state to leave the Union in 1861, a matter of two hundred years, roughly speaking, after it was founded. The close relationship between the colonies on the mainland and the West Indian islands of Barbados and Jamaica is carefully explained by Dr. Dodd; South Carolina found it possible to stock its plantations with Negro slaves from the islands, often trading captured Indians for them, and thus laying the foundation for a slave economy which seemed worth fighting to keep a long time afterward.

One point in connection with the importation of Negroes into the South, which began as early as 1619, when the Dutch landed their first cargo in Virginia, is

especially interesting as a commentary upon the whole question of race relationships. Some of these blacks quickly worked their way to freedom, which they were apparently allowed to purchase, and were accepted by their communities to a degree that has hardly been equaled in the South since. They attained something very much like "social equality." Although Dr. Dodd does not mention it, it has been said elsewhere that the more successful ones came in time to be masters of white indentured servants as well as owners of black slaves. The pattern of white and black as we know it now did not become firmly fixed until the Negroes had arrived in such numbers as to cause uneasiness among the whites.

*The Old South* is noteworthy, also, in two more directions. It relates everything that went on in the early settlements to coeval events in England and in Europe generally, and it gives full attention to the everyday lives of early Americans. It is curious to note in this respect how many gastronomic survivals there are from these pioneer days; for example, "hog and hominy," with its tasty variant, "grits and gravy," was one of the first of the new foods that went to fill the bellies of the newcomers. They also quickly discovered the delights (Vitamins, too, although they didn't know it) of turnip greens and bacon, which they ate with corn pone. They also enjoyed roasting ears, the food of real men and women the taste of which makes garden corn at its best seem insipid, and they early learned to cure hams with hickory smoke. All these foods still persist in the South and nowhere else to any extent and perhaps help to make Southerners what they are.

Dr. Dodd's real point, however, which I am sure he made no weaker because of writing his book under the shadow of Hitler, is that our country was conceived in a



desire for economic opportunity, together with political and religious freedom, the material and the spiritual neatly balanced. He is too good an historian to drag in his thesis needlessly, but aside from his convincing and eminently readable treatment of it, with its striking contemporary significance, he illuminates and decorates his pages with innumerable sketches of some of our ancestors whom we might well know better.



## An Education for Life

LLOYD MORRIS

IT WAS OBVIOUSLY predictable that Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography would attract a large and curious audience. But, curiosity apart, the temper of its reception by critics and public was scarcely to be foreseen. The almost unanimous praise accorded it by the press was a tribute to genuine merit. And, as is sometimes the good fortune of a book so acclaimed, it is being widely read for all the right reasons. Such recognition is gratifying, but I believe that the major significance of the book is not revealed by a catalogue of its excellences, considerable as these are. That significance lies not in the field of American literature, but in the field of American life.

The literary merits of the book — as reviewers and readers alike have been quick to perceive — spring from deeply personal sources. It is, in the best and literal sense, ingenuous: in effect, it equates the written and the spoken word; its warmth, candor, and simplicity have the tone of immediate discourse. This transparency is its principal virtue as a piece of writing. The others result, not from a gift for expression, but from inherent qualities of mind, heart, and character. Mrs. Roosevelt states her intention with disarming modesty. She has wanted "to give a picture if possible of the world in which I grew up and which seems to me today to be changed in many ways," and likewise "to give as truthful a picture as possible of a human being." But what has emerged from recollection is more valuable than a chronicle of people and events, or even than the record of a society in transition. Falling within both categories, *This Is My Story* succeeds in

*This Is My Story*. By Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper's. \$3.00.

transcending them. For it is likewise the account of an education for life, the veracious report of a long progress from ignorance toward mastery.

With admirable tact, Mrs. Roosevelt has brought her story to a close before her husband's election as Governor of New York. Its pages therefore yield no information whatever about the President's political career and, except by implication, none about the varied interests and activities which today engage its author. The results of education are not touched upon, but the process and discipline are made fully explicit. And one finishes the book profoundly convinced that, had circumstances been altogether different, equivalent though perhaps not identical results would have been accomplished.

The world into which Eleanor Roosevelt was born, and in which she passed her youth, was the world of Edith Wharton's novels. The families of both her parents were firmly entrenched in that compact and advantaged group which had been trained to regard itself as constituting "society." Aristocratic in its intellectual and esthetic inclinations, it moved with probity in a fixed and narrow pattern of conventions, observing a ritual of formalities which today seem irrelevant to any valid principle of life. Madison Square or Murray Hill in New York, the country estates of the Hudson valley, and the traditional European tours which satisfied an obligation to "culture" marked the periphery of its experience as well as the horizon of its aspirations.

In Mrs. Roosevelt's case, the inevitable design for living was somewhat modified by individual factors. She was the plain daughter of an extraordinarily beautiful mother, the one shy and awkward member of a family remarkable both for personal grace and social facility. Her father's family combined, with an equal facility and

charm, a somewhat wider outlook on life. This, it seems, was suspect to her Hall relatives for, after the death of her parents, when Eleanor and her younger brother were being brought up by her maternal grandmother, she was not often permitted to associate with the "dynamic" Roosevelts, whose energy and non-conforming attitude were alien to established patterns of existence. She adored her father, the victim of an unsuspected personal weakness, and after his death and her mother's, took refuge in a dream life which afforded her the compensation of an imaginary beauty, capability, and usefulness. In sober fact, she suffered agonies of self-consciousness and embarrassment from her first dancing class to her "coming-out" party. What sustained her, she confesses, was a stern sense of duty "entirely unrelieved by any sense of humor" which impelled her to fulfill without question the obligations imposed upon her by environment.

No influence in her early surroundings incited her to think for herself, to weigh the meaning or value of standards arbitrarily imposed, or to question the possibility of other forms of experience. In due course she became engaged to Franklin Roosevelt, her fifth-cousin-once-removed, whom she had known only very slightly as a child, and to whom she had been pathetically grateful at fifteen for asking her to dance at a party given by her aunt, Mrs. Robinson. She appears to have taken as a matter of course her prospective mother-in-law's insistence that Franklin think over their marriage. It struck her as quite natural to fit their wedding to Uncle Theodore's convenience, fixing a day when, as President, he was coming to New York to review a parade. And it was according to the normal tone of life that Uncle Ted, after giving away the bride, should claim the center of the stage to the virtual exclusion of the bridal couple. After a



European honeymoon, she looked forward with equanimity to a future in most respects like the past. She had been disciplined to dependence, and was prepared to submit to the dictates of husband, mother-in-law, and the agreeable social circle in which, as a young matron, she took her appointed place. But education had already begun in observation of those who were nearest and dearest to her, in certain inescapable comparisons of ways of life, in the gradual development of personal preferences, in a wistful groping toward more fruitful activities.

Meanwhile, untrained in the skills of homemaking and motherhood, she was compelled to acquire them slowly and painfully. Certainly the most candid, and among the most relevant passages of Mrs. Roosevelt's autobiography are those devoted to the upbringing of her children. Her shortcomings, ignorances, and failures are set down with remarkable objectivity; to them, most probably, can be attributed the impulse to independence and to education in the wider sense which matured during the War. For it is clearly Mrs. Roosevelt's belief that she had not, until the War, learned to function in ways that are humanly valuable or socially useful. It was only when, upon the enlistment of her younger brother, her grandmother inquired why he "didn't buy a substitute" as "many gentlemen did during the Civil war," that profound repugnance moved her to her first "really outspoken declaration against the accepted standards of the surroundings in which I had spent my childhood, and marked the fact that either my husband or an increasing ability to think for myself was changing my point of view."

The change in point of view is most explicitly rendered by a comparison between Mrs. Roosevelt's early activities and interests and her later ones. In the society of her

childhood, "you were kind to the poor, you did not neglect your philanthropic duties in whatever community you lived." An almost feudal sense of personal obligation toward the less advantaged operated to alleviate distress, but seldom took cognizance of the fundamental causes which produced it. This sense of personal obligation was not incompatible with ignorance, nor was it inconsistent with a complete repudiation of any responsibility for enlightened leadership. It was humanitarian, but on the whole socially unproductive. And it accepted, without any moral qualms, the perpetuation of injustices and abuses whose most obvious symptoms it was content to assuage. In the half-century that has passed since Mrs. Roosevelt's birth, social consciousness in the United States has attained moral coherence and strength by slow, often imperceptible, growth. The record of that development, as exemplified by the education of an American woman, is admirably set forth in *This Is My Story*.

But the major significance and import of Mrs. Roosevelt's book have to do with the future, and not the past. Perhaps unconsciously, certainly without vanity or ostentation, Mrs. Roosevelt opens up a vista for American women. It is a vista of more complete individual function, of more thorough self-mastery, of more socially valuable activity. For the meaning of this book, if I have read it rightly, is that there exists today, for those women who may not need financial remuneration, the opportunity of following useful careers as amateurs. Perhaps if more women grasped that opportunity, we should have fewer substitutes for religion, fewer psychological maladjustments, and a less superficial culture.

## Contributors' Column

When asked once how he prepared for an expedition, John Muir said: "I put a loaf of bread and a pound of tea in an old sack, and jump over the back fence." He jumped many back fences to become the most beloved naturalist of America. He was mystic, poet, scientist and in none of his writing is his romantic love of nature better revealed than in these Journals. *Linnie Marsh Wolfe* who edits them has long been an authority on Muir's writings.

*Sister Mary Irma, B.V.M.* lives in a convent atop a skyscraper, Mundelein College, Chicago, overlooking Lake Michigan. When she is not pursuing her work of charity, she teaches rhetoric and the technique of poetry or writes such serene verse as these "Six Poems."

*Benjamin Ginzburg* who discusses "Wall Street Under the New Deal," was a former assistant editor of the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, and is now research economist with a government agency.

After having been for ten years the syndicated art critic of the late New York American, *Malcolm Vaughan* tells us that he is having the courage just to do nothing for a year, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, or in New York City.

*Edna Livingston* was born and educated in New York City. She has a book of verse in preparation.

*Livingston Hartley* is a Harvard graduate who was Geneva Representative of the League of Nations Association of America from 1925-27, and in the United States Foreign Service for six years. He has published recently many articles in the Washington Post on foreign affairs and can discuss "Our Bonds with the British."

The short story of this Quarter "The Fate of a Hero," is by *James T. Farrell*, one of our best known young novelists, who, born in Chicago, now lives in New York. He is author of the trilogy "Studs Lonigan," two other novels, "Gas House McGinty" and "A World I Never Made," three volumes of short stories now published as one, and "A Note on Literary Criticism."

Having mined, farmed, soldiered on the Border, sold flour, attended Harvard and Wisconsin Universities, *Edward Moses* is now practicing law in Los Angeles and writing poetry. "Drums and Violins" a book of verse was published in 1934.

*W. H. Deppermann* ended his newspaper career, begun on the Indianapolis Star, in 1933 as publicity man for Walt Disney, Since that time he has been an assistant to the first vice-president of the Western



Union Telegraph company and so knows the story he tells in "Two Cents an Acre."

Since 1930, *Edward A. Richards* has been an Associate Director of University Extension at Columbia University. His poems have appeared in the *American Mercury*, *Poetry*, *Atlantic*, and *Harpers*.

*Padraic Colum* delineates the borderline city of "Miami" with affectionate criticism. He is best known as poet, now the Irish-born President of the Poetry Society of America, and for his children's books. His latest book is "The Story of Lowry Maen," Macmillan.

Professor of American Literature and head of the English department in the State Teachers College at Florence, Alabama, *Roy P. Basler* has always been interested in Abraham Lincoln. Houghton Mifflin published his book "The Lincoln Legend" in 1935.

Last November, *Ida M. Tarbell* passed her eightieth birthday and is actively writing and studying from her Gramercy Park apartment in New York City. Fifty-seven years ago she was graduated from Allegheny College in Meadville, one of only five girls in that coeducational institution, and wore the clothes she describes in "The Old Sewing Room." Her history of the Standard Oil company and her biography of Lincoln are her best known works.

*Donald Culross Peattie* who writes of another famous naturalist in "Is Thoreau a Modern," tells us that he is tasting all over again the pleasures of ignorance as a beginning to learning, for California, where he now is, is an empire of nature new to him. He is "living on a big, pleasantly neglected country place that runs from olive and citrus groves, through a great boulder-filled garden of rare cacti into wild chaparral, where the quail run with their little head feathers bobbing." His new book "A Prairie Grove" will be published this Spring by Simon and Schuster.

*Thomas Caldecot Chubb* has usually appeared in our pages as a poet and he writes of Edna St. Vincent Millay less as critic than as fellow craftsman.

*Paul S. Martin* is Chief Curator of Anthropology of the Field Museum of Natural History.

In our Contributors' Column last Quarter, we mistakenly referred to Ezra Pound's parents as English. He writes us in correction that his father's family came to America in the early eighteenth and his mother's in the early seventeenth century.

# THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

*Founded 1815*



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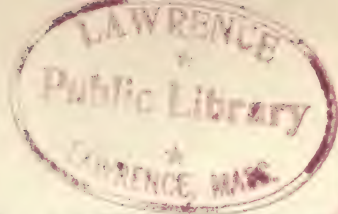
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## Foreword

LAST JANUARY President Roosevelt explained to Congress that the United States needs a national income of a hundred billion dollars a year. The discovery was received with enthusiastic approval by many individuals, but there were others who insisted that a diagnosis is one thing, but a remedy quite another.

As the President has come to realize, social reforms are dependent upon prosperity. Perhaps all benevolence is a luxury which only the prosperous can afford. Starving men must steal, they have no other recourse. A starving community cannot afford social security, education, or even an expensive government.

In our search for humanitarian improvements, we are apt to take basic prosperity for granted just as a child takes his daily bread as a matter of course until, grown to manhood, he begins to shift for himself. It is pointed out that America possesses vast natural resources, but we forget that the resources were here when the Indians were here, yet the Indians were usually one jump ahead of starvation, and sometimes one behind. The attitude of the reformers is like the attitude of the stableman who became so engrossed in polishing his tack that he forgot to feed his horse. Saddles and bridles glistened but, in the end, the horse died.

With all the statistics, theories and formulae which

have come out of Washington in recent years, I cannot remember seeing one which dealt with the conditions necessary for the creation of wealth, yet without such conditions there will be no reforms and no well fed reformers.

There is much confusion regarding the nature of wealth. The language of good accounting practice translates objects into dollars, so that we think of all commodities in terms of value only. In a balance sheet, elephants, automobiles, and ideas might all be lumped into an item called "other assets" though the three are, in many ways, totally different. There is, in fact, no limit to the forms which wealth may assume, but there are two broad categories which, for want of better names, I call commonwealth and property.

Property in its simplest form is the fruit of ingenuity and effort. If, in a sparsely settled region you go into the forest and pick a pail of blueberries, it requires no profound logic to defend the proposition that they are yours and that there is no moral reason why you should divide them with someone else who did not take the trouble to go into the woods. If you had not taken the trouble to pick the blueberries they would, in time, have withered and died. Your exertion created wealth and, in all fairness, that wealth is your property, to consume and enjoy.

In the complex world in which we live, there are, unfortunately, few examples as simple as this. In many parts of the country, even today, blueberries exist in what amounts to limitless quantities — pick as many as you will, and no one is the poorer: wealth has been created, not purloined from someone else.

The same is not true of such natural resources as timber and oil. There is a visible limit to their supply.

If you appropriate them for your benefit, you are taking something which might have benefited someone else — today or at some time in the future. In the case of timber, for example, your activities may not only reduce the supply of trees, but also cause soil erosion and floods, injuring other people not remotely connected with your enterprise. In such a case the community surely has a right to regulate your activities and perhaps share in your benefits.

Wealth which is created by nature or by the community as a whole is what I mean by commonwealth. So far as commonwealth is concerned the problem is really one of conservation, in other words, precisely the opposite to that of wealth created by skill, ingenuity and effort. I believe that a clear distinction between these two kinds of wealth will do a great deal to clarify our political and economic thinking. If such a distinction had been made by our legislators three or four years ago, as it was by Henry George, fifty years ago, they would not have perpetrated the capital gains tax which discourages the creation of property instead of penalizing the exploitation of commonwealth.

Property can be acquired by an individual in three ways: it can be created; it can be inherited; and it can be purloined from other individuals, or from the community. This last is the only way by which commonwealth is converted into property. It is proper that insofar as possible all methods of purloining shall be prohibited so that one individual shall not have the opportunity of taking advantage of another or of the community, but there is always a risk that regulations designed to prevent purloining will result in discouraging the creation of wealth. It is even possible that the robber barons of the nineteenth century, in all their wickedness, cost the com-



munity less than the reformers of the twentieth century.

Perhaps it is a question of emphasis. We have, in recent times, placed the greater emphasis on attempts to discourage purloining, whereas it might be more logical to encourage the creation of wealth first and worry about its fair distribution afterwards. Possibly one reason for the wrongly placed emphasis is that it is easier to envision and establish regulations than their opposite. The creation of wealth, like the creation of everything else, requires a spark of something which defies comprehension and description.

Thorstein Veblen made some attempts to explain the forces which induce men to create wealth. He described two contradictory instincts which have a good deal to do with explaining human behavior. One is the instinct of invidious comparison, the desire to stand out from the crowd. The other is the creative impulse, the urge to do useful work. Both combine to play an important part in the production of wealth. There seems to be a small number of individuals in whom these two instincts are peculiarly strong, but all organizers and managers of business possess them both to a greater degree than the average run of mankind.

Profit is the prize of enterprise. Most business men regard profits in almost exactly the same way that children regard blue ribbons in horse shows or potato races. The reformers in Washington have forgotten their youth. For them there is no thrill in life. They say grudgingly that the business man must be allowed his profits as a disillusioned parent might say to his children playing prisoners' base: "We will give the winner a blue ribbon, but you are really doing this for exercise."

Business men are probably naive, a little childish. They love the excitement of success. Important execu-

tives get a kick out of buying Venetian blinds for their windows and devising trick telephone systems for their desks. They enjoy business men's lunches and dinners where cocktails are drunk and stories told. They usually hate detail work and dread the time that must be devoted to preparing or approving tax forms and defending themselves against government investigations. But in their strange, childish way, they create wealth. They build transcontinental railroads and plan transoceanic airplane routes. They produce cheap automobiles, rayon dresses, glass brick houses, world fairs. They want profit — the badge of success — as much as politicians want to win elections and women want silver fox capes, and baseball players want to win the world series. Silly, isn't it?

Modern psychology teaches that children and animals respond more adequately to coaxing than to scolding, but our government applies the methods of a pre-Dickens schoolmaster to our business men and then wonders why they sulk and why the stock market, the barometer of their emotions, collapses. Granted that a clear line should be drawn between commonwealth and property, that the former should be conserved for the benefit of the community, present and future, and all methods of purloining either commonwealth or other men's property should be discouraged, yet the fact remains that the really vital problem is to establish the conditions which will result in an increase in the production of property. What are those conditions?

The first is the blue ribbon and silver cup. Remember Thorstein Veblen's "invidious impulse." Remember your horse shows, dog shows, baby shows, golf matches, spelling bees and three legged races. Children want prizes and so do grown up men and women. I believe that most

business men would work as hard for blue ribbons as they do for money. Napoleon discovered that a man would risk his life for a chance to win a *légion d'honneur*.

The second is peace. It is obvious that men are unlikely to incur debts, build factories, and establish elaborate organizations if they fear that war is impending. This is an extremely serious problem today when there are actual wars in progress, both in Europe and Asia, and danger of war in South America and Africa. An adequate navy and no entangling alliances appears to be the answer, but this may be over-simplification of an intricate problem. Perhaps the world needs a policeman as much as any village. During the period of greatest world prosperity from 1814 to 1914, England policed the world. The League of Nations, having no power, failed as a successor. Until there is one, there may be no lasting peace.

A third requirement is a high degree of confidence in the value of promises. Practically all business consists of making promises. A worker exchanges his labor for a promise of pay to be received at the end of a week or a month; when he receives his pay check he is apt to exchange it for a bank's promise to pay on demand; if his standing in the community is established he obtains groceries and dry goods in exchange for promises to pay at his earliest convenience. Small houses and large factories are built by obtaining funds from investors in exchange for promises to return these funds, with interest, at stated intervals. Even governments exist by virtue of their promises, though history teaches that in the long run governments usually break their promises. Since economic circumstances are as whimsical as the weather, a certain percentage of all promises must be broken but if the community falls into the habit of taking its promises lightly, the time is sure to come when factories are not



built, banks become insolvent, workers can find no work and government is destroyed by revolution.

A fourth requirement for an increasing rate in the production of wealth is a stable currency. There is no doubt that much injustice is incurred if symbols of measurement remain stable in a world where everything else gyrates, but the consequences of variable measures are apt to be even more devastating. How can houses be built from blueprints laid out in feet and inches if there is doubt regarding the dimensions of a foot or an inch?

Let us suppose that you decide to make glass bricks. You must raise capital, build a factory and develop an organization. It will be several years before there are profits and even then only if your factory did not cost too much, if your operation of it is efficient, and your sales force aggressive. If to the usual hazards of business there are added the uncertainties of a fluctuating currency, it would be folly to start at all.

A fifth requirement might be described as just laws justly administered. Laws must not discriminate against employers or employes, white men or colored, Republicans or Democrats, rich or poor. When laws are unjust, judges biased, and public officials corrupt, intelligent men are not inclined to assume debts and responsibility and capital is apt to seek safety and liquidity rather than to incur the risks of speculative investment. The distinction between commonwealth and property should be clearly drawn, but once this has been established, property should be carefully protected by law. John Locke wrote in his *Second Treatise on Government*, "The great and chief end, therefore, of men uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property; to which in the state of nature there are many things wanting." Men must be assured of

their just rewards. If they are afraid of the depredations of racketeers or of ruthless government competition, they will not start new ventures or expand those already in existence.

A sixth requirement is reasonable taxation. Business is a hazardous undertaking. It is not too far fetched to compare it to roulette and to suggest that government is the croupier and taxation, the zero and double-zero. Add a triple-zero and the odds become too outrageous to warrant playing at all.

Most property is created by farmers, manufacturers, or builders. They may be described as the primary producers of wealth, but they call on the assistance of a secondary group who finance, transport and distribute the production of the first group. It may be argued that there must be a market, but it appears to me self-evident that consumption follows production rather than vice versa. As an example, the Ford Motor Company by producing cheap automobiles created a demand for them and also for good roads, which in turn widened the demand for autos and gasoline which produced the revenues with which to build more roads. Again, the perfection of reasonably reliable airplanes brought into being air transport companies, which widened the demand for airplanes as well as airports. The perfection of radio receiving sets created the demand for radio broadcasting which in turn widened the demand for radio sets.

If it is true that supply creates demand, it follows that the purchasing power theory, so dear to the President and to certain of his close advisers, is a fallacy. It begins to look as though this were so since, today, there is nothing to show for the twenty billion dollars of "purchasing power" which have been pumped into our economic system in the last four years. Such a sum should have

greatly increased the demand for goods: factories should be humming and unemployment declining, business should be scrambling to satisfy the demand. But apparently the changed and changeable nature of the dollar, the continuing deficits, the oppressive tax laws, the emphasis on reform, have had the opposite effect. Today the rate of production of wealth is declining and, unless this is halted and reversed, no matter what hourly rates the CIO, backed by the National Labor Relations Board or even by federal wage-hour legislation, may secure for its members, the purchasing power of wages is bound to decline.

Since it is politically desirable to please the many at the expense of the few, it is natural to find politicians favoring unskilled labor at the expense of skilled labor and office workers. They should be reminded that two thousand years ago Jesus said: "For he that hath to him shall be given and he that hath not from him shall be taken even that which he hath."

This brutal economic fact is true today as it was then: attempts to change it defeat themselves. The present trend of labor legislation is one of the causes of the declining rate of production of wealth. Skilled and white collar workers are the men who might themselves become the proprietors of small businesses, the organizers of new ventures, the creators of the kind of supply which creates demand. By penalizing them for the benefit of unskilled labor, their chances of saving, of setting out in business for themselves are diminished, a potential rise in the standard of living for all is aborted.

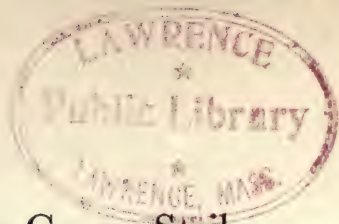
Real enrichment for the masses lies in the direction of lower prices rather than of higher wage rates. It is not enough for prices to remain stable, they should constantly decline. If the nation's food supply can be success-



fully produced at low prices by efficiently managed, mechanized farms, marginal farm land should be either abandoned and returned to the nation's supply of commonwealth or devoted to subsistence farming or part subsistence farming for those who have some other form of livelihood, such as part time work in a decentralized factory system. The demand for food is limited by the capacity of the world's stomachs, but the demand for other goods is unlimited. A freed, revitalized industry will absorb the surplus workers, and nothing else can, or ever will.

If the American people find more amusement in commissions than in circuses, let Congress establish a super-commission to begin where the National Resources Committee left off and not only measure and record the nation's wealth, but divide it into its two component parts, commonwealth and property. From then on the regulatory activities of government might be devoted to conserving the commonwealth so that the energies of its citizens could be released for reproducing and multiplying their property. It is not the quantity nor value of wealth in existence that matters but the rate of production of new wealth. A community might possess a thousand cows and a million chickens, but how long could it survive if the cows stopped giving milk and the chickens stopped laying eggs? Remember the wisdom of the fable: it was a foolish old woman who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

J. P.



## Parents Go on Strike

K. D. KINGSLEY

**T**ODAY'S greatest strike is not in the automobile plants or the steel mills, not in any of our highly centralized industries, but in the only remaining great household pursuit — reproduction. Parents and could-be parents in America and several other countries are striking against unsatisfactory procreative conditions. Armed with birth-control, an important tactical instrument enabling them to reproduce or not reproduce as they wish, they are standing their ground. It is really a sit-down strike, because they are occupying the establishment (the home) and yet are not performing its function. This strike, scarcely noticed at present, is likely in the end to be the most important in history. Already a few nations are trying to break it in one way or another, but without success. Other nations, mainly those outside the sphere of European civilization, such as Japan, are free from birth-strike trouble but are suffering instead from an overproduction of babies. These look upon the procreative walk-out in Europe and America with mingled curiosity and hope.

The figures in this stupendous strike tell their own story. In practically all western countries the birth-rate has been steadily declining for an entire century. Whereas prior to 1850 most countries had enjoyed the extremely high annual rate of thirty to forty babies per thousand inhabitants, by 1920 most of these rates had dropped to twenty-five or less, and since 1920 there has been an unusually sharp drop, in some cases the number now being no more than thirteen or fourteen. We find, for example, that England and Wales had a birth rate of around thirty-

four per thousand until 1885. From that time the rate has diminished constantly until in 1933 it hit the very low figure of 14.4, and in 1935 still stood at only 14.7. Germany's rate dwindled from 39.2 in 1885 to 14.7 in 1933, but has since risen slightly to 18.9 in 1935. In the United States as far back as 1875 mothers gave us around thirty-seven babies per thousand persons, but in 1935 they gave us less than seventeen. Obviously the strike among parents has not been complete. It has been more of an *irrw* "ca' canny" policy than a full walk-out. But it has nevertheless crippled our reproductive industry by more than fifty per cent of its previous output.

This in itself would be nothing to worry about. Indeed many persons, especially militant birth-controllers, see no problem in the falling birth-rate. But specialists in population have been pointing out for years that the present rate of procreation in northwestern Europe, Australia, America, and in fact wherever white civilization has reached its zenith, is not sufficient to maintain the existing numbers. If this is true it constitutes a genuine problem for the western world.

A strange thing, not commonly known, is that a people may for the moment maintain or even enhance its numbers with an annual excess of births over deaths, and yet be actually failing to reproduce itself. To understand how this paradoxical condition arises we must ascertain not how many babies are born per thousand inhabitants, but how many are born per woman in the child-bearing age. Since the age composition of a population can change (mainly as a result of past reproductive rates), it follows that the proportion of women of childbearing age may be large or small. If large, there may be more births than deaths even though each woman has very few children. But later this numerous body of women ages beyond the



fertile period, swells the ranks of the old and increases the death-rate. Deaths may then exceed births.

This becomes clearer if we concentrate, as Kuczynski and others have done, upon the average number of *girl-babies* born to a woman living through the child-bearing age. These girl babies are the future mothers who in turn will give birth to still another generation of girl-babies. If on the average women are failing to bear enough girl-babies to replace themselves later on, they are failing to reproduce the population. If, for example, the average woman passing the age of forty-five has borne only one-half of a female child, this means that for every hundred such women there will be, in the coming generation, only fifty women to replace them. Under such conditions the population is bound to decrease.

During the last half century the average number of female babies born per woman has declined sharply. Fifty years ago, in western and northern Europe as a whole, about two hundred and ten girls were born to one hundred women passing through the child-bearing age. But by 1933 the figure had fallen to ninety girls born to each one hundred women. The same is roughly true of the United States.

But we should bear in mind another aggravating factor. Even though one hundred women gave birth during their lifetime to one hundred females, these latter would not entirely replace them — because some of the girl babies would die before reaching, and others during, the childbearing age. Hence, in order to insure the maintenance of the population, the average woman must give birth to more than one girl baby. This fact makes the actual figures seem all the more sinister. We can state categorically that in Austria, Germany, Sweden, England, France, Finland, Denmark, Hungary, Australia and

New Zealand, the number of girls born per woman is insufficient to maintain the population. Statistics are not equally available for the United States, but the same ominous conclusion is probably true here as well.

Why, then, do we have the illusion that our birth-rate is sufficiently high to maintain the population? Primarily because, at present, most of the countries mentioned, including the United States, have growing populations in spite of the low number of births per individual woman. The secret, as indicated above, lies in the age distribution. Because we have had a high birth-rate in the past, there are now many people who are in the reproductive age. Naturally, even though most of these persons have comparatively few offspring, the total number of children is great enough to give us an increase in numbers.

But this false paradise cannot last forever. Gradually the huge number of people in the childbearing age will grow older. They will not be entirely replaced by those who come after them. Already the number of children is diminishing. In 1934 there were nine per cent fewer children under five years of age in the United States than in 1930, and seven per cent fewer in the age group 5 to 10. The following passage is from O. E. Baker's study of population and the national welfare, published by the United States Department of Agriculture.

With urbanization the nation is becoming middle-aged, and the prospect is that old age will creep upon it prematurely — only twenty-five to fifty years hence. During the next quarter century there should be the strength of middle-age, and then, unless the birth-rate rises, or there is heavy immigration from abroad, a decline will set in. No nation can suffer such a decrease in births to continue as that during the last decade — over twenty per cent — and not suffer the decline in strength that accompanies a rapid aging of the population.

As the proportion of aged persons rises, the fruit of the present low birth-rates will be reaped, for the population will begin actually to decline. The number of persons born will be less than the number who die — for the latter will have multiplied enormously.

The process is more advanced in England than in this country. It has been reliably estimated that, even if present fertility does not diminish further, the English population will reach its peak in 1943 and will then begin to decline, falling to 38,500,000 by 1975 and to 20,000,000 in 2035. But if fertility should continue to fall as it has done during the last decade, it would fall to 31,400,000 by 1975, and to 4,400,000 by 2035. In other words, in less than a century, the number would have shrunk to about half the population of greater London today. For the United States it has been predicted that by 1950 our numbers will reach 136,000,000 and will then fall to 126,000,000 by 1980; but this prediction rests upon the assumption that the birth-rate will stop declining at a certain point. If we assume that it will continue descending indefinitely, we get a result very similar to the second English estimate.

In the balance of births and deaths it is the birth-rate that counts. It comes first and sets the pace, the death-rate, which ultimately equals it, coming second. A generation can potentially reduce births to zero, but it cannot eliminate death. It is impossible to imagine our continuing to compensate for a declining birth-rate with lower mortality rates. The limits to which we can go in prolonging and saving life are unfortunately rather narrow at present. We have learned how to save the lives of infants and how to keep people alive through middle age. But we have learned little about prolonging life once the age of sixty has been reached. Ninety years ago only three-



eighths of the newly born reached the age of sixty; now two-thirds of them do — but those who reach sixty now have practically the same expectation of life as those reaching this age a century ago. All things considered, we cannot indefinitely compensate for a low birth-rate with a low death-rate. In a young population the number of deaths is bound to rise after a few years, and if the number of births is already low, the population will dwindle.

So much for the facts. We can now ask who and what is responsible for the tumbling birth-rate. Of the many theories propounded, some are absurd on the face of it, others obviously incomplete. Some have asserted, for example, that a given nation's capacity to reproduce varies from one era to the next because of a mysterious biological cycle. A period of high fertility, according to this Italian view, is followed by a period of low fertility, not because of social conditions or human motives and desires, but because of biological changes in the racial germ plasm. This preposterous theory appears to explain the obscure by the still more obscure, the term "race" camouflaging something that is not biological at all, namely a *nationality*. It would seem much more sensible to talk in terms we know something about, namely, human motives, human techniques, and human conditions.

If parents have gone on strike they must have had reason for doing so. Not even capitalists believe that laborers strike for no reason at all. It would be equally foolish to think that parents strike for no reason at all.

Unfortunately we think about social matters, for the most part, in medieval terms. Whenever something goes wrong we explain it in terms of the Devil. We have, for example, a devil theory of war — the devil being the nation that happens to be fighting us. We still have a devil theory of depressions — the bankers, the Republi-

PARENTS ON STRIKE



can party, or the stingy consumer playing the malevolent role. Similarly there are those among us who blame the birth-strike on the evil machinations of birth-control propagandists.

It is true that unceasing agitation for contraception, pushed with religious zeal by gifted advocates from Francis Place to Margaret Sanger and identified with the powerful women's rights movement, has disturbed England and America for practically a century. It is true that during this time the practice, as a scientific technique, has spread over the civilized world. It is true, finally, that contraception is the instrument by which people now voluntarily limit the size of their families. But to attribute the use of this instrument to the instrument itself, or to its advocacy, is to put the cart before the horse. First we must ask why the sudden appearance of this birth-control propaganda, and why its acceptance? The propaganda *against* contraception has been just as powerful as that for it. Even the law has been on the side of the opposition. Why, then, has the contraceptive movement succeeded? If in spite of legal proscription and religious taboo people go on using contraceptive devices and resorting to abortionists, it is not because of the devilish propensities of those who advocate these practices, but because of the social conditions affecting the physically capable.

Modern life is so organized that there is no longer any advantage in having children. At one time there were all kinds of advantages, but now, apart from the pleasure of children's company, there are practically none. City life has taken the place of village and farm life. Rapid movement, not only across land and sea but also up and down the social ladder, has displaced social stability. And industrialism, as the main mode of economic production, has replaced agriculture. The effect of these changes



upon the family, which is the institution supposed to perform the function of procreation, has been disorganizing. Having lost most of its functions, the family no longer ties in with the whole of life the way it once did.

In the stable rural society of the past kinship ties were strong. The most important people in one's milieu were kinsmen, the center of one's activities was the busy homestead, and the determinant of one's status was the natal family. Since husband, wife, and children all helped out in the multifarious tasks of farming, economic production was a family affair. Thus the family, or at most the extended group of kinsmen, formed a miniature society in itself, governing the individual's entire life-organization. Typical of this kind of familistic social system was the bold peasant régime of Europe, described so brilliantly by Thomas and Znaniecki in their four-volume work on *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America*. But still more complete familistic systems existed in old China and old Japan, where even religion was mainly a family matter. The Chinese system, inimitably described in Nora Waln's *The House of Exile*, represented perhaps the highest degree of familism attainable. Here, as in other places, it was plain that there are two outstanding characteristics of familism. First, whether at its height as in the Orient or partially modified as in feudal Europe, familism can flourish only in a static, rural society. Second, it places a great value on children.

In a familistic system children are assets. Economically they constitute the only form of old-age insurance, and they can perform profitably many simple tasks of farm and household production (as anyone can testify who has watched children of six and seven chop cotton, peel fruit, or water stock). Socially they give their parents prestige, because a person is not regarded within the kin group as



fully mature, or sometimes fully married, until he has children. Spiritually they represent great value, because the religion (especially if it gives prominence to ancestor worship) attaches extreme importance to the continuance of the family line. In short, where the family is the essential unit in society and kinship bonds are consequently strong, the perpetuation of the family line through procreation becomes inherently necessary. Procreation therefore seems a sacred duty, a moral obligation, as well as an economic gain and social asset.

Our present mobile industrial urbanism, on the other hand, minimizes the importance of family relations in a person's life and hence destroys the motivation for performing the family's main function — the procreation of offspring. In our crowded cities each extra room costs money, and each extra child annoys one's neighbors that much more. There is no space for children to play or work. Our industries, having already taken the economic functions out of the home, proffer an infinite number of attractive ways of spending money in competition with the huge financial outlay which children now represent. The choice between a Ford and a baby is usually made in favor of the Ford. But in addition to their own wants, parents have raised their standards of what children should have. If they refuse to have children it is frequently because they know they could not rear their offspring as they should be reared. The higher the parents' social position the more it costs to rear the child appropriately. Thus is explained the apparent paradox that, though people limit their family size because of low income, the more money they have the fewer children they bear. The fact is that in our society no matter what the social level of the family, children are an economic burden to a greater extent than ever before. They are a competing

element in a rising, more variegated standard of living. As one author puts it, "The single man with no dependents is not a little better off than a man with a wife and four children. He is about six times better off."

Since the home has yielded to the factory as the integration point of economic functions, it has split up the family group into so many independent individuals. Wife and husband are tied together only by affection. Both have contacts, and often jobs, outside the home. The children are in the hands of outside agencies to a great extent. As the bonds of the entire group weaken, the sentiment for children itself weakens.

If, then, the whole character of modern society makes children a burden and a handicap, it would seem to be this fact and not birth-control propaganda which is responsible for the shortage of babies. The devil theory must be thrown overboard. We cannot blame parents. They did not create our present mode of life; they were born into it. In fact we cannot blame anyone. Like most other things that happen to human beings in the aggregate, the present sit-down strike among parents springs from forces of which we have little knowledge and still less control. It springs from those same forces which have brought forth modern civilization, which have caused us to evolve out of the familistic feudal age.

In a sense married people are striking for higher wages. Society calls upon them to perform one of its most important tasks, and yet they are now penalized rather than rewarded for performing this task. They have then every right to quit work, to strike. They must force society to recognize and reward them commensurately with the service they render.

Society manifests itself today in the form of the nationalist state. In this form it cannot help coming to terms

with parents. The life of a nation is just as dependent upon the procreative work of its citizens as that of a factory upon the productive efforts of its employees. Whether democratic, totalitarian, or communistic, modern states cannot, above all, tolerate a decreasing population. They cannot, in the eternally strained international situation, afford to have empty colonies which other nations will envy (as Japan envies Australia), and if they wish colonies they must justify themselves by pointing to population pressure at home (as Italy justifies her Ethiopian conquest). Countries which neither have nor want colonies (such as Czechoslovakia) still must maintain their manpower at home or see themselves threatened economically and belligerently. And the only way to maintain or enhance the population is through an adequate birth-rate. Immigration will not do, because the immigrant brings not only his body but also his culture with him. He brings his national ideals and prejudices and often remains a complete alien, especially now that states are cultivating in their émigrés the idea that no matter where they go they will always owe their first allegiance to the homeland.

Population worries may appear irrational, and indeed they may be couched in the most irrational of racial and political philosophies, but nonetheless there can be seen a certain necessity in the situation of all countries involved in the intense international competition of Asia and Europe. No country is in the least free from population anxiety. If it thinks it is free it is mistaken. Every nation, no matter how unpretentious, must contend with states that have an increasing population and hence an increasing demand for land and raw materials. These growing states will not respect forever the property rights of nations declining in natural resources. National con-



cern over population is unavoidable, and national control of reproduction inevitable. The more ambitious countries, such as Nazi Germany, already have elaborate measures in operation, and their scientists are devoting themselves to careful calculations of present and future manpower in their own and other countries. Following is a summary of a recent book (Burgdörfer, *Volk-und Wehrkraft*) which appeared in Germany:

1. Population development and defensive strength. The biological deficit and the impending decline of the population. Recent changes in the age composition. The change in birth-rates in relation to the basis of selecting recruits in the past and in the future. The numerical strength of age groups subject to military service. The necessity for a sufficient rate of reproduction to maintain national power.
2. War and race. The effects of the system of defense on the development of population before the World War and their effects on reproduction rates.

And here are the titles of two typical articles: *Number of Births and Defensive Ability: A Comparison between Several European Countries. Population Policy and Defensive Ability.*

As long as there remains one ambitious nation in the world, let no one think that national concern over population is silly. In the present birth strike, several states, notably Germany, Italy and France, are taking positive steps to reach a solution.

Like most factory owners when threatened with a strike, modern nations tend first of all to use moral suasion. Endlessly through press, radio and cinema propaganda, parents are told that it is their *duty* to have children. They are requested to be "loyal," "patriotic," "hopeful." They are appealed to in terms of national sentiment, religious dogma, and social welfare. Married persons who refuse to have children, or single persons

who refuse to marry, are the butt of official contumely. In an Italian book, for instance, the latter are called "avaricious egotists" and "poisoners of society." Mussolini himself has called the use of birth-control "mere gymnastic love."

But appeal to sentiment alone is scarcely ever successful, not simply because material considerations are stronger, but because propaganda is a two-edged sword. The strikers and their sympathizers can appeal to justice and arouse public emotion over the plight of poor parents, and advocate something besides moral diatribes.

When moral suasion fails, however, the use of force begins. Modern nations, like many a factory owner with labor, have resorted to force to compel reproduction. They have forbidden by law the practice of abortion and the sale or transmission of contraceptive apparatus or information. This is like forbidding employes to organize, picket, or demonstrate. In 1926 Italy passed a law punishing with one thousand dollars fine and one year solitary confinement any woman securing an abortion. In 1932 a new clause was added making it illegal for drugstores to stock or list any contraceptive appliances.

Such repressive measures, however, seem incapable of forcing parents to tend to their procreative duties. These measures admit the widespread desire to limit offspring; yet instead of trying to alter their desire by changing the conditions under which parents labor they merely try to repress the means by which the desire is realized. But the means in this case are exceedingly diverse and ineradicable. No law has yet been successful in abolishing *coitus interruptus*, abstention, douching, or the rhythm method. Such laws, if passed, would be merely foolish reminders of the ineptitude of the legal regulation of sexual intimacy.

If these efforts to persuade or force parents to return to

work will not succeed, what is needed apparently is some effort that will strike at the heart of the matter, that will change the adverse circumstances under which parents struggle. The demands of striking parents must be met.

Some recognition of parents' claims has already appeared. It takes the form of pecuniary reward for having children. All kinds of prizes, tax exemptions, annuities, bonuses, and allowances are being offered by one country or another. Almost every day the newspapers carry a new account of some financial scheme by which marriages will be subsidized and child-birth rewarded. Italy, a Catholic country where presumably celibacy is the noblest condition, places an extra tax on bachelors and gives an exemption to heads of large families. The marriage loan system instituted by Germany in 1933 is well known. To each qualified couple the government grants a loan in the form of coupons which may be exchanged at shops for certain kinds of household goods — furniture, linens, kitchen utensils, radios. The loan can be repaid at the exceedingly low rate of one per cent per month, beginning two months after the loan is made. The birth of a child, however, cancels one-fourth of the original loan, so that if four children are born to the couple within the first few years of married life they need not pay back the loan. Germany also gives preference to heads of families in filling jobs and exemption from inheritance taxes. Moreover, in selected cases, certain large cities "sponsor" third and fourth children. The parents of these children receive twenty marks per month for the support of each child until the age of fourteen, and are honored by precedence in applying for jobs, flats, or tickets. The children themselves receive favor in educational channels and are expected to fill governmental positions when mature.

Even better known is the family allowance system of



France. As early as 1854 the factory of Monsieur Hamel instituted a Family Fund to reduce the economic hardships of the man with a family. There were other isolated instances of private industries or government departments instituting a family allowance — that is an amount paid in addition to the worker's wage and in proportion to the number of his children. But the real movement began during the War when rising prices made it increasingly hard for the married man with children to maintain a decent standard of living. By the end of the War practically all lower-grade government officials were entitled to a family allowance, and at the same time industry was pushing the scheme. To avoid the temptation of individual plants to save the cost of allowances by hiring bachelors, equalization funds were set up. These were simply pools contributed by all the plants in a given region or in one type of manufacturing. Up until 1932 the whole system was voluntary for industry, but in that year the French government passed an act making the plan compulsory for the whole country. It has been calculated that workers in the lower wage brackets in industries now covered by the department funds get a four to five per cent increase in income for each child. This is not enough, however, to pay the cost of rearing children.

Belgium also has a compulsory family allowance scheme somewhat resembling the French system. But in most European countries having allowances at all the plan is limited to civil employes. In England, despite the existence of the Family Endowment Society which has long advocated legislative action on the matter, no scheme has been adopted, although it is probable that in the future the dangerously low birth-rate may bring about a change of attitude. The United States, the home

of *laissez faire*, of course has scarcely thought of the possibility; but there are a few private organizations, such as Wells College, the Columbia Conserve Company of Indianapolis, and foreign missionary societies, which pay more to married than to single men.

The family allowance idea was originally conceived for the purpose of remedying an unjust inequality between family heads and bachelors. More and more, however, it has been advocated as a means of increasing the birth-rate. Yet, in France and elsewhere there is no certain indication that it has even arrested the decline in the birth-rate, much less brought an increase. The reason probably is that the allowances are all inadequate.

Although neither the appeal to moral duty, the use of force, nor the offer of financial reward has succeeded in raising the birth-rate, although Germany, France and Italy (the three countries with the most aggressive population policies) still show a rate below replacement in the first two cases and a steadily declining rate in the last case, it may be said, I think, that official measures will continue to appear and will spread to nations which do not now have them. It also seems true that of the three kinds of measures now extant, the financial reward for parents is the most hopeful. Let us, then, investigate its implications for the future course of population.

It is commonly admitted that the present pecuniary measures are all inadequate if they intend to compensate people for bearing and rearing offspring. In some cases it would seem that the amount given per child is ridiculous, being about enough to pay for the soap and hot water which modern hygiene demands. But there is a deeper criticism than this. Simple lack of money is not the sole reason for voluntary childlessness. We know this from the fact that people with higher incomes have



smaller families. The essential thing is that in our class society, with a great deal of circulation up and down the social scale, children are (at almost any level) a hindrance to social climbing. Poverty is relative to social position. A person may have a ten thousand dollar income and still be too poor to rear five children in the manner he would like. Only at the bottom, where people have insufficient foresight and little hope of climbing, may the hindering effect of children in this respect be disregarded.

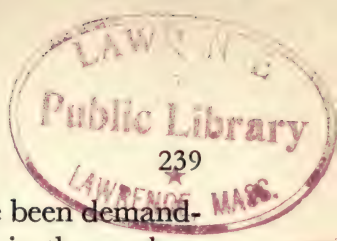
But waiving aside the difficulties that class differences create, let us carry the pecuniary policy to its logical conclusion. Let us suppose that an *adequate* economic return were paid to parents for having children. The sum would be, even assuming an average standard of living, tremendous. Basing their estimate on a family income of \$2500, Dublin and Lotka figure that the parents spend between \$9,180 and \$10,485, or roughly four years of their economic life, in rearing a child through the age of eighteen. On the basis of these figures we can see that, to cover the annual cash expenditures made on children, the United States would have to spend around twenty-four billion dollars, or more than six times the total governmental expenditure in 1930. This seems like a huge sum, and neither the United States nor any other country is likely to assume such a burden, especially since the state already spends a considerable amount on children. But the point is that *at least* this amount would be required if effective economic payment for children were given. I say "at least" because the Dublin and Lotka figures cover merely cash expenditures. They do not cover such things as the labor of the mother. We know, however, that children cause more work for the mother, frequently keep her from entering gainful employment or having a career, cause inconveniences in travel, recrea-



tion and apartment living. All these things are difficult and pointless to estimate in cash, but they are, along with the desire for social advancement, powerful forces against the wish for children. An exclusively pecuniary reward for procreation would have to be large enough to overcome these forces — unless, of course, we assume that the intrinsic emotional value of children is great enough to overcome them. But it is dangerous to place much reliance upon the intrinsic emotional value of children to parents. Undoubtedly they do have such value. Yet only one or two children (sometimes canary birds or goldfish) will satisfy the desire for them. Today, for example, we have the fashionable family of two children, and people who have more are considered a little stupid. But because many couples are involuntarily sterile or for other reasons childless, it takes numerous families of five and six to maintain the population.

One great fear is that if the government paid out really adequate sums to recompense people for having children many persons at the bottom of the social scale (and probably others) would find this a delightfully easy way of earning a livelihood. This would be bad not only eugenically, according to some authors, but it would tend to create a professional class of child-rearers. Perhaps the state would then demand the right, if it paid people to have children, of insisting upon certain qualifications. Partly in the interest of getting better children, partly for the purpose of cutting the tremendous cost, it could command that persons who live by rearing children must prove their fitness, take training and become efficient at their job. Thus, by a gradual evolution unanticipated at the beginning, there might develop a system in which the father's role is assumed by the state, the mother's role by professional women paid by the state for their services.

## *PARENTS ON STRIKE*



This would satisfy those authors who have been demanding that motherhood be made a vocation in the modern economy. The birth strike would then become a real economic weapon in the hands of a real economic group. Feminism could enjoy an effective recrudescence, for women, as producers of an essential and scarce commodity, could dictate their own terms. But such a system would mean the destruction of the family as we know it. A new kind of reproductive organization compatible with modern civilization would have been substituted.

The birth strike instituted by present-day parents has therefore placed the modern nation in a dilemma. The state can hardly force parents to have more children, and in view of the present circumstances of parenthood it can scarcely make an effective moral appeal. On the other hand if it pays them for having children the result may ultimately prove to be both costly and, from the present point of view, morally undesirable. The great question is, will the state, goaded by international competition, eventually throw overboard its moral scruples and abolish the private family? Probably not, but it may do so unintentionally by inaugurating policies whose ultimate effects it cannot foresee. We do know, however, that the modern state, capable of establishing a close emotional bond with its citizens through radio, press, and cinema, is inimical to the private family in many ways. If it finds it impossible to settle the strike and secure adequate reproduction through families, it will secure reproduction in some other way.

## Have We Bonds with the British?

QUINCY HOWE

LIVINGSTON HARTLEY'S article, *Our Bonds with the British* in the Spring, 1938, issue of *The North American Review* establishes a happy precedent in the literature of Anglo-American apologetics. Its author is the first man within living memory to avoid false sentiment and hypocrisy while advocating closer ties between the two great English-speaking nations. Unlike such dreamers as Nicholas Murray Butler, Thomas W. Lamont, James T. Shotwell, and Walter Lippmann, Mr. Hartley devotes primary attention to the material advantages to be derived from Anglo-American understanding.

About a year ago I embarked on a different task and tried to smoke out the conventional Anglophiles by insulting them as roundly as I knew how. Under the flip title of *England Expects Every American To Do His Duty* I wrote a book whose chief purpose was to remove the discussion from the atmosphere that infests an English-Speaking Union dinner. Whether my book encouraged Mr. Hartley to write his article I do not know; I do know that his article prompts me to substitute reason for invective and to bring the issues up to date.

The tone of Mr. Hartley's article and his former post in the State department make him a frank if not an official spokesman for the real aims of President Roosevelt's foreign policy. Mr. Hartley does not deny that the Roosevelt policy is essentially pro-British; indeed he rather glories in it for that reason. He also argues the case for a pro-British American foreign policy on logical and practical grounds.

"The high-ceilinged rooms of the State department,"



he says in his opening paragraph, "contain very few officials who do not believe that a stronger Britain will benefit the national interests of the United States." Agreed—at least for the purpose of this discussion. But in the light of recent events what hope is there for this "stronger Britain" that Mr. Hartley and the officials of the State department desire?

When President Roosevelt delivered his famous Chicago speech calling for a quarantine of aggressors, the entire Anglo-American cheering section applauded. Alfred M. Landon and Henry L. Stimson, the *New York Times* and Secretary Hull rallied behind the President. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden agreed that it was "a clarion call." But neither Chamberlain nor Eden showed themselves willing to follow up the President's appeal with a strong policy along the lines he had defined. At the Brussels Conference Mr. Eden confined himself to the emptiest kind of generalities and within a few months Mr. Chamberlain was trying to dicker with the very aggressors whom Mr. Roosevelt invited him to quarantine.

Those Americans who had praised the Chicago speech thereupon attacked Mr. Chamberlain's hypocrisy and cowardice. Having been accused of extreme anti-British bias I am amused to find my accusers turning on Mr. Chamberlain far more savagely than I have ever turned upon any Englishman. I can therefore only repeat in connection with the present British Prime Minister precisely the same point I made in connection with his predecessor whose foreign policy Mr. Chamberlain is continuing intact. That point has nothing to do with democracy, collective security, or quarantining aggressors. It is that any British statesman, whether his name be Baldwin, Chamberlain, or Eden, is defending a lost cause.

It is true that Mr. Eden parted company with Mr. Chamberlain in February, 1938, when the latter refused to stand up to either of the two Fascist dictators. But until Mr. Eden resigned from the Cabinet he had followed exactly the same conciliatory line that Mr. Chamberlain still pursues in the face of repeated acts of Fascist aggression. Mr. Eden refused to apply oil sanctions against Italy or to close the Suez canal to Italian troop and supply ships in 1936. He supported the hypocritical Non-Intervention Committee in Spain because, in his own words, he again preferred "peace at almost any price."

With this policy I have no quarrel; I simply point out that it is the policy of the lesser evil which becomes, in time, the policy of the greater evil. In 1931, for example, the British Foreign Office gave its tacit support to Japan's invasion of Manchuria. This did not mean that the British welcomed the prospect of a greater Japan dominating eastern Asia; it simply meant that at the time a Japanese conquest of Manchuria seemed to be the only practical alternative to the extension of communism in China. The Nanking government had launched campaign after campaign against the communist armies of China and was so absorbed in its efforts to stamp out revolution that it had no strength and little desire to give battle to Japan. Chiang Kai-shek himself regarded the Japanese invaders as a lesser evil than those of his own fellow-countrymen who had embraced communism.

Time marched on. The Japanese not only conquered Manchuria, they swallowed Jehol Province as well. Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists began to weary of their long warfare and drew together in defense of their common fatherland. In November, 1934, General Smuts, the most important single spokesman of British imperial policy, told the Royal Institute of International Affairs

in London that Japan had become the chief threat to British imperial interests in Asia. By 1937 the Chinese Communists forgot that they had once called Chiang Kai-shek "the running-dog of foreign imperialism" and he, in turn, was persuaded by a kidnapping party to take a stronger line toward Japan and to accept communist support. And since the outbreak of large-scale hostilities in China, the British have tended to favor the Chinese armies, Communists and all, against Japan. Whether this support will continue remains, of course, to be seen.

The same pattern repeated itself in Ethiopia and Spain. The British National Government never welcomed the prospect of Italian expansion in Africa or Spain, in the eastern or the western Mediterranean. But it relished even less the prospect of a black colonial people defeating a white imperialist power or the triumph of the Spanish Socialists, Communists, and Syndicalists at the expense of General Franco's Fascists. Therefore the British Foreign Office threw its reluctant support to the lesser evil of Fascist aggression.

Just as General Smuts in 1934 urged the British to withdraw their support from Japan in Asia, so Anthony Eden in 1938 urged his fellow cabinet officers to stop favoring Hitler and Mussolini in Europe. But Neville Chamberlain saw an even greater evil than the Fascist International. He feared that the Eden line would lead to immediate war.

Now it happens to be my personal conviction that events will prove Mr. Eden right and Mr. Chamberlain wrong, or perhaps I should say that the Chamberlain line will have to be discarded in favor of Mr. Eden's at some future time. But that is not the question here. The point at issue is whether Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Eden



or anyone else can maintain British rule intact over one quarter of the earth's surface. Lord Halifax has certainly undergone a disappointing experience with Mr. Hitler and one not calculated to add to British prestige or British self-confidence. The experience began with the Berchtesgaden conversations. It continued when Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop visited London. It terminated when Hitler rudely took over Austria in the middle of von Ribbentrop's London sojourn. Lord Halifax's comment on the Austrian coup sums up the official British attitude. "Horrible, horrible," he moaned, holding his head in his hands as he paced the floor of the Foreign Office, "I never thought they'd do it."

But what would have been the alternative to the Chamberlain-Halifax policy? Perhaps it is true, as the supporters of collective security argue, that economic sanctions would bring Hitler and Mussolini tumbling down — or at least bring them to terms without war. Perhaps it is also true, as the military men argue, that any general war would quickly annihilate the German-Italian-Japanese combination. But Eden's policy does not totally exclude the possibility of war and even a short victorious war by no means guarantees the integrity of the British Empire. For behind Chamberlain's policy lies not only the fear of immediate war; there also lies the fear that if Britain becomes involved in any general war, however brief and however one-sided, the Empire as it exists today will be doomed.

The weakest and most disturbing feature of Mr. Hartley's case and of a great many highly-placed Americans (not to mention Britishers) who think as he does is their failure even to consider the possibility that perhaps there simply is not any policy at all that can preserve the British Empire intact. All the pleas for American

support for Great Britain are surrounded by a veritable conspiracy of silence on the subject of whether or not the British Empire can be successfully defended. Just drop the hint to any loyal British subject — whether he happens to travel on a British or an American passport is an unimportant detail — that perhaps the British Empire is doomed beyond recall and you will be greeted by a storm of abuse, spluttering futility, or humorous evasion. And Mr. Hartley runs true to form in refusing to consider even as a remote possibility the idea that the closest kind of Anglo-American alliance may not be able to save the Empire.

Perhaps it is in order to cover up this evasion that Mr. Hartley cannot resist a brief reference to our “intangible bonds” with the British. Well, if Britain sinks into the sea we shall still have the work of Shakespeare and Milton; we shall lose only J. B. Priestley and Sir Hugh Walpole unless, as is more than likely, they are lecturing in the United States when the Empire goes under. As for the “tangible” bonds of trade and investments Mr. Hartley indulges in some very fancy mathematics. Over forty per cent of our exports go to the British Empire, he reminds us, while our imports from British-owned territories amount to more than one third of everything we buy from abroad. This sounds impressive until we remember another figure that Mr. Hartley conveniently forgets: ninety per cent of our trade is domestic. In other words Mr. Hartley is subordinating our whole foreign policy to less than five per cent of our total volume of business. Furthermore, Britain’s physical dependence on many American commodities and factory products will continue whatever foreign policy we may pursue. We do not have to sign one of Mr. Hull’s reciprocal treaties in order to keep most of this five per cent of our total trade.

Mr. Hartley uses the same mathematical trick in discussing our investments in the British Empire. His total figure of \$2,700,000,000 sounds like a lot of money; it is thirty-six per cent, he says, of our "world total." But this "world total" amounts to less than half of one per cent of our total national wealth which is estimated at three hundred and fifty billions. Again, as in the case of foreign trade, our foreign investments would not seem to deserve quite the importance that Mr. Hartley attaches to them nor would we automatically lose all these investments and all this trade if the cardinal aim of our foreign policy were not to underwrite the British Empire.

Furthermore, in discussing this Empire Mr. Hartley juggles words as conveniently as he juggles figures. He speaks of the affinity between the self-governing British Dominions and the United States. But suddenly the British Dominions (consisting of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa with a total population of twenty-four millions, chiefly whites) become the British Empire with a total population of over four hundred millions, chiefly colored. Perhaps the United States has much in common with the British Dominions, but this is not what Mr. Hartley says when he refers to America's "kinship of view with the *British Empire* on foreign affairs." (My italics.)

Scratch an American Anglophile and you get an American imperialist. As Mr. Hartley warms to his theme he argues that "the larger interests of the United States and the British Empire are parallel in Eastern Asia." These "larger interests" he never defines; certainly they cannot be America's infinitesimal trade with China or its tiny stake in Far Eastern investments. If "larger interests" appeal to Mr. Hartley he would do better to urge closer relations with Japan.



When Mr. Hartley discusses the "parallel position" of the United States and Great Britain in respect to peace he loses all touch with the real world. "Both the United States and the British Empire are 'status quo' powers." The British Empire, covering as it does one quarter of the earth's surface and ruling over one quarter of the earth's inhabitants, obviously stands to lose by almost any alteration in the existing order almost anywhere on earth. The United States covers less ground and can therefore regard with indifference many changes that affect Britain vitally.

It is true that in pursuance of the policy of the lesser evil and in line with its determination to avoid war at almost any price the British Foreign Office has done nothing to prevent changes in the status quo as far as Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, and Austria are concerned. But the changes it has been powerless to stop in those quarters have put the nations that profited from them in a better position to challenge Britain's two really vital interests, interests for which the Foreign Office admits that Britain would have to fight. One of these is control of the sea-lanes leading to the British Isles; the other is resistance to hostile penetration of France and the Low Countries. In other words, if the naval status quo undergoes a change, especially in the northeastern Atlantic, or if the territorial status quo undergoes a change, especially in western Europe, Great Britain must go to war.

The United States also has vital interests which it would fight to protect, but these are not the same interests for which the British Empire would do battle. If Japan seized Hawaii, if Germany or Italy made one of the Latin American Republics a vassal state, if, under present conditions, the far-off Philippines were attacked,

the United States would be bound to resist. But such threats as these also affect British interests unfavorably and Britain would therefore show at least benevolent neutrality toward any action the United States might choose to take. In short, it is not necessary for the United States to pledge assistance to Great Britain in any and every part of the world and to launch another fatal war-time boom as it did between 1914 and 1917 in order to gain British support when some vital American interest is threatened.

In bracketing the United States and Great Britain as "status quo powers" Mr. Hartley implies that both countries have an almost equal interest in resisting almost any kind of change almost anywhere on earth. The British Empire, by virtue of its world-wide ramifications, cannot remain indifferent to events in any quarter of the globe and since it is sitting on top of the world it has nowhere to go but down. The position of the United States is entirely different. It is the fashion these days to speak of the "have" and "have-not" nations and on the basis of this classification the United States and the British Empire belong in the ranks of the "have" powers. But so, for that matter, does Switzerland and yet no one claims that simply because Switzerland has no territorial ambitions it must therefore fight to uphold the status quo in eastern Asia. In like manner, the United States has no territorial ambitions, but simply because it is a larger nation than Switzerland, Mr. Hartley and others assume that Americans should intervene in European struggles which have no more bearing on their interests than the warfare in China has upon the interests of the Swiss. In any event, before the United States enters into the universal partnership with Britain that Mr. Hartley suggests, let him or somebody else bring forward a clear-cut balance-sheet

showing exactly what material advantages the American people would stand to gain.

Until such a balance sheet makes its appearance there is but one construction that can be put upon the pleas of Mr. Hartley and other Anglophiles. The use of the words "status quo power" in connection with the United States provides the tip-off. Like a good many other countries in this disturbed century the United States faces not just another swing of the business cycle but a crisis of the system. The 1929 depression was the first depression in American history that sank to a lower level than the previous cyclical decline. The 1936-37 revival was the first revival that did not far exceed all previous periods of prosperity. One may assign the blame where one pleases but the fact remains that almost ten years after the crash of 1929 there are still more than ten million unemployed in the United States and the young people of the country — like the youth of Germany before (and after) Hitler — have not got a chance.

Three broad solutions present themselves. Two of them, Fascism and Socialism, are ruled out because no program, no leader, no organization exists to make either of them effective in the near future. Mr. Roosevelt has taken a few faltering steps along the "middle way" of social security, labor legislation, government operation of utilities, higher taxes, slum clearance, public works, but he has lagged far behind the British Tories — not to mention the Social Democrats of Scandinavia — in all these directions. Certainly no Fascist and at best a rather timid progressive, Mr. Roosevelt has chosen the only other possible solution.

It is the path of imperial expansion. Secretary Hull lays great store by foreign trade. The Big Navy program not only primes the pump; it serves notice on the world



at large that the Roosevelt administration seeks salvation abroad. The same "economic royalists" who attacked the President's Supreme Court measures and his Reorganization bill endorse his foreign policy to the hilt — the *New York Times*, Governor Landon, James P. Warburg (who wrote *Hell Bent for Election*, but voted for Roosevelt because he liked his foreign policy), former Secretary Stimson, Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, and so on down the line. The aim of all these good people is to uphold the status quo at home and abroad and to question whether the status quo can be successfully maintained anywhere on earth is to challenge so deep a conviction, so basic an interest as to make further discussion of the subject impossible.

Now I am not arguing that Roosevelt should adopt a more radical domestic or foreign policy. I am simply insisting that the conservative supporters of Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy have completely closed their eyes to the urgency of the domestic situation. I have already indicated the blindness of our Anglophiles to the precarious condition of the British Empire. That we may be living in a century of revolution as well as a century of war does not seem to have occurred to them. Such events as the Russian Revolution of 1917, the Chinese Revolution of 1924-27, the Gandhi movement in India do not enter into their calculations of future possibilities.

They are equally blind to the changes that are going on under their noses in the United States. The supporters of Landon who are rallying around the Roosevelt foreign policy, almost to a man, completely misread the temper of the American people in November, 1936. ("I accept the verdict of the American people," wrote the ineffable Dorothy Thompson the day after election.) The British Tories, the arch representatives of reaction, have been

guilty of no such blindness and stupidity as our Liberty Leaguers. At least they recognize the nature of the crisis that confronts them and if one may speak, as M. André Maurois does, of "The Miracle of England," it is that the English ruling class still remains in the saddle twenty years after the Armistice of 1918. In view of the way most American conservatives have consistently misread both the foreign and the domestic situation the miracle of America is that they command any attention at all.

Mr. Hartley offers a typical rather than an extreme example of the wishful and fuzzy thinking of the American conservative. In recommending a virtual Anglo-American alliance he does not so much as pause to consider whether such an alliance can achieve its objectives. Then, in urging a stronger foreign policy upon the United States, it does not occur to him that any foreign policy the United States pursues perhaps has some faint connection with domestic conditions. When, therefore, he holds out to us as a serious possibility the vision of a world overrun by the Fascist International the suspicion arises that he has been reading the *Daily Worker* under the misapprehension that it was the *New York Times*, the chief difference between these two exponents of collective security being the greater susceptibility of the communist newspaper to British propaganda about the menace of Fascism.

Like the advocates of simon-pure collective security, Mr. Hartley brings his argument to a conclusion by depicting the German-Italian-Japanese combination taking over a world system that the British, with their far greater power and experience, are finding more and more difficult to dominate. I therefore rise to suggest that Mr. Hartley forget his apocalyptic dreams of Fascist world conquest long enough to read a volume entitled *If*

*War Comes* by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot, both of them majors in the United States Army, and Major Eliot's article on Italy in the April 1938 issue of *Harper's*. He will discover not only that material factors make a program of Fascist world conquest the height of improbability; he may also perceive that the myth of German, Italian, and Japanese invincibility is sedulously fostered by British propagandists eager to persuade the United States to support the British Empire in the second World War. As Major Eliot observes, "They would like very much to have American aid. But they do not need us and there is no occasion for Americans to fight another European war to make the world safe for democracy."

Major Eliot bases his analysis on purely material factors: man-power, sea-power, supplies of raw materials, technical proficiency, geo-politics. If this economic and military analysis is extended to include social and political factors, the case against an Anglo-American imperialist crusade against the rival imperialist systems of Germany, Italy, and Japan becomes even stronger. We are witnessing today not a repetition of 1914, although the line-up of the various nations seems to be following the 1914 pattern. History does not repeat itself; it goes on where it left off. The first World War started with a battle for imperialist spoils and ended with a Red-hunt at the expense of Bolshevist Russia. The second World War (which has already begun) has some of the same imperialist objectives. That is to say, the Japanese hope to exploit Manchuria as the British have exploited China proper; Mussolini hopes to exploit Ethiopia as the French have exploited Morocco and Algeria. But the stakes in the imperialist game are dwindling. Before the war India imported seventy-five per cent of its cotton textiles from Great Britain and manufactured the remaining twenty-



five per cent domestically; today, Indian-owned cotton mills supply seventy-five per cent of India's needs. From 1900 to 1914 about half the new capital issues floated each year on the London money market went into foreign investments; since 1930 the corresponding figure has averaged about two per cent a year.

This economic revolution — for many “backward” countries are now going through the same industrial revolution that occurred in Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries — has not only weakened the position of the British, French, Dutch, and other colonial empires; it has strengthened the nationalist middle class and the revolutionary working class in the colonial countries and enabled them to present more effective opposition to foreign rule. At the same time, the British, French, Dutch, and other “democratic” peoples have set up systems of taxation, social security, unemployment relief, government interference with private enterprise, cooperative and socialist experiments. The Fascist countries, on the other hand, unable to afford these luxuries, have reduced the middle and working classes more and more to a condition of slavery. I am not one of those who foresee a revolution in Germany or Italy tomorrow. I do, however, foresee Hitler and Mussolini preferring war to internal collapse and I doubt that anything short of war can bring either of them down. I also maintain that neither Hitler nor Mussolini can possibly wage a successful major war; in fact, it is the fear of what might follow the collapse of Hitler or Mussolini that accounts in large measure for the hesitation of the British ruling class to force a show-down with either of the Fascist dictators. Here is another illustration of the policy of the lesser evil.

I have only one quarrel with Mr. Hartley's version of the decline and fall of the British Empire. The Fascist

International is not the only threat to Great Britain and what Mr. Hartley and his British friends now represent as a crusade against the Fascist menace may presently become a crusade against the still greater menace of revolution inside the British Empire and inside the Fascist powers themselves. I am not pleading the case for revolution in Europe or Asia any more than I am pleading the case for Fascism. I am simply raising the question of whether the crusade against revolution on which Great Britain proposes that we embark (in the name of a crusade against Fascism) can be fought to a successful conclusion.

The removal of Anthony Eden suggests, of course, that the British National Government has abandoned all pretensions to democracy and may even have reached some secret understanding with Hitler and Mussolini. This is as it may be, but it seems far more logical to foresee an eventual stiffening of British resistance and the definite abandonment of the present policy of vacillation — especially if the United States can be persuaded to cooperate. Barkis (in the form of Secretary Hull) appears to be more than willing, but how and when the eventual consolidation of Anglo-American forces will occur no one can say at the moment.

Under the circumstances common prudence would seem to dictate that the United States adopt a strictly isolationist line since any cooperation could mean only one thing: support for the British imperial system. A time may come when we should support this system, at least in part, but when that time arrives our isolationist position will be our strongest bargaining point in any negotiations we may undertake with Great Britain or any other power. By adhering to isolation until we know exactly what kind of cooperation we are letting ourselves in for

we are at least protecting ourselves against enlisting — as President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull would have us do — in any and every crusade for any and every abstract principle such as respect for treaties, quarantining aggressors, preserving orderly processes.

Mr. Hartley modestly concludes with a note of skepticism and admits that there may be some doubt as to whether the United States should fight rather than let the British Empire go under. For my part I am only too glad to admit that the preservation of some parts of that Empire may become a matter of vital interest to the United States at some future time. But until that time comes, the present tendency of the State Department to enter into vague understandings with the British Foreign Office can lead only to the enlistment of the American people in behalf of a lost cause which is not even their own.

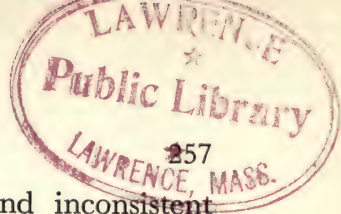


# The Subject in Recent American Painting

VIRGIL BARKER

**D**URING the last fifty years painting in Europe has been subjected to progressive purifications of subject-matter which played only too well into the hands of those annoying persons who insist on extracting morals from everything. It is not necessary, however, to be one of them in order to conclude, from that half-century of history, that painting can be purified to death.

In justified rebellion against the bad story-telling featured by salons and academies everywhere, the impressionists limited the subject to naturalistic atmosphere; yet they and the academicians had so much in common with their exaltation of craft that before long they united with the latter and set up another form of academicism. At once fresh rebellions occurred and various groups, giving themselves different labels in different countries but in historical perspective most conveniently called expressionists, commenced the elimination of natural appearances by intentional distortion; they desired both a more energetic character of design and an outright explosion of subjective emotion. A more severe asceticism was achieved by the cubists; their aim, at its purest, was to make their pictures self-sufficient by playing one tone, one texture, one shape, one plane against another in an abstract visual counterpoint. The later phenomenon in Holland of neo-plasticism went even further and transmogrified painting into a species of geometry. The naturalistic subject was as nearly as possible eliminated and painting was thus dehumanized. Propelled by successively exploding rocket-theories, art had shot to humanly insupportable limits toward the airless moon of pure painting.



## THE SUBJECT IN PAINTING

Meanwhile the technically mixed and inconsistent procedures of dadaism had reverted in the direction of subject through emphasis on disgust with life. Whatever each one's conscious attitude toward pure painting, all of the dadaists subordinated their technical means to the expression of impudence and contempt; they derided the world and damned humanity. As direct inheritors came the surrealists, some of them having been dadaists before; and these currently active painters are significant in the present connection because they have brought about a violent resurgence of the subject. Their material cannot be read as one reads the narrative in Bruegel or Hogarth, but it is story-telling just the same with the limitation of being drawn exclusively from the unconscious, from hallucinations, from dreams. In consequence the layman, beyond the point of admiring the frequently amazing craftsmanship, must grope and guess his way through these psychoanalytic documents. If this proves difficult and unrewarding, he can draw one comforting moral. The painters themselves have found out what Santayana observed some time ago: "Nothing is so poor and melancholy as art that is interested in itself and not in its subject." Surrealism, however shocking or puzzling, as it frequently intends to be, is certainly interested in its subject-matter.

This telescoped account is manifestly unfair through incompleteness. Many interesting pictures, and some fine ones, were painted by those who participated in this warfare on the subject; every artist in his times of creation works with his total personality, which always embraces more than the theories and opinions of his conscious mind. To a given layman a given modernist painting may seem unintelligible, but modernism as a whole is entirely explicable in relation to the social conditions in

which it arose. Artists are the tendrils of the vine that is the civilization. If they show themselves weak or defective in any serious fashion, there is something the matter at the roots; if they are many and strong, the roots are healthy and the soil is good. What happens deepest down makes itself visible first at the utmost extremities.

Painting in America, starting in colonial days as a transplantation from Europe, has ever since been influenced by European developments; indeed, in any world view, art in this country has been either a reproduction or a variant of that in Europe, just as the civilization here has been. Nevertheless, in regard to the purification of subject just outlined, American painting engaged in no such clear-cut program. True, a few painters have from time to time emulated Europeans in this; but in doing so they have only emphasized their singularity among their fellow Americans, and only three or four have practised it consistently even when once begun. For American painting as a whole this is now proving to be one of the advantages of an unfashionable provincialism — an advantage, that is, because subject, even to the extreme of narrative when consonant with the painter's temperament, is surely a fertilizing and perhaps an integral element in the fecund earth in which great art germinates.

Where recent American painting has been strongly influenced by various European radicalisms is in the variety of its technical procedures; here all the forms of expressionism, and cubism particularly, have helped it to a liberation from narrow academic correctness and a knowledge of far older traditions never heeded by the academic mind. With these enlargements of their resources, the painters of America are trying more than ever to fill their art with all the life it can hold. They are



not concerned with the sterility of an art disinfected of subject; they are ready to take on anything, even storytelling or propaganda, that will enable their art to be more than a technical exercise. To be sure, they are concerned with encountering the content of their pictures as painters, with rendering it in pictorial terms, but they are sanely aware that medium and manner are not ends in themselves.

The mutation here described dates from almost a decade ago when the critics, obediently following the lead of such artists as Burchfield and Hopper and Sheeler, began to discuss the "American scene." With the patronage extended by the government through the Public Works of Art Project this trend in subject was intensified — not from dictation by the Project officials but from the preferences of the painters. With the further government patronage through the Treasury Department Art Program, devised as a permanent means of securing adequate decorations for public buildings, subject-matter in general has become more important than ever. For mural paintings, in order to come alive, must say something; and what they say must be relevant to the purpose of the building they adorn and to the community which the building serves.

One way of estimating the mural work being done on government grants is to examine the comprehensive anthology of studies and architectural drawings entitled *Art In Federal Buildings*, by Edward Bruce and Forbes Watson. Its more than five hundred illustrations demonstrate considerable care in choice of effective subject. This bid for popular interest is a good thing in work done for the public; the mural painter, at all events, cannot afford any perversity of pride in the smallness of his audience. The themes adopted for the buildings in

Washington which house national governmental agencies are properly generalized; but the other decorations display a strongly predominant intention to attract through sharply localized subjects. The importance of this is greatly enhanced by the fact that the majority of these decorations have been placed in towns and the smaller cities where they will meet the eyes of people who are not as yet widely experienced in the appreciation of art. Thus they are bound to influence public taste in addition to rousing public consciousness of local history and landscape and life; and this dual function is a community affair of cumulative importance.

Indeed, it is possible to discern, in much of this pictorial literature, a spirit deserving to be called religious — in the American sense of the word, at least. For religion here usually takes the form of thought and action for the community. The other conception of it as a mystical discipline for the soul in solitude has but rarely received important artistic expression here — in the prose of Thoreau, in the poetry of Emily Dickinson, in the painting of Ryder. Americans generally have been content to satisfy their religious needs in social-mindedness; this is about the best feature of our communal life, and the art that forwards it is to that extent religious. This characterizing word, moreover, is deserved by contemporary mural painting because it increasingly manifests the intention of truthfulness. And whenever it comes to the necessity of choice, truth is more important than beauty.

The frequent bluntness and occasional violence with which some painters are now expressing their ideas of truth disconcerts those who wish art to be sweetly reassuring; and the painters who exhibit such emotional prepossessions must also resort for the embodiment of them

to academic improprieties of technic which are equally upsetting to people who cherish inherited ideas of beauty. Granted that some contemporary painters, being young, are mannerists in crudity. Granted that those who adopt sensationalism either of subject or of treatment will find themselves unable to say anything else. Granted that continual shouting is as tiresome in paint as in conversation. Just the same, it is worth recalling that those traits appeared in American life long before their recent intrusion into pictures; that, having appeared in life, they have as much right to their day in art as other more conventionally noble and refined ones; that any possible transformation of them into something better will be achieved not by letting them run riot in life but by shaping and reshaping them in the forms of art.

For this reason, then, the public may rightly be glad that the painters are so freely raiding American life for subjects. Our participation could be to give them the sanction of acceptance, and ideally our attitude would be that of Cromwell saying to Lely: "I desire you should use your skill to paint my picture truly like me; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it." In the end truth is the only basis on which maturity is achievable, in art as in life, by persons or by nations. If we choose the truth, we may have beauty added to us, the art not changing in itself but working a change in us who comprehend it.



## Jake Boyd

WARREN BECK

**M**AYBE IT WAS a mistake, looking him up after all that time. I don't think it did him any good, or me either. It was just another one of those things that make the good old days seem distant and lost forever. Now I'll go on remembering him the way I found him this last time, until I'll almost forget how he used to be.

It was fifteen or more years ago, back in the early twenties, when I first knew Jake Boyd. I was barely more than a kid, and he was a man of the world, I thought, and he made quite an impression on me. I even tried to push my hat back on my head the way he did when he sat down at his desk to talk. Part of the time I smoked stogies, which I didn't really like, just so I could stick them up out of the left corner of my mouth, the way Jake did. I borrowed a lot of his Broadway slang, too, even though I didn't get much mileage out of it there in Dayton, Ohio.

He was working for the old Keith vaudeville outfit. That was before the talkies, and Keith's was quite a set-up then, with a finger in several theater chains. Jake Boyd came out from an uptown New York theater to manage the Keith house in Dayton. For a showman like Jake everything across the Hudson was exile, but the job paid him well, and he had been given a free hand, which he liked. He never crabbed about Dayton, as he well might have. He went bustling around, cocky and yet kind-hearted, like a missionary who had braved the West for a cause, and would be only too happy to die for it. A skinny, nervous little guy, quivering with zeal. But he'd talk about Broadway with tears in his voice — he even wrote the words for a song about it. He never

missed a chance to go back on Keith business at any season, and he always spent his summer vacation there, although it must have been nearly as hot as Dayton.

I remember thinking that if Jake had run his New York house the way he ran the Dayton Keith's, it didn't matter much what city he was in — he lived inside the theater practically all the time. The courts had restored Jake to bachelorhood twice before he came out to Ohio, and the second time it seemed to have taken. He had a room and bath in a good hotel, but he just slept and dressed there. He wasn't in any way attached to it; he'd shift rooms every so often, and even hotels, trying to get away from morning noises. His office was his home. Like a lot of theater offices, it never got any natural light, and had to be ventilated with a fan, but it was a cozy old cave. It was a plenty big room. There was a davenport that converted into a regular bed — Jake tenderly laid me out there for the night once after I'd taken too much gin, trying like a silly kid to hold my own with a party of actors. Plenty of comfortable chairs in that office, too, and a magazine table, and end-tables everywhere for ash trays and glasses. Jake had a flat-top desk, but there was never anything on it except a pen and a pad and a telephone. No filing cabinets in the room, either, or any other evidence of business. Jake's secretary had all that with her in a room down the hall. She came when he called her on the house phone, and took the papers away again in their filing folders. After she had gone, if so much as a paper clip or a rubber band was left on his desk, Jake would drop it into the waste basket. That was the way he ran his whole theater, and it was the slickest-running show-house I ever saw. Not just shiny brass stair rails and ushers with clean collars and fresh hair-cuts and porters patrolling with dust pans, but the whole show

spinning along in high all the time, the stage hands working like gunnery crews, and the acts all giving their best at every show.

The walls of Jake's office were plastered with actors' pictures, and the originals were always appearing there in person. Jake made it a kind of club. The talk was all shop talk. And Jake had the last word most of the time. I've often thought a pretty good magazine of vaudeville news could have been edited right out of that office. Everybody brought in what he knew, and Jake sorted it out and labeled it, and apparently never forgot a syllable of it. At night after the show Jake fairly held court. Most of the acts would be there — at least most of those who were speaking to each other and were not out of favor with Jake — and often there'd be a reporter whom Jake was oiling for publicity. In one closet he had an electric plate for keeping coffee hot, and a big refrigerator, full of beer and things for mixing. The coffee came in from the hotel next door in a two-gallon pot, along with a big tray of sandwiches. It was all from Jake, with love. And he paid an usher to stay and set out the card tables and hand around the beer and sandwiches. It wasn't anything like a free-lunch counter. Jake handled it with his own kind of punctiliousness.

If you hadn't known Jake, you wouldn't have thought he was having an especially good time at these parties of his. He had a dead pan and fishy blue eyes that could look right into those big spotlights back stage without blinking, and he didn't often smile, and when he did, it was you might say economically. But Jake did have a good time, ruling the roost there, and after you came to know him, you saw it in his whole manner. Whether he was playing cards or sitting at his desk gossiping about the show business to the circle that would gather and pull



up chairs there, he always had that stogie cocked up out of the left corner of his mouth, like the remaining good horn of a tough old bull that had seen a lot of battles and was game for as many more. Jake was a bear for names, dates, and all kinds of facts and figures about the vaudeville world, as I said, and he'd correct anybody right in the middle of a sentence, with a short phrase, or a single word if that sufficed, like the crack of a trainer's whip. He was like a stern schoolmaster taking conscientious pains — if you could imagine a schoolmaster with that stogie and his hat on the back of his head and one leg swinging over the arm of his chair. But sometimes he was genially talkative, late at night, when it was the right crowd; and he'd hold forth in long eulogies of his favorite acts, analyzing their routine and showmanship with some of the keenest criticism I've ever heard. Jake's little audience would drink it in, and outsider that I was, I could tell they were laying his principles to heart, and I guessed that Jake Boyd's verdicts were respectfully quoted in green rooms all over the circuit.

Jake and I first got together when he gave me a job lettering some ads for the theater. At that time I was going to be a commercial artist. After I'd finished high school I'd taken an art course. Eventually I was going to be an artist, a painter, God help me! Commercial art was only a beginning, I thought. I guess I was right at that — it was only a beginning. After I married I went into my father-in-law's wholesale business. But what of it? Jake Boyd stuck it out with his job, and look what's happened to him.

Well, I started drawing ads for Jake, and he liked them, and used them regularly, and taught me a lot about advertising, too, as we went along. Then he found something else for me. I was always making rough pencil

drawings of anybody who'd hold fairly still for five minutes, and Jake got the idea of having me do the vaudeville acts and running the sketches in the paper early during the week, for publicity. You can imagine what that meant to a kid with my fancy aspirations. It was a rush job, but I thought it was really Art, no less. They ran the stuff all the way across the top of a page, like a cartoon strip, but half again as deep. Jake usually gave me the little captions to go with each sketch, but otherwise he let me do it my own way. And they let me sign it! My Dayton friends thought I was free-lancing my way into the papers, and I never told them anything different, but it was Jake who paid me for it. And in a way he paid for the space in the paper, too. I was there in his office when he closed the deal with the newspaper's ad manager, so I know.

"I'm thinking," says Jake, "of stepping up my advertising twenty per cent for a while — that is, just in your paper."

"Good," says the manager, and waited for the rest of it.

"And," says Jake, emphasizing the word and pausing a bit, "while you're here, take a look at these sketches Johnnie has done. Why wouldn't something like that make a good feature once a week? I'll supply 'em regularly if you want 'em."

The ad manager saw the connection and hustled out with my drawings, and in twenty minutes he phoned back. Jake gave me a big wink as he put the receiver back on the hook.

"It's okay, sweetheart," he said. "You're hired."

He often called me sweetheart, and I knew that coming from Jake it was Broadway slang, and it made me feel like one of the family. A few years later, after I had left Dayton, when I saw *The Butter and Egg Man*, that

comedy about the kid from Chille-cothe barging into the show business, whenever anybody said, "Say, listen, sweetheart," all I could see was Jake Boyd, sitting behind his desk, with his stogie sticking up, and his fishy eyes wide open in his blank face.

During the months I was doing those sketches for the paper I saw a lot of Jake. He encouraged me to hang around the theater. The more I saw of it, the more I knew about it, the better my stuff would be, he said. During the latter part of the week, after the sketches had appeared, I did very little — I lettered an ad or two, maybe, but most of the time I just loafed around back stage, whenever anybody was there. When nobody was around, I lay on the davenport in Jake's office and read novels. Jake encouraged my loafing, too. "Take it easy, sweetheart," he'd say, "you've done your work for the week." And he meant it. A fellow like Jake who was used to seeing acrobats, for instance, pull down their hundred-fifty a week for a seven minute turn twice a day could easily view my case like that. But you can see how it must have worked on a kid like me; I felt that Jake was one man who understood the necessities of the artistic temperament, and its proper rewards.

And I did work like a fool every Sunday and Monday. I'd be back stage Sunday morning as the acts came in and went through a skeleton of their routine with the orchestra and stage crew. I'd study 'em all — their facial expressions and body postures — and I'd try to get a line on what was characteristic of their acts. I couldn't finish anything then, though — those Sunday morning rehearsals were madhouses. Everybody was short on temper and long on the meanest kind of repartee. The acts had done two or more shows the day before and then traveled all night to get to Dayton. The stage crew and



orchestra were expecting difficulties and were all set to hand in their share, just to show that they were not mice. And all these professional egotisms and fatigued tempers had to be ironed out, and a hundred details mastered, if there was to be a smooth show Sunday afternoon. It got done. Jake saw to that. He demanded that the first show be as good as any, and all the shows as good as they could be.

Jake's Sunday morning method was to sit in the first row of the balcony, out of earshot of any whispered recriminations over the footlights or behind the wings, as if he thought that was none of his affair, and watch just the rehearsal itself. He'd snap out his criticisms in a flat cracked voice that carried easily to the back of the stage.

"Show 'em, show 'em!" he'd bark to a lazy actor who was trying to describe his routine to the orchestra in a minute and get it over with. "How the hell are the boys going to follow you this afternoon if you don't show 'em?"

"Mac," he'd yell to the stage manager, "that set has to be shifted in two minutes ten seconds this afternoon. Let's see the boys do it in two minutes ten seconds now."

"Cliff," he'd say to the drummer, "that cymbal is supposed to be the crash when his tail hits the boards, not the echo."

Sometimes when an actor seemed off his form, Jake would needle him by remarking coldly that maybe he'd rather be in Sunday school that morning, or he might come right out and say he hoped to God the act would have more punch than that by afternoon. And whenever the rehearsal seemed even a shade listless, Jake would raise his voice, as if in pain, in a familiar appeal — "For God's sake, don't be amateurs!"

Well, as I said, it worked. Jake was never unfair; if anybody was sick, he was considerate and encouraging,

and if there was any other reasonable excuse for a mistake, he recognized it. Nobody ever had any comeback at Jake. He went by the simple rule of the theater, that the show must go on, and must always be as good as possible. Everybody respected him, and everybody responded to him, and the first show almost always rolled off on ball-bearings, and everybody tickled to death about it. Jake watched it close up from the front box, and at the finish he gave each act a little salute with his right hand close up at his chest — that is, if everything had gone all right. I always sat there just behind Jake, rushing out my first sketches, and I could see those actors look over at Jake like trained seals waiting for a fish. Now and then Jake would clasp his hands down in front of his chest and give them a prizefighter's shake — that was an extra fish, and I never saw an actor who didn't catch it with a big grin.

Then right after the show Jake would go back stage for the first time that day and greet everybody. They'd all wait around for it — if they'd got the salute or better. If they'd slipped up, they didn't wait for Jake. They could expect him at their dressing rooms before the night show, with some advice that was an ultimatum, for if an act wasn't clicking by the end of the first day, Jake would wire for a substitute to finish out the week. There wasn't much trouble of this sort, though, because the booking office knew Jake and didn't dare ship him any ham.

The result was that those little gatherings in Jake's office after the night show were quite exclusive — the elite of the old vaudeville world. No wonder Jake loved it, considering his tastes. No wonder he practically lived in that office.

"I wouldn't have to spend all my time here if I didn't want to," he told me once. "But where else in Dayton, O.,

is there anything better going on? Nope, this is my life, sweetheart, and these actors are my friends. Why should I leave all this to go out and play pool with the untraveled toilers from the cash-register plant?"

That was the way I saw Jake Boyd, content in his dim-lit office, living in his world apart there in Dayton, seeing all its citizens only as potential customers at his ticket-window, running his show with an iron hand and an unrelaxing standard, and being all the while a magnanimous chief in the vaudeville clan. As I said, that was all fifteen or more years ago. I did those drawings for Jake for about six months; then I moved to Minneapolis with my parents. I set up there as a commercial artist, but before long I was in my prospective father-in-law's wholesale feed business. I never heard anything more about Jake.

Then not long ago I was in Dayton for a few hours between trains, for the first time since I had moved away. I wandered around a while, feeling like a ghost that couldn't find the house he was supposed to haunt. I didn't know anybody, and the whole town looked dim and unimportant, the way a dream does the morning after. Then coming around a corner, I saw the old theater, same old front, same old sign, The Palace, but with the Keith's taken off the top, and I wondered about Jake Boyd. It was three o'clock, and my train didn't go until four-thirty. Said I to myself, if old Jake is still here, by any chance, I'll spend the rest of the time with him.

"Mr. Boyd is the manager," the doorman told me.

"Jake Boyd?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"I'd like to see him," I said. "I'm an old friend."

"You can go right up to the office," the doorman told me. "It's on the mezzanine floor, just beyond the —"



"I know where it is," I said, "if they haven't moved it," and I went hurrying up the soft-carpeted stairs. But I thought right away how different it was from the old times, when a caller had to have his name relayed up on the house phone, whoever he was, before he could get to Jake.

The office door was closed. I knocked. Jake's unmistakable flat voice called out, "Come in!" and in I walked.

There he sat, behind the same desk, but it was littered with papers. His hat was perched on the back of his head as usual, but his hair was all gray now. He was smoking a cigarette, and it drooped down almost parallel with the deep lines at the corners of his mouth.

"Well?" he said, staring at me with the old stony glance, and then he nearly lost the cigarette, for his jaw dropped down.

"For God's sake," he exclaimed, as he jumped up, "Johnnie!"

"Nice work, Jake," I said. "I'm forty pounds heavier. Besides fifteen years older."

"Aren't we all," he said, shaking my hand a long time, and staring into my eyes.

He turned to his stenographer, and then I noticed that she had been moved in, desk, typewriter, filing cases and all.

"I won't need you for a while, Sally," he said. "I'll send for you."

"Okay," said the girl, in a voice like a talking doll, and went out.

"Well, sit down, sit down, Johnnie," said Jake, dragging me by the hand over to the old davenport. "How the hell are you, anyhow?"

"I'm fine, Jake," I said. "How's it with you?"

"Oh, so-so," he said, pursing his lips and looking self-contained. "Tell me about yourself. Fifteen years, is it? Where've you been all that time?"

"Minneapolis," I said.

"Are you an artist?" he asked, with a glint of real interest.

"Oh, no," I told him. "Wholesale feed business."

"Well, well! Think of that!" he said in astonishment, and then tried to go on tactfully. "Married, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," I told him. "Thirteen years. Wonderful woman."

"Of course," he said. "No less. No less for Johnnie. Kids?"

"Three," I announced. "Two boys and a girl."

He smiled at me fondly.

"Doing nicely, aren't you, Johnnie," he commented. "And the business too, I hope."

"Oh, yes," I told him. "It's quite a thing, Jake. Wife's father owns it."

"That's swell," Jake said, earnestly.

He studied me for a minute, as if he were trying to strip off my pounds and years, and the family and feed business, and get down to his former protege, the young sketcher of vaudeville acts.

"But why haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Haven't been in Dayton since I moved away," I told him. "I'd certainly have looked you up, Jake. Remember the drawings you let me do for the papers?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes," he said, in a far-away voice, shaking his head.

I looked around the walls at the photographs, hanging in their places still.

"I see you're surrounded by the old familiar faces," said I.

"Oh, yes," he said, sadly. "God knows where they all are now."

"Does the Palace still play vaudeville?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "Strictly a movie house now."

"Probably a lot simpler, isn't it, Jake," I commented.

"Simpler?" he answered. "It couldn't be any simpler. Now it comes in cans, Johnnie. Just like beer. Time was when beer came in bottles and vaudeville actors came in droves. But now the show comes in cans, like this."

He kicked a heavy metal box, a little more than a foot square, with a padlock on it, that was standing by his desk.

"There's tomorrow's feature," he said. "Eleven reels of canned squawks. One moderate-sized expressman lugged it in by himself, less than an hour ago. And there we are. Simple is the word for it."

"I see," I said.

"Let's have a drink," he exclaimed, and jumped up.

"Fine," I answered, sitting where I was, expecting something out of the refrigerator in the alcove, as usual.

"Come on," Jake said. "We'll go back stage for it. Never drink in the office. Bad business."

I was glad he was walking out ahead of me, because I know my face must have taken on a funny look at that one. I followed him down the stairs from the mezzanine, and then we turned into the side aisle, and went up to the door behind the boxes. Jake stuck his flashlight into my hand while he fumbled for a key.

"Have to keep the damned thing locked," he muttered. "The high school kids are always ducking into the darkest holes they can find."

We went in, and when Jake snapped the lock shut behind us, it was the thickest blackness I'd ever felt.



"Gimme the light," says Jake. "One step up here."

"I haven't forgotten," I said, but I was feeling along with my feet until Jake turned on the flash.

"Oh, it's all rebuilt back here," he says. "Stay right behind me or you may knock your head. Here, I'll show you how simple the show business is now."

He shut off his flashlight, and I could hear him opening another door, into a kind of room built on the old stage. There was a dim flickering of light. He pulled me through the door by the arm, and I began to take it all in.

It was certainly different. It was a lot simpler, as Jake said, but it was strange too. The space behind the movie screen was walled in with heavy curtains, to about a third the depth of the stage. The speaker horns are up behind the screen, and these curtains throw the sound forward, Jake said. They gaped at the corners — a wide crack, as if the talkies had so much talk in them that a little leakage didn't matter — and I could look right through at the screen itself. I couldn't see any picture — only patches of light and shadow, jumping and flickering all over that space like sheet lightning across half the sky. The loud distorted rumble of the dialogue was thunder to it.

"The cave of the winds," Jake whispered.

We watched it silently for a minute.

"Isn't it the damndest contraption," Jake hissed, in a kind of bewilderment, as if man's devices had gone him one too many.

Then I jumped, for all at once I found myself looking right through the screen and into the house, with the rows of people sitting there. I suppose I hadn't seen through the curtain before because I hadn't expected to.

"Why, it's transparent," I said. "No," Jake answered, "it isn't transparent. It's full of holes."

"Better get a new one, Jake," I whispered.

"A solid curtain wouldn't let the sound through," he explained, and then after a moment he added, "So you see, there's even less to it than you thought there was."

We stood there, with the light filtering upon us from that great gleam boring down out of the gallery, vibrating like the headlight of a speeding locomotive, and I looked through at the audience. But it wasn't like peeping out from the wings in the old vaudeville days. Then you could see all the faces distinctly, jolly rows of them in the rosy reflected light, like a crowd around a campfire. These faces staring at the movie were only discernible as blobs lighter than the shade around them. I noticed that they were all turned up at a higher angle than if they'd been watching a stage show, and it gave them a kind of wonder-struck, adoring look. In that pale visibility, like moonlight filtering into a misty swamp, those faces made me think of a garden of unwholesome white flowers, nourished in darkness by the forces of night.

"The drink is downstairs," whispered Jake, and led me through another door, closing it quietly behind him before he turned on his flashlight again. Now we were in territory I recognized. Jake switched on the electric light in the dressing-room corridor down below, and we could see our way down the stairs.

"This one's my hide-out," Jake said, and unlocked the door into the big dressing-room right under the middle of the stage.

He flipped on the ceiling light, and we walked in. The air was stale. The windowless room with concrete floor was like an empty mausoleum. The long mirrors were still on the walls, and round them the rows of light sockets, empty now. The shelves underneath, to hold the grease-paint and wigs, were there too, but with nothing

on them except in one corner three whiskey bottles, one with a corkscrew in it. There was no chair in the room, nothing but an old sagging couch. But I could see the place had been kept clean of dust.

"Jeeze, Johnnie," Jake exclaimed, "I forgot that I have only one glass."

"That's okay, Jake," I said.

"No," he said, and he went and picked up the bottle with the corkscrew in it. "Here, this one's half gone. I'll drink out of it, and you can start a new bottle with the glass."

He went over to the lavatory in the other corner of the room and carefully rinsed out the glass there. Then he dried it on a paper towel and gave it to me. He loosened the cork in the half-empty bottle, took out the corkscrew, and pulled the cork from a full bottle. He handed it to me.

"There you are, Johnnie," he said. "Pour yourself a few drinks. Sit down on the couch there. It'll hold you."

I poured a drink and sat down, and he got the other bottle and came over and sat beside me. There we stayed and talked for maybe forty-five minutes. I couldn't tell all we talked about, but we looked back fifteen years and recalled the old vaudeville days, the ever-changing, ever-full flow of life under a lavish glare of lights through those adjacent dressing rooms now locked and empty, and across that now shadowy stage. Jake spoke tenderly of the old-time, big-time headliners. His words were a minor echo of those pronouncements he used to fling over his desk-top to his admiring guests at happy parties after the evening show. Time and separation had not dimmed Jake's memory of the old vaudeville world, but only made it mellow. He recalled the best of the acts, and what had been best in them. "You remember?" he'd ask me continually, and his bright descriptions did raise



faint images for me, but I knew that in his mind's eye the footlights blazed brilliant as ever, and he could see plainly the swirl of skirts about shapely legs, could hear precisely the nuance of a line that always got a laugh, could feel the hush and then the percussion of applause that greeted the whirlwind finish of a great acrobatic act.

He sat there on the edge of that broken couch, with his hat shoved back on his gray hair, his left hand gripping the neck of the whiskey bottle and resting it on his knee, and his right arm describing the largest arcs within its reach to symbolize those departed glories. After each eulogy he would tip up the bottle and let the drink gurgle down his throat; then he would resume at once. The memories crowded upon him. He talked on and on. And I listened, mostly. I saw with a pang how badly old Jake needed a listener — that is, one who could remember too. I kept my eye on my wrist watch and didn't interrupt him until I knew I must leave to catch my train. We had one more drink, and Jake clinked his bottle against my glass and nodded mutely to me, as to one who could join him in a wordless toast to the old days. He held his bottle uptipped till he emptied it.

I waited in silence while Jake set my bottle back on the shelf, returned the glass to its bracket by the lavatory, switched out the light, and locked the door. All the time his left hand clung to the bottle he had emptied. Doubly emptied, I thought, the memento of reminiscences. In silence we walked down the corridor and up the stairs to the stage. Jake doused his flashlight, and we went in across the stage again, past the dim echoing cavern of curtains behind the movie screen. Jake held my arm as if to guide me. At the other side we paused near the gap in the curtains, and we both looked through again at the rows of bewitched heads.

"This theater," Jake said, low-voiced, but with the intonations of an announcer, "can be emptied in three minutes." Then he added, in a different tone, a harsh whisper, "I often wonder why it isn't."

I was ready to go, but Jake stood there as though he was trying to make up his mind.

"Science," he pronounced at last, with a kind of drunken gravity, nodding toward the apparatus. Then after a moment, in a lower whisper, with intense scorn, "Science! Science!"

All of a sudden, before I knew what was happening, Jake says "The bastard!" and lets that empty bottle fly right at the screen. It bulged out for a second, but luckily it didn't rip, and the bottle clunked back on the stage, instead of sailing through and braining somebody in the audience. The show went right on, and if any of the ushers noticed it, they didn't come back and ask about it, not while I was there.

I grabbed Jake by the arm and said, "Come on, let's get out of here."

He staggered as I pulled him back across the stage, but I knew it wasn't just the whiskey.

"The bastard!" he muttered again, as if the words had been a long time on his mind. "The scientific bastard! Some day I'll go out there right in the middle of the picture and tear that damned thing down."

I kept dragging him along, back to the dressing room.

"You don't want to do that, Jake," I told him.

"Why not?" he said. "I've got nothing to lose."

"Your job," I said.

"To hell with the job," he said. "I'd rather be a barber."

With only the flashlight I somehow got him down the stairs and back to the dressing room. I didn't know

where else to take him. He didn't protest. He took out his keys again without a word, opened the door, switched on the light, walked in, and stretched out on the couch. I gave him a cigarette and lit it for him. I would have stayed with him then, train or no train, but I could see he'd be better off alone.

"Listen, Jake," I said. "I'm sorry, but I've got to run this minute if I'm going to catch that train, and I've just got to make it."

"Okay, sweetheart, I know," he said, without looking up at me.

I had got to the door when he suddenly sat up.

"Here," he said, "take my flashlight," and he threw it at me. "You'll need it to get out. You can get out with that, can't you?"

"I can get out without it," I said, "you keep it," and I was about to throw it back.

"No, no," he shouted. "I can find my way in the dark. Jeez, if I can't find my way around here —"

He threw himself back on the couch, and put one hand over his eyes, to shut out the ceiling light. The room was dead still for a moment.

"Thanks for dropping in," he murmured, in a carefully controlled tone.

"So long, Jake," I said.

"So long, sweetheart," he said, in his flat voice.

"Take care of yourself, Jake," I said, going out the door, but he didn't answer.

As I went groping my way up the shadowy stairs, I heard an awful sound from that lonely room. He was crying.



## Cross of Silver

JOHN H. CRIDER

THE LATE William Jennings Bryan cried with all his zealous vigor in 1896, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!" Now that the New Deal has made real some of Mr. Bryan's dreams for silver there is reason for fear that this nation may be crucified on a cross of silver.

It is too early yet to say whether the Administration's suspension of formal silver purchases from Mexico on April 1 marked the beginning of the end of the New Deal's silver folly, but followed closely as it was by a drop of two cents in the price paid by the Treasury for foreign silver there was evidence, at least, of a disposition to let the world price find a lower level than that at which United States purchases had previously sustained it.

Under the Thomas Amendment of 1933 and the Silver Purchase Act of 1934, the two measures which form the basis for the Administration's silver policy, the Treasury had purchased up to the first of this year approximately 1,400,000,000 ounces of silver for a sum of close to \$700,000,000 in round numbers. The thing would be unimportant if we needed the silver. But it was not needed. As of February 28 the total silver stock of the nation amounted to 2,251,800,000 ounces. Storage space for this quantity of silver in bullion form is 235,605 cubic feet! To understand fully the significance of this accumulation of silver in contemporary civilization, one must look back a few years to the days when silver was truly a noble metal.

There is nothing new about silver. Gold and copper were discovered earlier, but even so silver was first found

in prehistoric times. Mention of it in the Old Testament and other early writings indicates that it was used as early as three to five hundred years before Christ.

Silver was called a noble metal because when it was scarce the nobles hoarded it. Silver was so scarce in the fourth and succeeding dynasties of Egypt that it was more valued than gold, but in the seventeenth dynasty trade with eastern Mediterranean countries made silver more plentiful and cheaper than gold. The earliest silver was taken from Asia Minor and islands in the Aegean Sea. The Romans obtained most of their silver from Spain, but during the Middle Ages these supplies dwindled and silver increased in value.

Silver was so desired by the great in ancient times that even the alchemists tried their hand at producing it. They named it Luna or Diana. Silver is now known to appear bountifully in nature. It is virtually everywhere, even in sea water. Because gold is almost always found in association with silver, bimetallicists might claim for an argument in behalf of their cause that God created a bimetallic standard.

No wonder the alchemists were tempted to experiment with the production of silver. It is the whitest and one of the most attractive of metals. Indeed, it is almost moon-white, suggesting their name, Luna. In addition to its beauty, silver has great resistance to oxidation and is by far the best conductor of heat and electricity, about which more will be said later.

It is obvious from this brief summary of silver's early history that it was regarded as a precious metal because of its scarcity. The discovery of America somewhat changed the situation. As the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* puts it, amusingly in the light of subsequent developments, "the scarcity came to an end

with the discovery of America, which has given the rest of the world a large and ever increasing supply of silver.”

Specie was scarce in colonial America, and paper money abundant. The British government used colonial trade to stimulate exports of British goods, and few were the pieces of metallic currency which got into the hands of the colonists. The popular assemblies of the colonies kept the presses busy turning out paper currency backed by virtually nothing but good will, and in the end, just before the Revolution, Grenville stopped the issuance of paper money by the colonies. Thus, when the patriots had asserted their rights in the Declaration of Independence, there was but one way to finance the War of Independence — paper money. Between 1775 and 1779, the Congress issued about \$240,000,000 of bills to be redeemed by the states. Together with the issues of the states, there were in all more than \$450,000,000 of such pieces of paper in circulation. In addition, Congress received aid from the states in the form of \$55,000,000 of inflated currency based on a small amount of specie.

Charles A. Beard says in his *The Rise of American Civilisation* that the war would have been over in short order “if the lawyers in the Continental Congress had been as adept in providing money, raising armies, collecting supplies, and directing the course of the Revolution as in drafting state papers.”

In view of the situation, it was to be expected that the first coinage law, passed in 1792, should have provided for coinage of both gold and silver, and adopted the double standard (bimetallic standard). Here, at the very outset of the history of the republic, was demonstrated the fallacy of the double standard. Because of the market fluctuations in the price of silver the established ratio of fifteen to one was so out of line with actual value that by



1812 gold had practically disappeared from circulation. In other words, it showed that a currency cannot be pegged to two sets of values, especially when one of them, as in the case of silver, has such historically bad habits of instability. In 1834, hoping to remedy the situation, the ratio was changed to sixteen to one, but not long thereafter the discovery of gold fields in the West flooded the country with the more precious metal, completely destroying the relationship. This time it was gold which went wild. The result was that in 1853 the double standard was virtually abandoned.

There were other periodic experiences with use of gold and silver, but usually with the result that the more costly of the two metals was hoarded. Because of the grabbing up of gold, it was necessary in 1894 and 1895 to issue bonds to keep the gold reserve intact, and in 1893 the purchasing of silver ceased. This provided the setting for the significant campaign of 1896, during which Mr. Bryan made his famous "cross of gold" speech.

The campaign was significant because it brought out the arguments on both sides of the silver issue in all their best plumage. Silver may never again have a spokesman as able as Mr. Bryan. He made it definitely a class issue. It was the farmers of the south and west against the business men, bankers, and industrialists of the east. The bankers, he said, wanted a gold standard because they were assured of starving the farmers by oppressing them with payment of debts in gold or its equivalent. The farmers, on the other hand, were entitled to a more flexible medium, he implored, a medium like silver which might depreciate in terms of gold and enable them to pay more with less. He gilded the argument — reduced it to terms of women and children and the Spirit of '76 — but it amounted to that in substance.

In that campaign and with the arguments of Mr. Bryan appeared one of the two important points raised traditionally by the bimetallists who, in fact, are also inflationists. The other point, of which discussion will be had later, is the need of American silver producers for a market. From the beginning of the Republic the farmer, probably the best representative of the debtor class, has clamored for money which will buy more. The fallacy of this inflationist contention is that money under a given currency system really has but one value — the highest value, so far as the creditor is concerned. Even when, as in the past, Congress has made paper money backed by silver a legal tender for debts, it was the gold that everyone wanted. When there was no gold they might take what they could get. In the eyes of the creditor the debt was payable only in gold; in the eyes of the debtor it was payable only in silver. This sort of thing gets nowhere, as earlier Administrations soon found. So in 1900 Congress put the United States definitely on a gold standard. Thenceforth all currency was valued in terms of gold, the changing price of silver having no effect upon it.

When gold has a bad time of it, the silverites shout loudest. Gold, along with everything else of value, went scurrying in the panic which followed the "prosperity" in 1929. The silver interests yelled so loud (and their votes were so many) that in the end, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President who was to get the country out of the depression, weakened before their onslaught and approved the Thomas amendment, a subsidy for domestic silver producers. That was in 1933 when things looked worst. Almost anybody could get a government subsidy then. In the following year, the so-called Silver Bloc in Congress succeeded in winning approval for the Silver Purchase Act, which was an inflationary measure de-



## *CROSS OF SILVER*

signed to improve the status of silver throughout the world. It was, in fact, the great grandchild of William Jennings Bryan, whose ghost stalked the capitol on the day it was passed. Mr. Bryan, however, probably would have gone even farther.

The Administration, requiring no sage to point out the dangers of such legislation, offered vigorous opposition for awhile. Its spokesmen showed clearly that speculators were due to reap a rich harvest; that it would help foreign interests to the detriment of the citizens of the United States; and that full use of its inflationary provisions might ruin the domestic currency system. These were sound arguments and, thanks be to Heaven, there seem to be a few influential members of the Administration who still subscribe to them. However, politics won in the end. In view of some of the subsequent contrary actions of the legislators whose votes were theoretically bought through approval of the bill, some observers are wondering whether the Administration got its money's worth. Certainly the taxpayers never did!

The Thomas amendment to the Farm Relief Act of 1933 gave the President power to fix the price of newly mined domestic silver and authorized the Treasury to buy it at that price. The first price fixed was 64.64 cents per ounce, but later, due to the gyrations of silver prices under the influence of the Silver Purchase Act, it became necessary to raise the domestic price to 77.57 cents. In a proclamation on December 31, 1937, the President returned the price to 64.64 cents, which is one-half of the monetary price of \$1.29 per ounce. The Gold Reserve Act of 1934 amended the Thomas amendment in such a way as to raise the question whether or not the President had the power to fix the price of the white metal after June 30, 1939. If the language of the amendment is so



interpreted, the expiration of these powers may provide the opportunity for ending the subsidy to domestic producers.

The Silver Purchase Act declared it to be the policy of the United States that the proportion of silver to gold in the monetary stocks should be increased, with the ultimate objective of having and maintaining one-fourth of the monetary value of such stocks in silver.

To carry out this policy the Treasury was authorized to purchase silver at home or abroad, with certain discretionary powers, whenever the proportion of silver is less than one-fourth of the monetary value of the total stocks. The purchases also were to be halted in the event the price of silver reached the monetary value of \$1.29 — an absurdity in this day and age.

Up to December 31, 1937, the Treasury had purchased 191,498,800 ounces of newly mined domestic silver under the Thomas amendment, and 1,180,253,400 ounces of foreign silver under the Silver Purchase Act. In addition, 113,028,500 ounces of old domestic silver was bought at fifty cents an ounce under the President's Silver Nationalization Proclamation of August 9, 1934.

In all this, silver has cost the Treasury something like \$730,000,000 as of the first of the year. For unneeded and unwanted silver this is rather a fancy price. Based on year-end gold stocks of \$12,760,000,000, additional silver in the amount of 1,113,000,000 ounces would have to be bought to fulfil the objectives of the Silver Purchase Act!

The one redeeming feature of the Administration's handling of the authority vested by the silver legislation of 1933 and 1934 is the fact that Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., has not chosen to employ the full inflationary effect of the laws. Even at that, the Treasury's money transactions have a taste of the utility

valuation "write-ups" which Mr. Roosevelt has deplored at such great length.

Since the monetary value of silver is fixed by law at \$1.29 per ounce, the Treasury could issue money to that amount for each ounce of silver it purchases. The difference between the sum paid by the Treasury for silver and the amount of its monetary value, quite a span in the case of foreign silver which has been bought for around forty-three cents per ounce, is called seigniorage or, in the layman's language, "book profit."

In the case of domestic silver the Treasury has been carrying on its statements as "receipts" the seigniorage on the domestic silver purchases, a tidy sum, but nothing compared to what the book profit on the foreign purchases comes to. In the case of the foreign silver purchases under the Silver Purchase Act the Treasury has not used the full amount of the monetary value for currency purposes, although it has the power to issue money against each ounce to the full extent of \$1.29. Thus, by an act of discretion, the Secretary of Treasury has kept millions of dollars of inflationary currency out of the credit system.

To individual citizens hard put for funds, it would be a simple solution to put one dollar down in the bank book for each fifty cents possessed. Simple but unlawful. However, that is what the Treasury has the power to do with the silver bought from domestic producers. In the case of the foreign silver at the forty-three cent price, the book profit amounts roughly to eighty-six cents, and on 1,180,000,000 ounces the seigniorage would come to more than \$150,000,000!

Under the Thomas amendment and the Silver Purchase Act the Treasury has been paying the domestic silver producer a bounty of from twenty-one cents to more than thirty cents an ounce for silver, owing to the dis-

crepancy between the two prices which the Treasury has maintained for the two classes of silver it buys. This may be very lovely for the silver mining interests, but it should prove disturbing to the rest of the population who pay the bill. To say the least it is a preferential bounty — the favoring of one small element in the country to the detriment of all others.

The silver producers are just as much aware of this situation as their critics, and they have had the foresight to take steps to put their own house in order. Mr. Roosevelt overlooked this group of business men in his speeches admonishing industrial groups to be more self-sufficient. They are not only planning for the inevitable day when there will be no more Federal bounty for domestic silver, but a few of them seem actually to desire a hastening of that day so that silver might, for once, stand on its own feet.

They reason this way. Silver is one of the most useful metals, industrially. If its price could find its own level this use would be encouraged. If the industry, in the meantime, can discover new industrial uses for silver, all the better.

Lawrence Addicks, adviser to one of the large mining companies, addressed the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America in January, 1936, on this point, saying that there was no excuse for the fixed idea that silver was too expensive for widespread industrial use. He said:

I always think of the experience that the paleontologists had a good many years ago when they put their first fossils together. They had the preconceived idea that they were dealing with something of the nature of a rhinoceros, and so they hunted around for a horn. They mounted it in an appropriate place when they found it. Four or five years later, when they knew a lot more about their subject, they discovered it was more like a



turtle, and what they had selected for the horn was really the thumb. During those five years, that skeleton had been looking down at them with its thumb in its nose.

And so, the producers are discovering, silver was in effect having the laugh on industry and producers during all the years it was shelved. In 1934 the producers, uniting their resources, put two fellows at work in the National Bureau of Standards to find out just what was known about industrial uses of silver, and where the prospects lay. On the basis of their report, the producers inaugurated the American Silver Producers' Research project last year, and in March of this year decided to carry it on for another twelve months. The fifteen fellowships established in 1937 produced some hopeful results, and with another year to go the scientists may find in the end that silver offers the way to get millions back to work. In fact, this kind of research to expand industrial employment through discoveries of new ways of serving humanity offers one of the sure long-range methods of attacking the country's economic woes, a fact which is recognized in H.R. 7643, a bill providing for Federal subsidies for research as a step to recovery.

A strange thing about the silver mining industry in the United States, in view of the proportions of the clamor raised by the Silver Bloc, is that sixty per cent of the nation's silver production comes as a by-product. Mines producing silver exclusively are few and far between. In fact, it is a scientific actuality that silver rarely appears in its native state. The greatest part of the world's silver is not obtained from silver minerals but from lead, copper, and zinc ores in which it is an "accidental constituent." Therefore, the domestic silver subsidy provided by the Treasury pays for a by-product in the main, and silver mined in silver mines only incidentally.

When the price of silver drops to a certain level, say twenty-five cents, it no longer pays the people who mine silver exclusively to continue operations. Thus, when the silver subsidy ends it is very likely that one of the first things to happen will be a closing of the silver mines. The producers backing the research project, all being by-product producers, are hopeful that the industrial demand resulting from their research will consume the by-product silver now produced. They are not worrying, apparently, about the few who mine silver exclusively. And it is no doubt reasonable that mines dependent upon a government subsidy for their existence should be closed. If and when the industrial demand becomes sufficient, they can reopen.

To summarize briefly in conclusion, the American by-product silver producers are demonstrating that they can work out their own destiny. Should the domestic subsidy's possible ending in 1939 be accompanied by repeal or amendment of the Silver Purchase Act, silver will then be able to go it alone. There will most certainly be some price fluctuations at first. If the Treasury should dump its silver reserves on the market there might even be disaster. But assuming a reasonable termination of the present silver buying mania, there is every reason to believe that a stable price would eventuate. Even should it fluctuate more than under the New Deal silver program, at least the uncertainty of what the Treasury might do next would be removed. And that uncertainty plays havoc with silver all around the world.

From the international point of view the Silver Purchase Act completely failed in its objectives of encouraging the monetary use of silver abroad and stabilizing world silver prices. True, the Treasury's foreign buying price kept on an even keel for some time after the first

flurries occurred, but only at the expense of driving China from silver, the only large nation remaining on the silver standard, and causing monetary chaos at other points, notably in Mexico which had to demonatize her silver.

As the world situation now stands, the United States and India are the great consumers of silver for monetary purposes. The natives of India have a strange fascination for silver. They hoard it when it is cheap. They sell it when it is dear. It is a mere matter of profit incentive. But the United States alone keeps that interest alive. There would seem to be no particular reason why the citizens of the United States should amuse themselves at such a costly pastime as encouraging the silver speculation of the Indians. The little silver we need for currency purposes we already have. At least, thanks to the crazy buying policy, we have enough for that for many years to come without buying more. Buying silver for currency-needs a century or half century from now may be thrift, but to the man on the street, who votes and pays the bill, it sounds like insanity.



## Iberian Poems

ARCHER MILTON HUNTINGTON

### GRAVES OF ITALICA

Those months we opened sixty graves,  
Blowing the Roman dust away,  
To gather fragments that had held  
Loved memories of a faded day.

There lay the ring upon her breast,  
Just where her faded hands had crossed,  
The golden presence of her soul —  
But not the gold of earth — was lost.

Time had been kind to leave her there,  
Wrapped in the love of other dead,  
But we, less generous, could take  
The last poor shelter from her head.

## HANNIBAL

Out of the press of the dead,  
From the battle he came;  
He called upon her name,  
The goddess in red.

The goddess of wind-blown hair,  
On her golden throne,  
Sitteth alone  
On her throne of despair.

She taketh in her hand  
A cup of desert sand.  
"You have fought," she said,  
"You have bled;  
Now, men shall tell your story;  
Drink this, it is Glory."

## ROCINANTE

When truth outwears, and withered fact grows cold,  
When knowledge stales with plundered wisdom's gold,  
Come gather in the garden of delight  
And journey with the mock Manchegan Knight.  
Here, in a curtained pleasance of the mind,  
The sumptuous cenotaph to honor find  
Raised by the god of laughter; he who hears  
May scarce discern his merriment for tears.

Can truth or history such beauty keep  
As vast reality of visions deep?  
Shall deeds of Caesar or Napoleon ring  
More true than Don Quixote's vaporings?  
Hath winged Pegasus more nobly trod  
Than Rocinante stumbling up to God?



## GODOY

He wore the cloak of grandeur. It was bright  
With stolen promises and colors thin,  
But now and then the wind — the wind of night —  
Raised it and showed the broken thing within.

Somewhere perchance upon a lonely sea  
The island of lost honors lies forgot,  
Where like dead flowers scattered on the lea  
They lie and rot.

The lonely honors that were pinned in pride  
Upon achievement, still like flowers gleam;  
The sands will hide them where they slowly died  
Along time's stream.

Beneath the moon their spirits surely rise  
To chant a prayer to memory that fled,  
Wailing to be remembered, those sad eyes  
Gaze on the dunes that slowly hide the dead.

## EUSKALERRIA

These are the Basques.  
Born in the deep valleys of time  
They come  
Wrapped in the cloak of immemorial mystery,  
Speaking the fierce tongue  
Of these threatening hills,  
Cadenced to stormy waters,  
Sharp as the daggers of winter.  
Like a woven garment of mail  
They are draped across the mountains,  
In France and Spain — but ever they are Basques.

They know not fatigue,  
And their laughter  
Is like the murmur of waters  
Under blue crackling ice of the mountains.

Roland they knew  
And sang to him with steel.  
They heard his echoing olifant and laughed,  
And Charlemagne could not save him.  
These are the Basques.

Strong are the Basques,  
Wine they love and brave women  
And the surges of the seven seas.  
On the bottoms of the deathless oceans  
Lie the bodies of Basques,  
Still listening in the cloak of waters  
To the beloved overdrifting storms,  
Sailors who loved the desperate waves  
Because their hearts were seas of passion.  
Strong are the Basques.



## THE TALL MEN OF NAVARRA

Have you seen the tall men of Navarra?  
With their headbands and *alpargatas*,  
With their great woven shawls,  
And their broad red sashes,  
And the grim *navajas* stuck from edge to edge,  
And their straight, hard mouths of mountaineers?

Through each of their high valleys flows a stream,  
A stream which sings of war and desperate deeds,  
How often have those streams sung of battle!  
How often have they lost the blue cold color  
Of pure minstrel waters of the hills!  
How often in their murmur ran the sob  
That only blood can give — the blood of battles!

From the mountains of Urbasa and the high places of  
Andia,  
Down into the plain of turreted Murillo,  
From Huesca to Guipuzcoa,  
From Ebro to Velate's portal,  
Walk the tall men of Navarra,  
Bearing the stately honors of defenders,  
Decked with the legends of little wars  
And stained with the grime of tortured days,  
The tall men of Navarra!

## MUSICA EN LA IGLESIA

The splendid song in the high, carved *coro*  
Rose as a storm in tree-tops.  
Yet the boy slept.  
He did not hear the ancient words,  
Carven of usage, painted in passionate faith.

From its fretted niche,  
Out of the silleria's shadows dim,  
Polished by the hands of faded centuries,  
The little saint came slowly walking down  
A silver sunbeam.

He turned and smiled.  
The boy rose up and followed, and they passed  
Into the street ablaze of southern sun.  
Nor any noticed.  
And the thunderous voice of the *coro*  
Sang of death.

## Radio's Music

PHILIP KERBY

WHEN Henry Lee Higginson and his associates founded the Boston Symphony years ago they did so with the announced intention of establishing a permanent organization of musicians, picked from the finest orchestras in the world, whose performances of the works of great masters and contemporary composers would raise the standards of musical appreciation in this country. Although Boston was always considered the hub of this orchestra's activities, several trips to nearby cities were made throughout the season. Gradually Boston Symphony Hall took on the aspects of a shrine, not only in the eyes of the Boston Brahmins but also for all visitors.

Through the years the original purpose of the founders was being realized, though slowly, but on the day that radio cast off its swaddling clothes and openly announced that the performances of the Boston Symphony would be broadcast this original purpose was vastly accelerated. The first concert broadcast in 1927 over coast-to-coast networks was a success. Even Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, the taciturn conductor, was amazed at the overwhelming response. Any shouts of "sacrilege!" voiced by the inhabitants of Beacon Street and Louisburg Square were drowned out by the thump of mail sacks bringing praise.

Although other concerts by orchestras here and abroad had been previously broadcast, nevertheless the performance of Dr. Koussevitzky's men carried something over the air waves besides balanced symphony. That "something" was approval of the medium. Radio offered new kingdoms of musical riches for the multitude.

In the same year, 1927, the Radio Corporation of



America instituted a weekly broadcast of music appreciation, designed for a juvenile audience. Dr. Walter Damrosch, who had relinquished his baton after more than forty years as conductor of the New York Symphony, was persuaded to forego his retirement to direct this program. During the past eleven years its audience has increased seven times and today has a weekly enrollment of seven million pupils and is required curricula in over seventy thousand schools and colleges. According to recent surveys there are approximately another four million adults that tune in on these music appreciation hours.

First, simple melodies are played which later are interpolated as themes from some of the greatest symphonies. It suddenly becomes a game in the mind of the youthful listener, who acquires his three musical B's — Bach, Beethoven and Brahms — with much greater ease than the three R's. Desire to imitate sounds coming over the air accounts for the child's sudden interest in picking out the opening bars of the Chorale of Beethoven's Ninth on the family piano . . . when wild horses could not have dragged him to practise his five finger exercises.

The effectiveness of this and other similar programs has undoubtedly had a cumulative influence over the music appreciation habits of the nation during the past decade. For certainly the attitude of the public toward the standard classics has undergone a complete turn-around, and the blatant jazz of 1920 is laughable today. If you do not believe it, find some friend who collects old phonograph records and get him to play over some of the favorites of ten years ago. The listening public gradually tired of the monotony of the repetitive old jazz forms, and the present popular music style, as exemplified by the compositions of George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Vincent Youmans, has educated the ear to increasingly so-

phisticated harmonic structures. Whatever you may think of swing, Benny Goodman has brought to popular music a virtuosity on the clarinet which many symphonic instrumentalists envy. Classical musicians will also tell you that Tommy Dorsey's tone on the trombone knows no peer either in symphony or jazz. Ross Gorman's clarinet glissando in the opening bars of a *Rhapsody in Blue* was a technical feat never heard in the realm of concert music.

In addition, it must be remembered, both radio transmission and reception have been made more exact during the past twelve years. Normal hearing of the average adult extends from about sixteen cycles to about seventeen thousand, although the acuity of some persons extends as high as twenty-one thousand cycles. In 1926-27 the majority of radio stations could only transmit from approximately one hundred to five thousand cycles, and commercial radio sets could receive approximately from one hundred and fifty to three thousand cycles. Today large broadcasting stations transmit from approximately thirty to eight thousand cycles and sets receive from approximately fifty to six thousand cycles. With middle C on the piano at one hundred and twenty-eight cycles it will be noted that broadcasting both upper and lower registers has been improved — transmission keeping ahead of reception, as it should.

Because of the radio grand opera is no longer the prerogative of the wealthy intelligentsia. It takes its place in strict competition for favor along with the latest "torch" song.

The broadcasting of opera was not insurmountable in spite of the mechanical difficulties of correlating actions across a vast stage and picking up the voice with the same clarity from many different locations. But if an operatic performance were to be broadcast from the War Memo-

rial Opera House in San Francisco, the Civic Opera in Chicago, or the Metropolitan in New York, how could it be done without distracting the attention of the audience, or more important still, the singers?

Back in 1930 a small group of engineers and sound technicians set about making experiments with the Civic Opera. First only the arias were attempted, later whole acts and finally the complete opera. These experiments were not heard on the air but were piped to the central control room where another group of broadcasting officials sat in solemn judgment. With each succeeding month the performances became better, but in the opinion of a jury of musicians they were by no means adequate to be broadcast over a network. In the end special equipment had to be invented.

The new microphones and faders were in advance of equipment that had been tried before, so in the fall of 1931, immediately after the opening of the opera season Mr. Gatti-Casazza, impresario of New York's Metropolitan, was approached for permission to broadcast. At first he turned a deaf ear to all pleas, feeling that the public would get a wrong impression if the transmission were faulty. The new inventions were explained at length. In the spirit of "having done with this nonsense once and for all," he agreed to listen to a test. He selected Puccini's *Butterfly* which was to be given three days hence, and turned over Box 44 of the Grand Tier for the installation of sound and control equipment.

For three days and nights the engineers and sound technicians worked with only brief snatches of sleep. Microphones were concealed in the footlights near the prompter's box, high up in the flies out of sight of the audience, or swung on cables from below the proscenium. A direct telephone wire connected the opera box with



the Board of Directors' room of the broadcasting company a mile and a half away. There sat Mr. Gatti and several conductors of the Metropolitan staff. Instead of a bell, a small light flashed on and off in the opera box to summon the program director, the control man or the commentator to the telephone.

The house lights dimmed as the first strains of Puccini's overture were taken up by the strings. With head-phones glued tightly to his ears the sound mixing engineer began his task of piping the opera to the jury. Three times during the course of the afternoon the little tell-tale light flashed. "More voice and less orchestra" was the command. Delicate needles on the control panel fluttered back and forth as dials were turned and adjusted, as the voices of the singers were picked first from one microphone and then from another, and finally during a choral ensemble from all microphones together. The house lights went up and the audience dispersed.

There was no word from the Board of Directors' room. The technicians and engineers in Box 44 believed they had failed. Only once during the long last act had the light flashed, and the request was for "still more voice, please." Off came the head-phones. Tired hands began slowly to pack up equipment. Suddenly the tell-tale light flashed. "Mr. Gatti is enthusiastic over test. Grants permission for regular weekly broadcasts. Congratulations to everybody!"

The first historic broadcast over a nationwide network occurred on Christmas Day 1931. Very appropriately the opera was *Haensel und Gretel*. It is one thing to describe the simple action of an old German folk tale over the air and something quite different to interpret grand opera to an audience of millions. Humperdinck's delightful fairy tale won many new friends judging from the thousands upon

thousands of letters received by the Metropolitan, the broadcasting company and the singers themselves.

Recent independent surveys have indicated that the Saturday matinee air audience may run as high as twelve million listeners, particularly for such old favorites as *Il Trovatore*, *Tosca*, *Manon*, *La Bohème*, and *Butterfly*. Seven hundred known listening groups have sprung up all over the country. Last year these opera broadcasts were transmitted for the first time by short wave to South America, Europe and Asia. The additional response was immediate. Radiograms poured in from the Antipodes and Australia while the opera was still in progress. From her home in Oslo, Mme. Flagstad's mother hears the distinguished Kirsten. A special commentator in Spanish was requested for the South American audience.

The Metropolitan Opera Guild took over the task of supplying additional information by mail to the many hundreds of inquiries that were received. They came from groups of miners in Wilkes-Barre, cowpunchers listening in the Buffalo Bill museum at Cody, Wyoming, trappers in the Canadian wilds and apple growers along the Columbia river. Before long the task became too large for any single agency to handle, so, on Thursdays, a supplementary program of fifteen minutes was broadcast. This included a brief biography of the composer, the story of the opera itself, and a few outstanding historical facts about previous performances and stars who had sung the roles before. A recent survey of listeners brought opera within the first ten popular radio programs.

The year of 1930 saw the beginning of another important series of broadcasts. Two years after the merger of the Philharmonic Orchestra with the Symphony Society the Columbia Broadcasting System announced that twenty-seven concerts conducted by Arturo Tos-

canini, Erich Kleiber and Bernardino Molinari would be broadcast throughout the United States over fifty-two stations, thus bringing Carnegie Hall into the living rooms of the nation. For several seasons the Philharmonic Symphony Society has been heard over the stations of the combined Columbia and Canadian networks. The listening audience has increased beyond estimate.

Since frequent hearing of music seems to create in each of us a desire to perform, it devolved upon the radio companies to instigate three other types of program. One, to encourage amateur musicians by their hearing other amateurs play favorite instruments over the air; two, actually to teach simple melodies in order that the listeners might be encouraged to pursue their studies further under private teachers; and three, to unite these musical neophytes in groups for the additional pleasure of ensemble playing.

How to teach instrument playing by means of the radio was a problem presented some three years ago to Dr. Joseph Maddy of the music department of the University of Michigan. Dr. Maddy had won an unusual reputation for music methodology. His crusade for more and better music in the public schools of America had brought him into the forefront of academic musical discussion, particularly in the deliberations of the National Music Educators Conference. He spent the greater part of a year working out a series of weekly radio programs at the National Music Camp which was established under his auspices at Interlochen, Michigan.

This program went on the air under the title of *Dr. Maddy's Band Lessons*. In it he advocated the formation of bands by all public schools, bands for villages and bands for towns. Books containing simple exercises and explaining the purpose of each particular instrument in ensemble



playing were prepared by Dr. Maddy and sold over the network at cost. Using the instruments in the radio broadcasting studio to indicate good tonal production and to sound the correct notes for simple themes, Dr. Maddy gave instruction to hundreds of individuals and student classes throughout the country. A letter from a salesman in the Midlands stated that the writer was frequently forced to travel long distances between towns in his car. When the program was announced on his radio he would pull up alongside the road, close the windows in his car, stick the instruction book on the steering wheel, unlimber his trombone from its case and "toot for dear life in tune with Dr. Maddy!" Recently more instruments have been included, simple voice exercises added and the program now goes under the title of *Fun in Music*.

The third step in musical education was called the *Home Symphony Programme*. Its purpose is to unite amateur musicians in ensemble playing. Under the able direction of Ernest La Prade, for many years a member of the string section of the New York Philharmonic, musically inclined neighbors gather and play with the radio orchestra. Sometimes the programs include movements of the best known symphonies; other times one of the shorter symphonies in its entirety; and again practise hours for the more difficult passages which are correctly played and explained by Mr. La Prade, who acts in the dual capacity of orchestra leader and teacher.

*Youth and American Music* is the title of a program which has presented some of the outstanding choruses, college glee clubs and choirs. It is directed primarily to the youth of the nation to encourage more vocal music in secondary schools and colleges. Frequent elimination contests are held between competing choral societies for the distinction and honor of broadcasting over a coast-to-coast

network. Among the best known professional choirs which have sung over the air are: The Westminster Choir; The Gothic Choristers; Choirs of the Tuskegee and Hampton Institutes; the Amphion Male Chorus; Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir; Wiener Saenger Knaben; St. Olaf's Choir; Schola Cantorum; the Russian Cathedral Choir; the Oratorio Society of New York.

During the past decade the picture has changed completely with regard to public concerts by individual artists and symphony orchestras, largely due to radio's influence in popularizing the finer art forms of music. Today the public wishes both to see and hear in person the artist heard on the air waves and will spend approximately twelve million dollars at the box office for the privilege. Of this amount New York's share is about two million dollars. These totals are computed from bookings made by local concert managers in all parts of the country. The increase in individual concerts and recitals by artists is partly due to subscription courses. This course system increases the number of artists engaged by the various cities during the season. There has been also an increase of ten per cent in the number of cities operating on the civic concert basis. These cities range in size from Long View, Texas, with 5,000 population to St. Louis with 821,000. The largest civic audience is boasted by Worcester, Massachusetts, which has a permanent audience of 3,900 and more than 2,000 on its waiting list. Twenty-five new cities have organized the civic concert courses this year, the largest number of additions since the Civic Concert Service was organized fifteen years ago.

Worcester's course which costs \$16,350 is the most ambitious, with St. Louis coming second with a \$10,500 course. Winston-Salem and Jamestown are spending sixty per cent more than last season. Wichita Falls is

increasing its talent by fifty per cent; Pawtucket by forty-seven per cent, and Memphis by forty per cent.

There has been a great demand for concert artists to supplement their regular recital engagements by added radio appearances. One concert singer's radio earnings have totalled \$44,350 in the past twelve months and five others have broadcasting fees running into five figures. Eighteen have more than doubled their income by appearing before the microphone.

Kirsten Flagstad made six appearances during the 1936-37 concert season; Gladys Swarthout, sixteen; Lauritz Melchior, nine; Marion Talley, forty-seven; Mischa Levitzki, five; Efrem Zimbalist, eight; Elisabeth Rethberg, four; Ezio Pinza, five; Mario Chamlee, four; with two or more appearances for Martinelli, Queena Mario, Marion Anderson, the Vienna Choir Boys, Marjorie Lawrence, Henri Deering and single appearances by a large number of others.

Ten years ago Edgar's *Salut d'Amour* and Chopin's E-Flat Nocturne meant classical music to the public. The story is different today. The radio has acquainted millions of listeners with the works of Beethoven and Bach. The concert audience is demanding whole programs devoted exclusively to the works of a single master — a step forward in the maturity of American music lovers, which concert managers can only explain by the fact that radio broadcasting has elevated public taste.

Today radio is offering tangible inspiration to the young composer, not only by playing his original work before a vast audience but also by substantial money awards in competitions and commissions. In 1931 NBC held a contest for original orchestral compositions. Ten thousand dollars in prizes were won by Philip James, Max Wald, Carl Eppert, Florence Galajikian and Nikolai



Berezowsky. In 1936 the Columbia Broadcasting System asked a non-partisan committee to pick six distinguished American composers to write original compositions for radio. Those selected were Aaron Copeland, Howard Hanson, Roy Harris, Walter Piston, William Grant Still and Louis Gruenberg, whose original radio opera, *Green Mansions*, was played over the air for the first time in October 1937. A second commission of six composers was picked by CBS in 1937 and included Quincy Porter, Robert Russell Bennett, Leo Sowerby, Jerome Moross, R. Nathaniel Dett and Vittorio Giannini. The first five have been placed at liberty to write any form they please, but Mr. Giannini is to write a practical radio opera to be produced within a half-hour broadcast. Likewise in 1937 NBC commissioned the young Gian Carlo Menotti to compose an opera of an hour's duration.

Judged solely by the initial outlay, radio advertising is the most expensive form there is. No manufacturer is going to sanction such an outlay, even though he reach the largest possible potential audience, unless he receives immediate tangible proof of its worth. The commercial advertiser, per se, is not in the business of educating public taste. He builds a program with the sole object of entertaining the type of person who should be interested in, and can afford to buy his product. If, for example, you were interested in selling more motor cars, cigarettes or paint, which would you use, the latest "blues" singer, or a symphony orchestra? In the main advertisers voted for "blues," until Henry Ford came along.

His quixotic nature has been widely publicized but there is no better example of his paradoxical generalship than the Ford Hour. At the height of the depression he purchased one hour of radio time on Sunday evening on a coast-to-coast network. Instead of using this expensive

time to reap immediate benefits, the hour was filled with excellent music played by an enlarged Detroit symphony. Each year Ford Hour has become increasingly popular. The Cooperative Association of Broadcasters gave it a rating of 12 this last season, which is the highest rating on the air today for classical and semi-classical music. The total cost of the Ford Hour is over one million per year. Mr. Ford must believe that good music pays in cash dividends of increased sales.

The General Motors Symphony was a close runner-up with a rating of 10.3. But not only motor cars are sold through the influence of good music, to the tune of over \$2,000,000. Chesterfield cigarettes employs an orchestra and guest stars from the Metropolitan. Sherwin-Williams Paint Company broadcasts weekly auditions for aspirants for the Metropolitan Opera company. A group of American banks sponsors a weekly series by the Philadelphia symphony orchestra. A cold cream manufacturer and a proprietary medicine have engaged opera stars to sing semi-classical arias over the air. In other words the taste of the American public has improved so during the last ten years that business men, looking for profit, seek the ally of great music.

Are symphony concerts as popular as jazz?

Not until the magazine *Fortune* included the name of Toscanini in the January quarterly survey was it possible to determine with any degree of accuracy what the listeners' opinions were. The following results are quoted with permission of the publishers of *Fortune* in answer to the question "What kind of music do you prefer?"

Popular	42.5%
Classical	21.5%
Both	31.3%
Neither	4.7%

Have you ever heard of Arturo Toscanini?

Yes 39.9

No 40.1

Of those who said that they had heard of Toscanini, seventy-one per cent identified him correctly as a symphony leader. Briefly these figures mean that more than one half of the people in the United States like to listen to classical music and more than one fourth can identify Toscanini. *Fortune* finds that 88.1 per cent of all United States homes including more than half the Negro homes have radios. It is safe to say that though half the United States likes classical music most people do not like it to the exclusion of the other kind. Its chief popularity is to be found among the well-to-do and on the eastern and western coast and in cities of over one million population. The finding was amply checked by a direct question, "Do you like to listen to classical music on the radio, such as the Ford Hour or the Metropolitan Opera?" The answer was "yes, 62.5 per cent. No, 37.5 per cent." No less than 42.7 per cent of the people would like to hear more music of any kind on the radio, 34 per cent think there is just enough, 13.7 per cent would like more of some kinds, less of others, and 3.2 per cent don't know.

When sufficient time has elapsed to obtain a proper perspective someone will write a comprehensive treatise on the difficulties attendant upon forming a new symphony orchestra. Negotiations leading up to Toscanini's change of heart to return to America after his "very final" farewell concert with the New York Philharmonic have been repeatedly told. Samuel Chotzinoff, celebrated music critic and an old friend of Toscanini, was sent to Italy by David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC, to induce the Maestro to return to this country. At first Toscanini refused to consider such a proposal. The re-



markable opportunity, however, of playing for a world audience touched his sympathy and he finally consented to come for only ten concerts at the reputed figure of four thousand dollars a concert, with income tax paid by the company. After his arrival he was prevailed upon to give an eleventh concert.

Actual selection of the personnel was completed late in the summer from a list of over seven hundred applicants and the first rehearsals began. Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the Cleveland Symphony was selected by Maestro Toscanini as drillmaster for this new organization. Musicians agree that two factors are necessary to produce a truly great orchestra. First, individual musicians who are artists in their profession and second, complete coordination under fine conductors. In the formation of this newest symphony, both requisites were produced. After the men were rehearsed several times weekly for two months, preliminary concerts were played over the air, under Rodzinski's direction and also under the leadership of Pierre Monteux.

Toscanini arrived about two weeks before Christmas. Rehearsals were held behind locked doors, and daily the press was fed with little romantic details to whet the appetite for a Toscanini première. Iconoclasts prophesied a let-down. No conductor unless perhaps the immortal Franz Liszt himself could ever hope to equal the public's anticipation. The iconoclasts, however, were wrong.

Musical history was made on Christmas night 1937 when Toscanini stepped to the podium of the largest studio in Radio City and raised his white baton to conduct the first full-sized, permanent, radio symphony orchestra. Although larger symphony orchestras have broadcast from Radio City, notably the four-hundred-piece orchestra that played in 1933 under Arthur Bodan-

sky, Dr. Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter and Fritz Reiner when NBC held open house in its new home, no orchestra ever played to a greater audience. In addition to being transmitted over both NBC combined networks it was also sent by short wave to Europe, South America, Asia and the Antipodes.

On that opening night Toscanini drew forth music from ninety-five virtuosi that made all other symphony playing pale by comparison. Under his inspired guidance every man played better than he knew how. It was an emotional experience seldom equaled in a lifetime. As the final crescendo of the Brahms finale throbbed and died it was followed by an instant of spellbound silence. The studio audience remained motionless, fearing that a breath might shatter the spell. Then pandemonium broke loose. A tired little white haired man turned and bowed, smiled, then bowed again several times. He turned back and motioned the orchestra to rise and accept the tribute with him. Mischa Mischakoff, the concert master, tucked his fifty thousand dollar "Strad" under his arm and said something to the Maestro. Both smiled. Toscanini stepped down from the podium and moved swiftly to the tuning room out of sight.

# My Author's League with Mark Twain

DOROTHY QUICK

When Dorothy Quick was a child of eight long years, she met Samuel Clemens on a boat returning from England where the American writer had gone to receive a degree from Oxford University. Mark Twain's heart went out to her, partially because she had already read and remembered every story he had written. For a few years after this happy meeting, until he died, Mark Twain kept the little girl by his side as much as he could. She stayed with him twice in Tuxedo Park where he had rented a house to rest and write, in New York City, and in Redding, Connecticut. Now Miss Quick has written her memories of this charming companionship. We are publishing her description of the end of one visit to him at Tuxedo, and some of his letters to her after her return. The letters are printed for the first time with the permission of the Mark Twain Company, the estate of Samuel L. Clemens, and Harper and Brothers.

**I** THINK the most outstanding moments of my visit were those I spent, quiet as a mouse, listening to Mr. Clemens dictate. He didn't mind having an audience. In fact, he was so absorbed in what he was doing that half the time he did not know I was there.

I would tiptoe in and sit in the far corner of the room and watch and listen to him. The watching would be equally as fascinating as the listening; in fact more so as I didn't know the connected threads of the story he was weaving and though the patches were interesting and amusing, as any sentence of his was sure to be, the manner in which they were delivered was even more so.

Nothing interfered with the steady flow of his thought. Mr. Clemens would walk up and down the room while he was dictating as though he were talking conversationally rather than creating a story. He would pace



back and forth, his hands behind his back, speaking continuously in his slow drawling way. Often he would say things that the stenographer would think were just funny little by-comments on the story, but which he meant to be in the completed manuscript. Thinking they were Mr. Clemens' personal observations, the stenographer would leave them out of the script.

Later, when he had finished dictating and turned to correcting the typed manuscript of the work of the day before, he would discover this and break out into fiery explosions. His anger would last several minutes and then he would calm down very suddenly and dismiss it entirely from his mind.

He had a very difficult time getting it through his stenographers' heads that *every* word he said must go in the story and that they mustn't do any deleting.

One morning when I had overslept and came down too late for the dictation, I found him out on the round porch correcting his manuscript. He was seated on a wicker chair with the pages on his lap and his ever-ready fountain pen in his hand. I have never seen him with a pencil. He always wrote his corrections on the margins of his manuscript in ink. A fountain pen was as much a part of his life as his cigars were. He always had one or the other in his hand.

This morning, when I saw him sitting there working, I tiptoed away and got my camera and tiptoed back and snapped two photographs of him as he corrected his manuscript.

I took them just in time, too, for he had barely read more than a few lines on a fresh page when he got up and threw the manuscript down on the chair.

"That girl's done it again!" he exclaimed, and would have followed the exclamation with much more ex-

pressive language, only just at that moment he caught sight of me standing in the doorway and "toned it down considerably," as he said later. But he did remark that the stupidity of stenographers was the bane of his life, during a long discourse on the subject in which he worked off a good deal of steam even though he did watch his adjectives.

I've often wondered if this difficulty of making his stenographers understand that nothing he said must go unrecorded was why he took to writing himself, instead of dictating, because after Tuxedo I never heard him dictate. In both New York and Redding he wrote his own stories by hand. . . .

I had had five glorious days at Tuxedo. But at last it came time to go home. The four manuscript boxes which contained the butterflies collected during my visit were carefully tied up; my bags were packed and all my little stories put away to be shown to Mother at the same time I told her the news that Mark Twain had said I was going to be an author some day. The photographs I had taken were safely locked in my best bag as the most precious part of my luggage.

A jigger came puffing to the door and Mr. Clemens and I climbed aboard, followed by his Secretary who was taking me down to New York where Mother was going to meet me. We were quite early arrivals at the station so Mr. Clemens and I sat on one of the long benches to wait for the train.

We were both silent and in a few minutes I believe I should have been crying. I was just on the verge of tears at the idea of parting from my friend when a turtle saved me from making an exhibition of myself. Quite unconscious of being a rescuer, it crawled across the platform directly in front of where we were sitting. Mr.

Clemens spied him first and said, "Now, there comes an addition to your menagerie."

The turtle was captured by him without much difficulty. Then, while paper, string and box were being secured, he picked it up. By this time the turtle had retreated into its shell. Mr. Clemens took out his fountain pen and wrote the date and his own name across his back. On the light tan with green markings, his signature showed plainly. "What are you going to call it?" he asked when he had finished writing.

Only the night before Mr. Clemens had told me how when he was in the publishing business he had brought out General Grant's book and made a tremendous sum of money for Mrs. Grant. He had enlarged on what a wonderful man the General was; how, while literally dying of a painful affliction, he had held on to life by sheer will power long enough to finish the book of his memoirs so that there would be a nest egg to secure the future of his family. "I admired his spunk, his stick-to-itiveness in the face of such terrible odds more than anything I've ever come across," he had said. It was all very fresh in my mind so I gave the turtle the first name that came into my head.

"I'm going to call it General Grant."

"Now, there's a good name!" Mr. Clemens exclaimed.

By this time the box had arrived. We punched it full of air holes and deposited General Grant within, and then wrapped him up — one more package to go down to New York.

General Grant didn't stay with me long. I carried him home safely and proudly displayed him to all my friends who, I must confess, were infinitely more interested in the autograph he bore than in General Grant himself.

Unfortunately, the General never developed an affec-



tionate disposition like my other pets. I had had the turtle less than a week when in an unguarded moment it strayed away. "Turtles are not cut out for household companions," Mr. Clemens said by way of consolation, "and General Grant, like his illustrious namesake, preferred to strike out for himself."

Nevertheless, I felt very badly over the General's loss. Turtles live a long time and somewhere in New Jersey General Grant is probably still crawling about with a very precious autograph, "S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain)" upon his back. I have always felt that for poetic justice, General Grant will some day return to me, and I still closely regard the shells of any turtles I come across — especially in New Jersey.

We had hardly tied General Grant up in his box that summer day in Tuxedo, when there came the warning hoot of the railroad train. . . .

The very day after I had returned home I received a letter from Mark Twain.

Tuxedo Park,  
Friday Evening.

Dorothy dear,

One of these days I am going to write you a letter the first time I write my other children, but not now, for I haven't anything to do and I can't write letters except when I am rushed.

I went to bed as soon as you departed, there being nothing to live for after that, and the sunshine all gone. How do you suppose I am going to get along without you? For five hours this has been a dreary place, a sober and solemn place, a hushed and brooding and lifeless place, for the blessed spirit of youth has gone out of it and left nothing that's worth while. Aren't you sorry for me, you fresh breeze blown from fragrant fields of flowers? I thought this was a home. It was a superstition. What is home without a child? Particularly a home that's had such a child as you in it. It isn't a home at all, its merely a wreck. *Now* I hope you see what you've done by going away, you little witch.

Its odd: this morning I dated that "recommend" [To Dorothy's mother, because she had been a good girl] August 5 instead of 9. I think it is because you seemed to have been here only one day — just one short beautiful day — without a break in it. I am very grateful to your Mother for loaning you to me, you dear sweet child. I am aware that you can't come again in August but I hope you can come after Sept. 2nd and stay a *whole* week, not a broken one. I mean to expect it and count upon it and I do hope I shall not have to make any engagements that would interfere.

Are you an idol? I suspect it, for I know you have left a lot of idolators behind you in this house, of whom the very principalest one is the undersigned.

Please give my kindest regards to all your household.

S.L.C.

At the time my letter came, Mother received one from him in which he said: "Every day and hour of her brief stay Dorothy was a delight and a blessing and every night it cost me a pang to let her go to bed," and finished up with how pleased he had been that I hadn't been homesick, as they had been afraid I might be. "Homesickness," he wrote, "is a dreadful malady. I can still remember the nostalgia of it after all these years."

In this letter he also made the arrangements for my next visit which was planned for September 3. As I didn't want to be away from Mother on my birthday, which was the first day of the month, we chose the nearest date to it.

A day or two later another note came.

Tuxedo Park, New York

Sunday, Aug. 11.

This isn't a letter, Dorothy Dear. Yet I know I ought to write you a letter because I said I would write you every time I wrote the other children, and I've just finished a letter to Clara. But I never *could* keep promises very well. However, I shall certainly write you a letter before very long.

I wrote to Clara:

"When Dorothy went away she took the sun and the moon and the constellations with her and left silence and solitude and night and desolation behind her."

And *that's* a true word, if ever *I've* spoken a true word!

*Thursday, 15th.* I have been away several days but am home again — and no Dorothy! And so I go mourning around, like an old cat that's lost her kitten. But you are coming soon again and that is a large comfort to me. You are the best reader of your age I have yet encountered, and when I finish teaching you and drilling you, you will read still better than you do now. It's a great accomplishment, a very great and very rare accomplishment and *I'm* the expert that knows how to teach it! There'll be grand times in my class of one pupil, Dorothy Dear!

Thank you for your letter which was very sweet and welcome. I am glad you arrived safe — you and the other butterflies, and the turtle with the warlike name.

A wonderful thing has happened here. You remember the central bed of nasturtiums, the round one? Well, we planted some seeds there and raised a family of rabbits. The nest is under the nasturtiums in the middle of the bed. There are three little rabbits and they are about the size of mice. Their eyes are not open yet. I hope they will still be there when you come. I have named them Dorothy. One name is enough for all of them. They are so little. Your friend

SLC.

In a letter dated Wednesday, August 21, Mr. Clemens mentions both the proposed visit and my birthday.

At the top is a fascinating picture of a bee chasing something — just what, even "the gifted artist" himself wasn't quite sure.

About tomorrow or the next day there'll be a note from the same I hope containing that picture of the same and me which the same kodaked when the same was here.

I suppose you will return to Plainfield for your birthday.

That thing the bee is chasing is a dog or a rat or something of that kind, I think, but there is room for conjecture. This does not settle it. What do you think it is if you've got time.



You are coming Tuesday, the 3rd. Now, then, *that's* settled, Lassie. Shall you be welcome? There isn't any doubt about it dear.

Afternoon

The Harpers have sent the books here. It's just as well. I will write my name in them, then forward them.

Thursday, August 22

I'm collecting old cigar belts for you against your coming — but I love you notwithstanding.

SLC

One of the letters Mr. Clemens wrote me after I left Tuxedo mentioned the butterfly hunting, which had gone on in the daytime as well as at night. The letter began with a picture of a butterfly drawn by Mr. Clemens himself.

Saturday.

Do you know what that is? It is a butterfly, drawn by the artist, the gifted artist. I am the gifted artist, self-taught.

No. I find it is a grasshopper. It is for your collection. I have nailed it to a box with pins. It took more chloroform than was good for it. And so it is "sleeping with its fathers."

Monday, A.M.

"Just a week" since I saw you! Why, you little humbug, it is over three months. Even my Secretary, who never gets anything straight but cork screws and potato peelings and things like that, concedes that it's upwards of *two* months. What is the matter with your veracity mill?

Night

It is a good idea to choose a name in advance and then fit the literature onto it when it comes. I will keep on the lookout for a fortunate name, dear. Write another little story now and send it to me. It will take you several years to learn to do a story even *tolerably* well. Attention and close observation, and ever so much tearing up and rewriting, but no matter, it's worth the trouble and no trade is ever learned well on any other terms.

Good night — it's sleep time.

SLC.

The books of which he spoke arrived shortly after his letter and although it wasn't my birthday, I couldn't re-

sist opening the big package. There were revealed ten of Mark Twain's own books, all autographed. He had picked out the ones he thought most suitable for me — those I already knew and loved. There were *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, *Innocents Abroad*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *The Prince and The Pauper*, *Eve's Diary*, and *Joan of Arc* which of all the books he had written was not only his favorite but "the one I want to be remembered by" he had told me on the steamer; also two collections of his short stories.

I wrote Mr. Clemens how much I loved his gift and at the same time asked if I might read *The Dog's Tale*, and in reply came another of his illustrated letters.

Tuxedo Park

New York

Monday, Aug. 26/07

At last, you dear little tardy rascal! This morning I was going to stick up a notice on the back porch:

### LOST CHILD!

Answers to the name of Dorothy.

Strayed, stolen or mislaid.

### DISAPPEARED

on or about the 9th of August

Anyone returning this inestimably precious asset to the

### SORROWING

will be richly

### REWARDED

and right away this evening came your letter and takes every bit of the uneasiness out of me! I had gone to bed but my secretary brought it anyway because she knew I would break her furniture and throw all her things out of the window if she delayed it till morning.

Very well, you have been having good times; so I am satisfied and will go to sleep now.

But wait! Where is that picture of you and me? You have forgotten it dear, but I must have it.

Tuesday

Yes. Wednesday will be perfectly convenient and we'll have you for a whole week, which is grand! Provided you don't get homesick — and we do hope you wont. We'll do our best to keep you happy and content.

My secretary will arrange about the trains with your Mother by telegraph if she can, otherwise by letter.

I've got a Birthday xxxxx for you xxx but I will keep it till you come, because it isn't the xxxx and I shall need to xxxx (*guess what it is*)

You've written me a good letter, simple, lucid, straightforward, well-expressed.

(Picture)

*Flight of the rabbit family.*

Alas! They have deserted us and I am so sorry. We were hoping to keep them for you and we never dreamed that they would go away and leave us. I am just as sorry as I can be.

That big one that has three ears and looks like an angel, isn't an angel at all. It is the Mother rabbit.

She isn't swimming. She is praying, praying for succor, I reckon. That is I *think* that that is her idea. No that isn't it! She is jumping — jumping over a rope, walk, or a stone wall, or something of that kind, and has bumped her stomach against it, poor thing. It is very difficult to tell what a rabbit is really trying to do, in a picture, because rabbits are so irrelevant. It is their nature when excited.

Do I mind? (That you read *The Dog's Tale*.) Indeed no. I don't mind anything you do, because you never mean any harm, and you are a dear, good child all the time.

You have written the *very letter* I was going to propose that you write; a letter telling me all about your activities and industries and enjoyments — all the things your busy hands and head find to interest themselves in. It is good practice for you, in observing and remembering and good entertainment for me be-



cause I am fond of you and so whatever you do and think and feel interests me.

Afternoon

You are coming Tuesday! It's fine. You will reach this house at 5.30 P.M. You will most certainly be welcome.

Evening

(Picture)

Deer.

There were several of them. They came down hill from the woods above the house and stopped awhile behind the kitchen to look at the cook. You can see by their eager expression and enthusiastic delight that they had never seen a cook before. Sometimes they go down through the woods below the house to get a drink at the Lake. If ever they come into the house you must be ready, for we will have them to luncheon and then photograph them in the act.

With love and good night

SLC

I was terribly sorry to hear of the flight of the rabbit family for I had been looking forward to seeing my namesakes. But I was so intrigued over the prospect of having Deer to luncheon that it quite took the edge off my disappointment over the rabbits.

One of the stories of Mark Twain's that I had most enjoyed hearing him read aloud was that delicious satire on detectives, *The Stolen White Elephant*, over which we had laughed and laughed. I told him of my first experience at a circus when I was only four. I had been terribly frightened by the clowns with their pistols and funny antics, so at the first opportunity I slipped out of the box and later my Mother to her great amazement found the child that had screamed in terror over the harmless clowns, sitting contentedly patting one of the elephants, with an amused keeper looking on. "That was very brave of you, Dorothy," Mr. Clemens had remarked,

"and I wouldn't have thought it of you either, the way you ran away from that caterpillar!"

"Oh, that's different. I can't stand caterpillars, and I *like* elephants," I told him very seriously. "I'd like to have an elephant for a pet if they only weren't so big."

And then the conversation had been changed and I'd forgotten all about it. But Mark Twain hadn't for on the morning of my birthday I received a wire from him.

Western Union Telegraph Company  
Night Message

Miss Dorothy Quick  
Plainfield, New Jersey.

I tried to get some elephants for your birthday but they charged ten thousand dollars a piece. I can get one elephant and sixteen hundred monkeys for the same money if you prefer. Telephone answer.

S.L.C.

When I returned to Tuxedo, almost the first thing he gave me was the present he had been so mysterious about in his letter and it turned out to be a small white ivory elephant!

In October I received a letter in answer to one of mine complaining that I hadn't heard from him for a whole long week, and telling me about a photograph I had sent him of myself on my way to school.

Oct. 2

It is a very good photograph, Dorothy dear, and I am very glad to have it. Wish I could have you here too. I miss you all the time. Goodness! What makes you think I have forgotten you? Indeed I haven't, but I have been so busy lately that I haven't written to my daughters and they are scolding me. I hope to do better now, and be good, for a while. It will attract attention. I like that.

I'll be back in New York just at the end of this month and

then I hope you can come to us on Saturdays and stay over. We can have very good times together.

Oct. 3

Last night we played "Hearts" — a very good game, I think, because it is simple and doesn't require any mental labor. I wish we had thought of it when you were here. But next time we'll play it. It is more interesting than those other games.

You should see our cat. It is half grown and is gay and wise and courteous and very handsome. It has a tail at one end and two sets of legs, one set at the bow and the other at the stern and is just as astonishing in other ways.

Then he drew a picture of the cat at a very "fetching" angle. And under the picture he went on to say,

This cat is trying to look like my secretary but I think it does not succeed very well — and won't until it has had more practice. It sits up like this. Always on the same end. Everybody admires it and thinks it is full of talent.

We drove over the Wigger Pond Road and all around the lake yesterday afternoon. Remember that road? It is very beautiful now. We'll make a longer drive today. I wish you were here to go with us.

Evening

Your letter and the pictures have come, dear. The one where you are standing by my chair is the very, *very* best one of you I have ever seen and you are next best in the one where I am a nice old white-headed nigger.

That little cat caught a bird today and brought it in and it got away and flew out of the window.

There is a heavenly dog here, but he is not ours. He came down the hill on a visit and will have to be sent back. He is the long kind. With love

SLC.

And then there was a picture of the dog which ran the whole length of the page.

Although I was busy at school and with my homework,



I hadn't forgotten the Authors' League and I still went on writing stories, keeping them to take in to Mr. Clemens when he came back to New York. One of these stories which I had worked over particularly hard, I was quite pleased with and I thought how wonderful it would be if I could get it published. If a magazine would take it and print it, how delighted SLC would be! How proud of his pupil! My knowledge of magazines was limited, but the one magazine with which I was thoroughly familiar was *St. Nicholas*, and it was running a contest for short stories by children under twelve! I wrote out the tale in my best "typewritten" handwriting and sent it in and waited with my heart in my mouth for the result.

At last the magazine arrived. I turned quickly to the contest announcements. I hadn't won a prize, so my story wasn't published, but I had won an honorable first mention for my story and there was my name, Dorothy Quick, in print for the first time. I was proud and excited over the anticipation of pleasing Mr. Clemens. I bought another copy of *St. Nicholas*, marked a red circle around my name and sent it to him.

Finally his reply came, the last letter I was to receive from him, postmarked Tuxedo.

Tuxedo Park  
New York

Dorothy dear,

It is perfectly lovely here now, with brilliant skies, brilliant water, sleek as a mirror, and all the brilliant colors of the hills painted on it like a picture, and there's rabbits oh no end! They've got a nest in that tree that leans over the nasturtium bed and they scamper up and down it all day long and jabber. And as for squirrels and deer and Italians and other game, they're everywhere and nobody shoots them for it isn't allowed. I don't know why. And there are owls and cows and bears and

nights you can hear them hooting. Sometimes they make the kind of noise a preacher makes. It is awful, but I am not afraid. The others are afraid, but I am calm and go down cellar.

I believe that that is about all the news there is, except that we leave Tuxedo the 31st to live in town, 21 Fifth Avenue, where you must come and stay over Sundays every time you can be spared.

Dearheart, you mustn't send stories to St. Nicholas yet. It is too soon. You must learn the trade first and nobody can do that without a long and diligent apprenticeship — not anything short of ten years. Write the stories — write lots and lots of them for practice — and when the Literary League gets together again we'll examine into your progress and take note of such improvement as we find.

We have a very nice thoughtful little cat and it catches snakes and brings them into the house for us to play with.

3.30 P.M. — time to get up — SLC — who misses you, dear.

## The Fugitive

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

AT MIDNIGHT Wallace was in his room in Mrs. Cosentino's house on Bank street making himself a cup of coffee when he heard a soft furtive knock on the door. He was startled because he hadn't heard anyone on the stairs. When he opened the door Anderson came in and closed the door quickly himself and stood with his winter coat collar turned up high around his ears, smiling with relief. "Quite a climb up those stairs," he said.

He leaned against the door getting his breath a moment and then as his big brown eyes shifted quickly all around the room, he stood lightly on the balls of his feet as if he were apt to disappear just as quickly as he had come. But when he saw that Wallace was glad to see him he grinned warmly and took off his hat. His hair had gone way back on his forehead and was white at the temples.

"Where did you come from, Anderson? I'm terribly glad to see you," Wallace said. He had known Anderson five years ago in Montreal when he had been doing commercial art there and Anderson had been in a stock-broker's office.

"I've been around here a little while," Anderson said.

"Have you got a place to stay?"

"No."

"Why don't you stay here with me? I can speak to Mrs. Cosentino."

"Are you sure you want me?"

"Why, I've never been so glad to see anybody," Wallace said, slapping him on the back enthusiastically and hardly noticing his shabby clothes, his peculiar pallor or his nervous movements.



"I thought you'd be glad to see me," he said, and he grinned as he looked around the room, and then he went over to the couch and lay down with his hands behind his head and sighed contentedly.

They had a cup of coffee and Anderson talked about people they used to know and about his rich uncle in Georgia, and Wallace noticed that he talked about them as if they belonged to a time he hardly remembered. He said he was trying to sell insurance now. That started him laughing and he kept it up till he began to cough. Even when they went to bed and turned out the light he kept chuckling away to himself explaining he had no luck at all. Wallace, who couldn't sleep listening to the man snickering at his own failure began to realize that Anderson had probably been in town far longer than he had himself; he got the idea Anderson had been following him around. It was so disturbing he got up and turned on the light and went over to the couch and said: "Tell me something. How did you know I was here, Anderson?"

"I saw you on the street tonight and I tried to catch up with you," he said, looking up innocently at Wallace. "I thought you might want us to stay together. Was I right?"

"Yeah. You were right," Wallace said, and he went back to bed and couldn't sleep.

Anderson agreed to pay Mrs. Cosentino, the plump little Italian who ran the house, three dollars a week. She put another bed in the room and bit by bit he became a part of Wallace's life. He followed Wallace around everywhere, grinning happily to himself. As things picked up and Wallace got a little more work from the advertising agencies he made a few more friends, among them a radio script writer named Higgins who lived in the next block, and a shrewd blonde named Anna Grant, and late

at night he used to go over to Higgins' place and have a glass of beer with him and listen to the radio, and on Saturdays he used to go to Anna Grant's for a cocktail. A couple of times Anderson asked him if he could come with him. After that, as though it had all been arranged, Anderson began to drop into Higgins' place by himself; he went to Anna Grant's place by himself, too, and if he didn't find Wallace there he chuckled good humoredly and explained he'd sit around and wait for him.

He ran around the streets with his hands in his pockets and his head down thinking he was going to sell a big policy at any minute. And if he did sell some trifling bit of fire insurance the whole thing was turned into a crazy celebration. Rushing out for a bottle of native wine he came tiptoeing back up the stairs with that elated but provoking snicker of his and his big brown eyes bright with surprise, and then he sat down and took off his shoes and stockings and walked around the room in his bare feet. Maybe his shoes hurt him, but it was upsetting just the same watching him padding around the room like that on a cold night looking for a glass. And when he made himself comfortable on his couch and grinned and sipped the heavy sweet wine very happily he started squenching his cigarette butts on the nearest piece of furniture.

"In God's name, man, have some respect for the furniture," Wallace shouted at him. He wanted to get rid of him now. He forgot that only two years ago he had been back on his heels himself.

"It's just a habit. I'm terribly sorry," Anderson said.

"It's a lousy habit and you've got too many of them."

"You're not going to bawl me out, are you?" he asked, looking very scared. "You don't need to bawl me out."

"I'm not bawling you out, but what's the matter with you. You give me the jitters the way you go on."

He put his glass down and said, "It won't be like this long if you'll just wait a while. Things are getting an awful lot better. I've been talking to all kinds of people. Just you wait till the spring. I got about forty good prospects. They're coming in a bunch and I'll be lending you money." He looked so hopeful and eager it was impossible to say anything to him.

"Are you trying to dodge anybody?" Wallace asked him one day.

"Me?" he said, startled. "Nobody's looking for me."

"It's the way you go around, I guess."

"You know how you get used to doing things," he said. He hesitated, then as if confident that a fine intimacy had been established between them he said, "Maybe you've noticed that when things start getting tough people start getting tough. People you thought you could count on turn out to be pretty mean and hard. They push you around. They make you feel you ought to be ashamed and keep out of their way. I figure there's no use bumping your head. I'm lying low till I get a break. Just wait till it comes and you'll see what I mean."

"I'll wait," Wallace said.

"Thanks, you're swell," he said.

Wallace used to go out to a show with a girl and to a restaurant afterwards when he had a little money, yet no matter how happy he felt with the girl, he knew he would be irritated when he got home because Anderson would be lying there rolled up in his blanket, sipping his wine and waiting for him.

"How did it go?" he would say, sitting up eagerly.

"How did what go?" Wallace shouted.

"How did it go with the girl?" he said, pulling the blanket up to his neck as if he were never really warm.

"Listen, Anderson, why don't you get yourself a girl?"



"Brother, am I going to," he said. "It's just what I was thinking. Just wait a few months. Say, I was talking to a guy today who said we were going to have another boom. My line'll be among the first to feel it. I was thinking about it lying here. I can feel it coming," he said and he smiled to himself with a kind of quiet but intense excitement.

Though he hadn't paid Mrs. Cosentino a cent of rent since he came there, he couldn't have been more cheerful about it. He simply changed his hours. It was always one in the morning when he tiptoed up the stairs and he was out at six before Mrs. Cosentino was up. She had no chance to abuse him and he got a laugh out of this game he played with her.

But Mrs. Cosentino said to Wallace one day, "You know, I'm getting no rent from that no good friend of yours."

"Friend of mine! Don't be silly," he said.

"No friend of yours?" she said, surprised.

He was ashamed and said quickly, "I mean we had a little quarrel. Certainly he's a friend. The truth is he gave me three dollars to give you on account. Here it is." He felt he had betrayed Anderson and it suddenly struck him that Anderson was there in his life to remind him that up until the year he had gone completely broke he had been arrogant and contemptuous of many good and simple things, and could easily become just as impatient and arrogant again.

One day his friend Anna Grant got angry and said, "You're welcome here at our place, we like you, but hasn't that terrible man Anderson any life of his own?"

"I don't know," Wallace said, "I'll ask him."

"Tell him to stop hanging around here or I'll tell him, and if I tell him he'll know I mean it," she said.

That night Wallace waited for Anderson and said, "This is a bit complicated, but I'd like to ask you what happened to your life."

"What life do you mean?" he asked uneasily.

"The life you must have had before you went broke, the people you knew, the fun you must have had, the things you must have wanted to do when you were a kid — that life." Wallace said, impatiently.

Anderson lay on the couch, rubbing his head, and then said almost to himself, "I guess I lost it somewhere." His eyes were furtive as he waited to see how Wallace would take his answer. When he saw that he had only puzzled him he grinned and got up and brought out a bag of buns he had brought in from the corner store and sat down to eat the whole half dozen buns as though he were starving.

"It was pretty dull over at Anna's place this afternoon, didn't you notice?" Wallace began, rather tactfully.

"Dull? What's the matter with you? What do you want?" he said, chuckling over his buns.

"That crowd gets on each others' nerves. They hate each other. Didn't you notice the sour expression on Anna's face?"

"That's right, I did notice it and couldn't figure what in hell was the matter with her. I figure she had a quarrel with her boy friend."

Wallace tried again, "Aw, this is a lousy town," he said, "I'm fed up with it. I think I'll clear out and go back to Montreal."

"Clear out of here?" he said, taking the bun out of his mouth he was so surprised. "I think you're crazy. I'm just getting to like it here," and he whistled as he went out to their little kitchen in his bare feet with the light shining on his toes.

He looked dreadfully thin, yet he seemed to be doing

nothing but eat and lie around the room wrapped up in his blanket.

Wallace used to keep a fresh loaf of bread in the place, and he liked having it, particularly on Sunday mornings when he got up late and made some toast and coffee. He noticed one morning that the bread was half gone.

"Where did the bread go?" he shouted at Anderson.

"Don't ask me," Anderson said, and Wallace knew by the frightened look on his face that he was lying.

It was very hard to catch him at first, but he seemed to grow more reckless and great chunks of the bread would disappear. One cold Sunday morning there was no loaf at all left for Wallace when he got up, and he rushed at Anderson who was sleeping on the couch and shouted at him, "Wake up you bum, wake up," and he shook him and watched his thin face rocking from side to side on the pillow. He hated him while he shook him.

"What's the matter?" Anderson said, rubbing his head.

"You took my bread again. You took it all last night and you knew I'd want it Sunday morning."

"I took a little piece."

"You took the whole loaf, crammed it into you like a pig."

"I was a little hungry last night."

"You're always hungry. You're sitting around here like a wolf all the time. That's all you do, wolf everything up and lie about it. I'm fed up with your living on me. You've wormed your way into my life."

Without looking at Wallace, Anderson got up and walked along the hall to the bathroom in his bare feet, scared like a rabbit that has been smoked out of a hole, and when he returned he said: "Do you think maybe I'd better go?"

"What do you think?" said Wallace, bitterly.



"I think I'd better," he said, quietly, and since he had no packing to do, no bag to carry, he simply put on his coat and hat and made no noise going down the stairs.

Wallace sat there hating him, hating him not just for the loaf of bread, which was nothing, but for grafting himself into his life and bringing him one humiliation after another. But the thought of parting with him over a loaf of bread began to fill him with such shame he got dressed and rushed out looking for him. He went over to Higgins' place, he went to Anna Grant's, he asked the newsboy on the corner and the cop on the beat, but no one remembered having seen him. He began to hate himself. He got into a panic remembering the time three years ago when he himself had been light-headed from hunger, and he looked in the taverns thinking all the time of Anderson sitting alone somewhere trying to get warm and coughing, or flitting by people so quickly they didn't notice him. That night he sat up for hours longing for him to come sneaking up the stairs and forgive him.

It was two weeks before he heard that soft, furtive knock on the door, but he was waiting and he jumped out of bed and yelled out, overjoyed, "Anderson, Anderson, old pal, come on in." Filled with such an overwhelming gratitude to him for coming back that he couldn't speak, the sight of Anderson standing at the door with the shy, pleased smile on his face made him terribly happy. "Don't stand there, come in," he cried.

"I thought you'd be glad," Anderson said as he sat down on the couch and took a deep breath and looked around the room.

"Oh, you knew I'd be, and you were good to come. It was a generous thing to do."

"I was sure you'd be glad by this time," he said innocently, as he began to pull off his shoes.

"Don't remind me of it, please. I was ashamed."

"I waited till you would be," he said, smiling.

"Please don't go on like that. Let me have my own conscience," Wallace begged him. Then he saw that he was flushed and trembling. He rushed and got him his blanket, and when he saw him pulling it up around his ears, leaving those terrible bare feet of his sticking out at the end, he knew he was sick and he whispered, "What's the matter with you?"

"It's a pain in my back, maybe my lung," he said, "I had pleurisy a couple of years ago."

"I'll get a doctor, we'll fix you up."

"I don't think so," he said. "For God's sake don't go phoning a doctor this late at night."

"Why?"

"He might get sore."

"Let him get sore. To hell with him."

"No, listen, Wallace, I wanted to tell you you were right."

"What about?"

"The bread."

"Please, please don't mention that now. You wouldn't be sick if it weren't for that bread."

"Yes, I would. Thanks. Look, don't tell anyone about the bread, will you. Promise?"

Wallace promised and sat at the foot of the couch sharing that old peculiar intimate secret with Anderson, who was breathing very heavily. When his eyes were closed he had a very peaceful smile on his face.

There was nothing Wallace wouldn't have done for him. Doctors came who wanted to take Anderson to the hospital, but he begged Wallace to let him stay there with him. The doctors shrugged and let him stay. In a week's time he was dying of pneumonia. Wallace, watch-

ing him a few minutes before he lost consciousness, saw that furtive little smile hovering around his thick lips. Bending down to him he whispered, "Anderson, old boy, I'm here with you."

"I knew you'd be," he replied. His eyes as he opened them and rolled them around looked very soft and brown. He tried to take Wallace by the hand. "I want to thank you for the hideout," he said.

"It's your place. You weren't hiding here."

"I don't mind going now," he said, and he closed his eyes, smiled a little, and while he smiled like that Wallace knew he was more deeply imbedded in his own life than he had ever been. He died that night.

Mrs. Cosentino was very sore at him for dying in her place and they got him to an undertaker's parlor as quickly as possible. The funeral was just as private and furtive a gesture as any Anderson ever made. Wallace was the only one that went to the funeral. It was zero weather and the undertaker's assistants looked ridiculous in the winged collars as they shivered, and when they were lowering the casket one of them said, "I think we may dispense with the ceremony of keeping our hats off under the difficult conditions."



## A Contented Bourgeois

HERBERT C. PELL

I WAS SIXTEEN in 1900 and enjoyed to the full the pleasant culmination of the great era of bourgeois supremacy. When I became twenty-one, the French Republic and the German Empire, the newest of the great nations, were already thirty-five years old and appeared to be solid permanent factors in the world. The Hapsburg Empire, although it had passed through many vicissitudes, had experienced no great changes for a hundred years and its memories carried us back to Charlemagne. Russia seemed as fixed as the hills; in the United States the memories of the Civil War were already embalmed in history books when I was at school. The whole world seemed a solid and a pleasant place for us. Everything was made for our pleasure, and everyone felt that the great periods of change were definitely past.

When I first toured in Europe even the pioneering days of motoring were over. There was no question of buying gasoline at drug stores or of having to send it ahead. Our cars although neither so good or so cheap as those of today seemed pretty nice to us. Our immediate predecessors had in the late 'nineties made necessary and achieved the establishment of satisfactory and clean hotels in every town. We needed no passports and wherever we went, and we went wherever we wanted to, we were welcomed by polite innkeepers and could comfortably see anything that might interest us. At home the structure of so-called Society seemed fixed both to those who took it most seriously and to those who entered it for their pleasure. Luxury, for whoever could afford it, had achieved nearly its modern perfection and had not lost its ancient glamor.

I confess that it is the loss of some of the charming futilities of the time that I regret, quite as much as the old feeling of certainty. There was the lack of hurry and the pleasure of completeness even in little things. Ribbons and petticoats and formal manners were not exclusively savage survivals, nor were they entirely the inventions of a bored community anxious to develop a facile, easily attained distinction to ornament its dull individuality. Some taste, there was, something more than foolish, vulgar, or gluttonous display.

However, today, we hear on all sides the lament that the appreciation of beauty, the enjoyment of life, and real culture are things of the past. Standardization they say will kill distinction and in a world offering greater opportunities to all, the appreciation of that which is great or good or beautiful will surely die.

This point of view seems to me to be wrongly and narrowly taken.

It is the fashion among those who in the old days were on the top of the heap, and particularly among those who wish to give the impression that they were, to vent terror and rage at the thought that the world as it was is about to be replaced by the world as it will be.

I see no reason for their fears. There were few who got much more out of the old system than I. There were many things in the pre-war period to which I look back with pleasure and very few the loss of which cause me much personal regret.

The importance of money as the badge of the socially elect has decreased tremendously in my time, and so has the relative advantage of wealth.

But human desire for distinction will continue to be a moving force even if the accepted demonstration of success ceases to be material display.

Thirty-five years ago a man who had a phaeton for himself, a victoria for his wife, a brougham for the family and a run-about for his children really was immensely better off than the man who had one vehicle or none. The difference was far greater than that which exists between a man with a big car and a chauffeur on the one hand and, on the other, one who must rely for his transportation on the family Ford. Thirty years ago it was comparatively easy to recognize a rich man by his clothes and the distinction among women was patent to the most careless eye. Now, it is difficult to distinguish the average New York office worker from the daughter of a millionaire.

Few of the enormously rich have private ballrooms or pride themselves on the ability to feed a hundred people out of their own kitchens, today. Though I can remember going to a ball in New York given in a private house where at supper three hundred people were each given a perfectly prepared wild duck and the entire meal from soup to ice-cream was made in the house. I happen to remember the incident because of the obvious pride of the host in his establishment. Such things were not rare in those days.

The present tone of so-called Society is much less showy and expensive. Display is no longer a necessary thing. Parties are simpler, meals are much shorter and less expensive. Society no longer offers a full time job to women, and the trend towards standardization has been toward a physical equality in which the distinctions are rather those of personality than of wealth.

In all classes, people by their own efforts can achieve more physical comfort for themselves than they could in the past, and not because everyone is poorer or because some assume a pose of simplicity but because of modern



mechanization. I remember my grandmother telling me that when she was a child living in a big house on lower Broadway, two men would carry a great big wooden tub to the top floor every Saturday night. They would then go down to the kitchen and bring up buckets of hot water with which they filled it. All the children beginning with the eldest down to the last one who happened to be born at the time, would be washed in the same water.

I suppose that my great-grandmother would have been horrified at the thought that her descendants would fill their own tubs. If you had told her that invention would reduce the labor to the turning of a handle, she would have felt that made no difference. The act itself was a menial one, which would have been enough for her. She would probably have considered clean water for each child to be an enfeebling luxury.

The difference between the medical treatment of the rich and the poor was probably greater in the 'nineties than at any other time in history. Science was advancing but hospitals and the competence of general practitioners lagged far behind. Before the development of modern science the treatment meted out to rich and poor was equally bad and today it is very nearly equally good.

There exists an almost complete record of the physical life of Louis XIV and there is very little reason to believe that the King of France received much more intelligent medical treatment than did the humblest peasant of his realm. But there can be no doubt that in this country in the 'nineties those who could command the services of oculists like Bull or surgeons like McBurney were appreciably better off than the generality of the community.

The condition of the poor or of the vast majority of the fairly well-to-do is better than it was in 1900 and it will certainly be better still in 1950.

Mere wealth, ostentation, or even lavishness are much less valuable as keys to smart society than they were when I was young and they are no longer necessary for those who wish to maintain a place. Lavish display does not impress a community in which comfort is so wide-spread.

The actual lives of the richest would not be thought particularly gorgeous by the ordinary citizen with twenty-five cents to spend. To make him gape requires the barbaric glories imagined by Hollywood. If the movies depicted the real life of a rich New York debutante, each member of the audience would feel that it was not sufficiently distinguished from what he saw every day among his fairly well-to-do friends. He would not be drawn from the recollection of his own problems to the fairyland of forgetfulness. If the movie makers are to provide that spiritual sedative which is their most popular product, they must give their debutante heroine a palace designed by a dope-fed pastry-cook and suggest that every Park avenue apartment has at least two rooms as big as the main hall of the Grand Central station; that every woman over forty who is mentioned in the *Social Register* habitually dines in jewels that would be the envy of the British crown; and that no young woman comes out in New York Society who has not half-a-dozen personal maids, three or four cars and at least a motor-boat in which to escape from one or the other of the family yachts. In these gorgeous surroundings ungentelemanly young men disport with chippies and provide distraction for the community. I do not suppose that anyone, even the movie people themselves, imagine that they are giving a picture of the surroundings, customs, or behavior of typical ladies and gentlemen. An imaginary yacht or a picture of wild extravagance are far more enjoyable than the actual experience of them. In practice there is little

wild extravagance. Ballrooms and huge dining rooms at which can be fed forty and fifty people have gone the way of billiard rooms. I can remember the time when every big house had a billiard table; today you have to pay a truck-man to haul one to the dump.

It is almost certain that in the future there will be few big houses built, but, instead, a greater use of places of public entertainment. Friends will no longer be invited in hordes to tuck away unwholesome, expensive, meals. Putting the dishes of a three-course dinner into a washing machine requires very little work and it will be done as simply and naturally by the hostesses of 1950, as the woman today sorts playing cards into packs and returns them to the boxes after a bridge party.

A total society in which such things were the rule would provide the best possible material life for the largest possible number of people. Of course, it would antique many old customs and habits become pleasant by association, and change the direction of a good many ambitions. But the loss would be small.

We have already reached the point where the increase of productive efficiency makes the disposition of the product the great problem of our social structure. To keep up the efficiency of our factories we must have a wider distribution or else very severely decrease the amount which we produce. The former goal is the better.

Real wages of workers must be increased if we expect to avoid a domestic glut as the immediate consequence of re-employment. With present wages, our present productive capacity and present prices, the entire possible purchasing power of our country can be exhausted by six months work in every year. This is a fact which we must face.

Foreign trade, especially if a war breaks out in Europe,



may take up the slack for a time but no foreign trade which is not an exchange of goods can be of any more permanent benefit to the country than would the dumping of automobiles into the sea.

Many people, including trade-union leaders, seem to assume that the purpose of labor is work rather than production. This comes from the fact that most labor-saving machinery has been in reality primarily wages-saving machinery.

The standard of living in the United States will rise tremendously by increased cheaper production and the greater possibility of national consumption.

To a great extent the hard times through which we have just passed were due to the fact that the leaders of business, in their zeal to take advantage of a one sided foreign trade, did not sufficiently consider the necessity of producing goods at a price which would develop a domestic market continuously sufficient to absorb at least ninety per cent of our maximum production. To do this we must see that a larger part of the consumable goods which we produce are made so cheap that it will be possible to reach a much larger market.

Our new laws restricting immigration have had the incidental affect of enfranchising the basic laborer. The first heavy work in the United States after the beginning of the factory system and the development of modern conditions was done by Irish immigrants who had no vote. By the time the Irish became citizens, the Italians began to come in and they were succeeded by Poles.

In the future every American laborer will have a vote and it is mere madness to imagine that we will be able to maintain a society with the enormous difference between the poor and the rich that has existed. The only way in which the material comfort of the more prosperous can

be maintained is rapidly to raise the standards of the poor. This cannot be done without the sacrifice of some personal and private luxuries.

Even the richest person would not want to go back to the days of hand-made watches or special bath tubs. Every office is equipped with standard typewriters and filing cabinets. In our houses we are satisfied with ready-made furniture. Even the very rich wear ready-made clothes. I only know one man who always has his cravats made to order.

Life in a few years will be a different thing from what it is or has been. Hours of labor will be much shorter. Work will be lighter. Material and visible distinctions will mark the divisions of the community much less sharply than in the past. The proportion of time given to education will be much greater. Practically everyone who wants and, certainly everyone who deserves, a college education will get one.

There can be no doubt that an improvement in general education, an increase of leisure and a lessening of material competition will result in a tremendous cultural improvement. People anxious to shine before their friends will find that they cannot do it with champagne, yachts, or seven-course dinners. They will be obliged to meet new conditions with new weapons or lose the lead to those who can.

The world is maintained by daily work but it is advanced by educated leisure. Practically illiterate or extremely fatigued people cannot make great discoveries or conduct experiments. Until the invention of printing the vast majority of people were so ignorant that, as far as the development of the world was concerned, they counted for little more than cattle. Most of those whose worldly means gave them the time, were unprovided

with the intellectual equipment necessary to make serious advances for humanity. As education became more widespread and commerce increased, a progressively greater proportion of the community was able to give thought to the future, and improvements rapidly developed. They came to the various countries in proportion to the opportunities provided for thought and experiment to educated and practical men. There is no limit to the rate at which we will be able to advance with a large literate and leisured population able to follow the lead of scientific specialists.

This country has really suffered a great deal from the continuance of the frontier faith that material productiveness is the principal measure of civic worth. We have forgotten that the purpose of production is consumption and that consumption is not simply an eliminatory process for the benefit of the virtuous producer. Anything that will give the means of enjoyment to a large number of people is a good thing for the nation. The material minded Puritan might well remember that it was the day of rest, not the period of production, that was blessed above all other time.

The mere possession of leisure will not divide one class from another, all will have much greater opportunities of enjoyment and cultivation. Distinction will come from the use of these opportunities and the leadership so acquired will be of far greater value to the community and will much more promote the general happiness than does a society in which eminence has been very largely the reward of material acquisition.

The task of the new leaders must be to promote the distribution of material products far more widely than they have ever been distributed in the past and to give opportunities of enjoyment and mental development to



great sections of the community which until today have never been able to give much consideration to anything but the immediate satisfaction of physical needs.

*Au royaume des aveugles, les borgnes sont rois* and in a world insufficiently supplied with desirable material comforts in which even the necessities of life were the result of the hardest toil, and such a world is in the recollection of every middle aged man, it was natural that those who had accumulated the strongest bulwarks against an ever present danger were the most fortunate and were recognized as the most successful. In a shipwreck the man who has a raft will be the most admired and courted. In a famine the sign of success would be a store of food but when the ship at last comes to harbor a raft is a valueless possession and a life-preserver an unnecessary and inconvenient encumbrance.

The long struggle for material necessity has at last been won in our time. This will change our social structure even more than enforced justice with its assumption of physical safety changed communities which had hitherto depended on feudal barons or vigilante committees for their preservation against violence. There will be hardship, but on the whole the command of extravagant luxury will mean less when comfort is within reach of all.

I am not among those who fear the future even for myself and I can see nothing but increased happiness for mankind when the ideas of the world become accustomed to new conditions. A more equal distribution will make for a higher outlook on life as the standard of competition shifts to another and a higher field.

## A Hundred Billion for Warriors

E. K. TITUS

THE CANNY Calvin Coolidge once guessed that the American World war veterans eventually would extract one hundred *billion* dollars from the public purse. Their progress toward that goal to date has been excellent. Already they have received eleven billion. And legislation being considered by Congress at this writing, if enacted, will open the door wide for widows and dependents to receive pensions until about the year 2040, even if their war hero only served in a training camp, and died of a cause totally unrelated to the war. Under similar legislation, the last Revolutionary war widow died in 1906. She was born twenty-three years after the conflict.

In seeking benefits for themselves, the World war veterans have been confronted with a situation quite different from that faced by the Revolutionary and Civil war soldiers. The great proportion of those who enlisted or were drafted for the Civil war got into the fighting. Casualties were heavy. And even those who came out unscathed had gone through several years of privation, hardship and terror. On the other hand, the World war veterans had to convince Congress and the country that a group of men, the majority of whom had not seen any fighting at all, were worthy of large financial donations from the rest of the citizenry. They have done the job and overcome the obstacle with astounding success. In fact, it was once calculated that, based upon the numbers reported as either dead or wounded, the annual veteran expenditures of the United States totalled \$2,668 per man, contrasting with \$58 per man for Great Britain and \$51 for France.

Meantime it is charged with some justice that the actual sufferers from the great war, namely the widows of men killed in action, are inadequately provided for, while the main body of veterans — those who did not fight, or fought for a short time only — year by year introduce thousands of bills for their own benefit.

It is obvious that those who enlisted or were drafted, and did not suffer from the war can supply more votes to the congressmen who provide them their grants than the much smaller group of veterans and widows who did suffer. Hence the congressman shrewd at vote-getting will do well to consider the needs of the non-sufferers more carefully than those of the sufferers. The astute veterans' organization, seeking as large a membership as possible, will also look carefully to the requirements of the non-war-sufferers.

And now that widows' pensions are being eagerly studied by Congress, this type of astuteness is evident. The chief pension bill pending at this writing was approximately as generous to peace-time widows of training camp veterans as to widows of the battle killed. It is these peace-time widows, if they once are let into the public coffers, who will play a major part in running the bill up to a hundred billion.

The pension problem is an immediate problem today. We are about as distant in time from the World war as Civil war veterans were from their war, when they put across their major pension legislation. A veterans' publication has boasted that those who seek to block pensions will be like "the old woman who tried to sweep back the tide with a broom." And universal World war pensions, for *all* veterans and their widows, if they come, will make the bonus look like a trifle.

The Revolutionary war is the only American conflict



on which the last installment of the purchase price has been paid. We are still buying the war of 1812. The Mexican war, which ended eighty-nine years ago, was responsible for widows' pension expenditures of \$132,776.34 in the 1937 fiscal year. In round figures, Civil war pensions are costing forty-seven millions a year, those of the Indian wars three millions, and Spanish war, Boxer Rebellion and Philippine Insurrection one hundred and fourteen million.

The Civil war veterans were much slower in commencing their agitation for financial benefits than were the graduates of the world conflict. The Grand Army of the Republic, organized at first (like the American Legion), as an idealistic organization, abstained generally from demanding monetary distributions during the first decade of its existence. Congressmen then began to awake to the vote-getting potentialities of the organization, and one leader urged the boys to "present your demands, and not with bowed heads." It came to pass that the G.A.R.'s pension committee well nigh achieved the importance of a third house of Congress. After Speaker Cannon had asked the committee's representatives if they approved a bill, all that was necessary sometimes was for him to crack down his gavel, and it became law. While the G.A.R. was allied at first with the Republican party, the Democrats soon found also that the veterans could do much toward making or breaking them. One such Democrat, Dollar-a-Day Sherwood, made it his objective to secure for every veteran the sum indicated in his nickname. Others in his party took up the dollar a day cry, and one lawmaker held it had netted him ten thousand votes.

The greater speed and efficiency of the World war veterans in getting money to date is what leads experts

to believe that they will far exceed the per capita receipts of veterans of the Civil war. It has required only nineteen years for the World war ex-soldiers to achieve their eleven billion, while it took the Civil war veterans seventy years to secure only a little more than half that sum. Experience with past wars has indicated that the peak in disbursements for veterans and their surviving widows and dependents is not reached till more than fifty years after the conflict. And so it may be reasonably expected that veteran expenditures will continue to increase for thirty-one more years, — unless some means is found to stir into action the dormant majority of Americans who pay with their sweat the direct and indirect levies that finance the distributions to the veteran minority.

Let us survey briefly the types of aid the veterans are receiving at present, and the method of their getting it. At the time of the last available report, the Veterans' Administration employed 35,190 persons, who drew aggregate annual salaries of \$58,445,240. The types of payments supervised by this department include disbursements on adjusted service certificates (the bonus), compensation or pension for death, disability or old age, emergency officers' retirement pay, loans to veterans for transportation, military and naval insurance payments, allotments and allowances, and vocational rehabilitation. In addition, amazingly large sums are spent on free hospitalization, domiciliary care, physical examinations, out-patient treatment, and dentistry for veterans.

An uninitiated person would doubtless assume that those treated would be almost entirely persons still suffering from injuries or diseases incurred in the war. This is not the case. At the end of the 1937 fiscal year, 74.37 per cent of the veterans under government hospitalization were suffering from disabilities not of service origin,

and this compared with 71.91 per cent non-service-connected the previous year. Though the war is becoming more and more distant in time, the number receiving the free government hospitalization nevertheless is increasing at a rapid rate, and admissions jumped 17.6 per cent in 1937. To accommodate the ever-growing number of patients, the government is expending substantial sums to add to hospital facilities in twenty-seven locations.

So much for the government's present generosity to veterans. But why is it that the load keeps increasing, and if earlier American wars are a guide, will continue to grow? This question is a particularly pertinent one, in view of a tendency of the British pension load to decrease. Though England had one seventh of her population under arms, against about one twenty-fifth in this country, and suffered forty-five per cent battle casualties, against our eight per cent, British pension costs were cut sixty-one per cent between 1921 and 1934. In Great Britain, pensions have come to about six per cent of the budget, while here, including the bonus, they have been a much larger proportion. Benefits in England are strictly limited to actual sufferers, — veterans and dependents whose injuries, diseases and deprivations resulted directly from the war.

At the time of America's entrance into the war, a system of war risk insurance, which was hailed as a means for greatly mitigating post-war veteran demands, was put into effect. It was hoped that this system would be as effective as what the British had planned. It was only a few years after the conflict, however, that the realization dawned that this was not the case. The World war veterans' organizations became active, making the discovery that the more than four million soldiers, either in the war or getting ready for it, had been inadequately



paid. As a matter of fact, however, the American private received \$30 a month against \$11.40 for the British, and even smaller pay for many of the other Allied soldiers. The American received a dollar a day, and two dollars a day was spent on his food, clothing and shelter. The total of three dollars a day comes to \$1,095 a year, which approximates the \$1,078 which the National Industrial Conference Board says was the average annual wage of all employed persons in the United States in the war year of 1918.

Nevertheless the veterans' organizations decided the soldiers had been underpaid. It was determined they should have received for their patriotism a dollar a day more for service in this country, and \$1.25 additional for each day on the other side. This principle was enacted into law in 1924, an election year in which most congressmen feared the vote of the veterans and their sympathizers might mean the difference between victory and defeat. With the legislation passed, a calculation was made as to what the rest of the citizens owed each veteran, interest was added, and each given his "bonus" in the form of an adjusted service certificate, a sort of endowment insurance policy, with the taxpayers paying the premiums. All was well until 1936, when the veterans and Congress decided to pay the full value the certificates were to attain in 1945, nine years ahead of time. The government would have to pay the money in 1945 anyway, so why not pay the same amount in 1936? After all, the government wouldn't be paying out any more money, it was reasoned. Of course insurance actuaries, who knew something about interest, did not agree, but Congress decided the veterans were to receive, in 1936, government bonds for the 1945 face value of their certificates. The legislation was calculated to have added

a billion to the cost of the original bonus. And with the bonus out of the way, it was freely predicted that pensions were next, and that unless some means were found to make the listless majority of American opinion effective against organized minorities, veteran costs would continue to rise.

The legislative processes by which the hundreds of different classifications of veterans seek to boost their allowances, are intricate. During the fiscal year of 1937, a total of 3,796 bills pertaining to veterans' benefits were introduced into Congress. Of these, 1,108 were so-called public bills, and 2,688 were for private relief. This does not take into consideration the bills introduced in state and city legislative bodies, which have also been liberal, not only in benefits, but in special civil service consideration, and other favors, to the former soldiers. The alacrity with which American legislatures jump at the chance to give a hand to any patriotic fighter was illustrated in February, 1936, when Frederick C. Broomhead, Republican, introduced into the Rhode Island State Senate a bill to pay Private Erael O. W. Tnesba of the 12th Machine Gun Company \$100. A Democrat seconded it, and not until the measure was carried did another Democrat sense a peculiarity, and ask for reconsideration. It had all been a practical joke by Senator Broomhead. The private's name was the army's noted phrase "Absent without Official Leave," spelled in reverse.

While not an election year, and therefore not to be expected to produce as gigantic pension liberalizations as even-numbered years, the year 1937 nevertheless provided some typical readjustments of law, which show how the snow-ball-like growth of the pension evil proceeds with a little addition to the burden here, another there.

One new law directed that compensation to a widow,

child, or children of a deceased World war veteran should not be denied if a veteran had been suffering from a disability twenty per cent of which could be attributed to his war service. Previously the figure had been thirty per cent. It was provided also that the connection of a veteran's disability with his war service could be determined by a post-mortem, whereas previously, an alert comptroller general had ruled that a veteran must decide he was war-disabled at least before he died. The hardy survivors of the Indian wars were not forgotten. Increases of pensions were granted to these soldiers who helped push the heathen savages back during the years 1817 to 1898.

There were other increases, and liberalizations of rules, tiny in themselves, but costing in the aggregate, a considerable sum. In criticizing this type of piecemeal modification of veteran laws, Donald A. Hobart, former national commander of the American Veterans Association, a group of veterans which opposes the policies of the American Legion, pointed out that "Congress has fallen into the error of attempting to legislate for every conceivable contingency which might arise in the health of a World war veteran." One bill contained forty liberalizing amendments. "Absurdity after absurdity" was created, until in 1932, 431,000 World war veterans were receiving aid for disability "in no way concerned or claimed to be concerned with the World war." Compensation was even paid, Mr. Hobart found, to "veterans suffering from a sickness with a maximum incubation period of six weeks," if the disease became manifest six years after the war. The 431,000 cases were removed from the rolls by the Economy Act of 1933, but many got back.

Mr. Hobart then described the beginning of the agitation for pensions for widows of World war veterans, de-



claring that under legislation similar to some of the bills introduced, the last widow of a Revolutionary war veteran died in 1906. The drive was already under way at the time of the last bonus distribution, in 1936. At the convention of the largest veterans' organization, a resolution was introduced providing: "That in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of a deceased World war veteran be without government protection."

At first glance, this might appear high-minded. It will all depend on the present and future definition of the word "widow" and the word "protection." In the same set of resolutions, the largest veterans' organization gave its idea of how "widow" should be defined:

The term "widow" of a World war veteran shall mean a person who married the veteran prior to July 3, 1931, or who married the veteran subsequent to that date, and who has lived with the veteran for a period of three years next preceding his death. Also to include those widows having surviving issue of a veteran.

In other words, the widow, to be worthy of government "protection," would need to have married her veteran within 12½ years of the end of the war, unless she had borne him a child, in which case it would make no difference how much time had elapsed between the armistice and the marriage. The history of previous pension legislation indicates that as time passes, Congress tends to lengthen the period allowed.

Prior to the Act of 1933, payments to widows and dependents of World war veterans were restricted to those of veterans who lost their lives as a direct result of military service. However, the seventy-third congress in Public Law 484 started the dangerous precedent of providing benefits for widows and dependents of World war veterans who died from causes in no way related to their

military service, providing the veteran at the time of his death was receiving or entitled to receive compensation for a disability of thirty per cent or more, directly incurred in, or aggravated by, military service, and not the result of the person's own misconduct. The rates of compensation provided began at \$22 a month for a widow with no child, and increased to a maximum of \$56. The term widow was defined as a woman married to a veteran before July 3, 1931, and who had not remarried.

But even more liberal legislation was to be passed soon. The following year Congress broadened the rules for widows by providing definitely that they would be taken care of even if their late husbands' thirty per cent service-connected disabilities were only presumptive, and by eliminating the provision that the disability must not have resulted from the soldier's misconduct.

A yet higher climax of generosity was contemplated in a bill sponsored by the American Legion in February, 1937, which would compensate not merely the widows of partially disabled veterans, but *all* widows of World war veterans, without regard to the date of marriage or cause of death, with a few minor exceptions. This would indeed let the bars down. The American Veterans' Association, the group opposed to the pilfering, raised the cry that it was under *identical* legislation that the last pensioned widow of a Revolutionary war veteran died in 1906. The widows to be cared for were not war widows but "peace widows." The measure, it was charged, almost completely ignored the necessity for curing a real injustice with respect to the widows and dependents of veterans who lost their lives through directly service-connected causes.

A similar measure was under consideration by Congress this year. This bill, also, would open the door to

peace-time widows, who would live off the rest of the citizens into the twenty-first century. The bill's evils were summed up at a congressional hearing by Cornelius H. Bull, Judge Advocate General of the American Veterans' Association:

The American Veterans' Association has always vigorously maintained that the widows and dependents of those who died as a direct result of injury or disease incurred in active military service should be most generously dealt with, and that the pittance of thirty dollars per month now paid widows of the combat dead should be doubled. . . .

We know that it is not the wish of the American people to pay to the widow of a drug addict who dies twenty years after the war the same amount of money now paid to a widow of a soldier killed in the Argonne. This bill would do just that.

Mr. Bull's arguments did not appear to impress Representative Gasque's committee much. Their questions, which followed, were critical.

The manner of operation of the veteran lobbies which successfully promote this type of legislation is worthy of consideration, by all would-be manipulators of Congress. Each of the veteran groups whose mission is to "liberalize" existing veteran laws has in Washington its own "legislative representative" who theoretically is there merely for the high and educational purpose of "informing the members of Congress as to the purposes of legislation sponsored by them." In reality, it is asserted, the bulk of veteran bills are not only sponsored but actually written by the legislative chairmen of service organizations, and support for them is demanded from terror-stricken congressmen, under pain of reprisals at the polls. A balky congressman is dealt with vigorously. Communications, it is averred, are sent to the heads of veteran posts in the congressman's own constituency.



This brings down on him a barrage of wires from individual posts, and from county and state sub-divisions. The congressman is likely to interpret all this as a "mandate from the people he represents," and is often moved also by fear that the votes of the telegram senders and their friends, and their friends' friends will spell the difference between defeat and victory for him at the next election. He may even fear that his veteran enemies will furnish material hostile to him to his opponent in the next contest. So the congressman falls into line.

After the legislation has been passed, it is up to the Solicitor of the Veterans' Administration or the Attorney General of the United States to interpret it. The ambiguous language of many of the laws encourages pressure to get borderline cases into classifications more advantageous from the monetary point of view, in the obtaining of compensation or pensions. An example of lack of uniformity in interpretations of law is had from a comparison of two cases having to do with wilful misconduct. The veteran in each case was seeking a disability allowance, and if misconduct were proved he would not be entitled to it. It was held that the troubles of the veteran who was suffering a kind of paralysis, from drinking Jamaica ginger had not been due to wilful misconduct. On the other hand the veteran who suffered an accident resulting in the loss of his hand, when he slipped on icy boards while carrying a loaded shotgun while on leave, had been grossly negligent, and grossly careless, had committed misconduct, and was therefore not entitled to any disability compensation or pension.

Is there any hope that the ninety-six per cent of Americans who pay the bill ever will become as powerful as the four per cent who receive the payments?

There have been a few signs indicating the giant might

be beginning to stir. At the time of the 1935 and 1936 bonus agitation, the satirically conceived Veterans of Future Wars spread in the colleges, demanding bonus payments then and there for the young men of the present generation who in coming years would be called on to defend their country. And why not? Why should men twenty to thirty years old be called upon to pay taxes exclusively for veterans of past wars, while being unpaid themselves for the sacrifices they might some day be called upon to make? These young men, and their children's children, will be the chief sufferers from the coming pension grab, if it materializes. They will be paying the bill till 2040. They can defeat the grab, perhaps. They are the logical nucleus for an anti-pension drive. To be sure, the young men of the 'eighties, the 'nineties, and the early twentieth century sat idly by and let the Civil war veterans pass legislation the burden of which they and their children carry today. But that was in a sleepier era.

Another group of direct sufferers from the veterans' benefits are the ever increasing number of income taxpayers. Although they would appear to represent an enormous potential political power, little progress has been made in organizing the rank and file of them. Such a group did not exist in the post-Civil war decades, because there was no income tax. Effective organization of them today would seem to offer a valuable opportunity to leaders in the anti-pension drive. The man who today pays a twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred dollar income tax is thoroughly indignant about it. The proportion of this which goes, and is likely to go, in the future, to veterans, if forcefully brought home to him, should convert him, and his family, friends and relatives, into furious telegram-senders-to-congressmen.

It is conceivable, then, if the American political awak-

ening continues, with young men's and young women's groups, and small income taxpayers solidly organized, that when a piece of veteran legislation is being considered, the congressmen may some day receive as solid and as sincere a barrage of telegrams from opponents of each handout, as from the supporters of it.

Four and a half million men wore American uniforms during the war. Substantially less than a third of them got into the fighting, even for a day. The four and a half million already have extracted eleven billion dollars from the rest of the nation. This they have done by incessant, ruthless lobbying. They have employed every conceivable trick. They have waved flags. They have used mother appeal. Some have even employed medical deception. They have exerted unfair political pressure. Their tactics have been blatant, out of step with patriotism. These tactics have so incensed the more right-thinking veterans that a considerable group of them have seceded from the main organizations, to form their own group, the American Veterans' Association. This group is endeavoring to fight the shameless grabs. Fantastic claims for special compensation have been presented and honored. Many of these claims have been for injuries and diseases contracted long after the war. Other claims have been wholly fraudulent. The main raid — the demand for pensions for all — is at hand. Pensions are being sought, despite a generous and extravagant bonus, already paid. The outcome of this pension raid will determine whether a greedy lobby, representing, or claiming to represent, not over four per cent of the population, can enable this four per cent, with their survivors, to defy and despoil the other ninety-six per cent. It will be the most important struggle against an organized minority that a democracy has ever waged, and for the biggest prize.



# American Biography and the Modern World

EDGAR JOHNSON

IF WE THINK of modern biography as a telescope for looking at various personalities of the past, our eyepiece is the here-and-now. For, like other artists, the biographer is part of his time and milieu, and, like them, he must render even what seems to him the essence of truth in terms intelligible to his time: interpret it, not *sub specie aeternitatis*, but in a medium that reflects his own age as well. That is why Boswell's *Johnson* is as brilliant a portrait of eighteenth century London as it is of the great Doctor, and why Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is perhaps a better picture of Victorian England than it is of Frederick's Prussia. The kind of image we have of the past is an image of our own time.

This is not to deny that biography can achieve truth. But truth, in order to be understandable, cannot be revealed in a sort of no-time and no-where, an uncreated void of old night, absolute, eternal, and nonexistent. We perceive truth rather as the intersection between a group of facts and a scheme of values; and wherever the two are clearly drawn and clearly related they plot the outline of truth for us. We do not need to agree with Cellini's and Rousseau's estimates of themselves to realize that they have revealed themselves truly. What they have chosen to tell us, and the light in which they have put it, and the sentiments they thereby make clear, name them for the men they are and place them in the time-frame of their age. When we read them today, if we have any historical sense, we are constantly drawing lines of reference between their time and ours, constructing a frame of our own whereby we see theirs in a perspective.

In doing so we make ourselves into a kind of impromptu modern biographer just as truly as if we had decided to tell Cellini's story in contemporary terms and reinterpret him for modern eyes. What we do in a partly haphazard and intuitive way the skilled biographer must do with consistent insight into his aim. His realization of the nature of his task and the technique he brings to it are as illuminating about the age in which he lives as they are about the age he recreates.

It will be fruitful, therefore, to examine this instrument of modern biography from such a point of view, turning it under our gaze until we can inspect the *eyepiece*. Not only in Europe, but in America as well, biography has grown until it bulks enormously large in every season's outpouring of new books. What are the characteristics of this tremendous output of contemporary American biography? What significance do they have and what light do they throw on the significance of American biography in the present? What is the importance of the new forms it has taken and the new methods it has adopted?

Probably the most spectacular facts about it are its bulk and its international character. In a Spring book section of a newspaper that endeavors to list only the more important publications, the space devoted to biographies, memoirs, and autobiographies runs to more than four columns out of twenty-five, and includes over eighty volumes. In this list the biographies alone number almost fifty. And their subjects crowd from all over the world and all periods of time: Keats, Rimbaud, Darwin, Dana of the New York *Sun*, Debussy, Claude Bernard, Fanny Kemble, Confucius, Lincoln, Jacob Riis, Porson, Malesherbes, Newton. Their authors are equally international: French, British, Scandinavian, German, Japanese.

The American biographer cannot remain untouched

by these facts. He is no longer almost insulated between two oceans, but is part of an international society, subject to all its influences. He may find that a French scholar is an indispensable authority on Benjamin Franklin and that a British peer has written an important life of Abraham Lincoln. And refusing to confine himself to American figures, he may, like Ralph Roeder, have to explore not only the historical records but the scholarship dealing with the Italian Renaissance and France under Catherine de' Medici, or, like Matthew Josephson, the France of Diderot and the *Encyclopédie*. He cannot ignore the achievements of international scholarship or dwell in a Brother Jonathan stars-and-stripes cultural chauvinism.

Not only the achievements of international research, however, demand his attention, but international developments in biographical technique as well. The biographies of Lytton Strachey were published in the United States nearly as soon as they appeared in England. The writings of Emil Ludwig, Andre Maurois, Stefan Zweig, are released almost simultaneously in many countries. Their innovations in his craft must be assimilated and evaluated by the American biographer, for there are no tools he feels able to neglect.

Even other realms of the art of writing he lays under tribute: the explorations of the novelists, the literary devices of contemporary poetry. Henry James and Marcel Proust have sharpened the biographer's observations of psychology and the subtle nuances of emotion; Mallarme and the Symbolists and T. S. Eliot have colored the biographer's use of atmospheric allusion; he has borrowed form and style from modern fiction. The study of heredity, the researches of Pavlov, and the delvings of the Freudians have gone into his work. Marx's dialectical materialism and all the labors of economists and sociolo-



gists have deepened his awareness of the relations between individual lives and social forces.

In all such ways, of course, the biographer is merely one with the major currents everywhere pulsing through the world. Capitalist industrialism has produced an international society in which no nation is economically isolated from the others any more than any life is isolated from its fellows. Science gave birth to technology from which has emerged a machine-civilization that multiplies the speed of production and demands a literate population. Ever more numerous books roaring from the presses and an increasing swiftness of translation from one country to another follow inevitably. The developments we have noted in the internationalizing of biography are only a part of this evolution.

Unification in men's relationships is reflected in a growing need for unification of culture. Science grows ever more specialized, but also more richly and complexly related. Instead of diverging from each other the realms merge and interpenetrate, astronomy and physics generating astrophysics, the study of the atom and of electricity melting into one, sociology and psychology refusing to be divorced. Physics takes metaphysics for its bride, and the philosopher must be a philosopher of history as well. It is not strange, therefore, that we should discover the biographer being obliged to enter the fields of the historian, economist, and psychologist in order to reveal a human being in the movement of his age.

These words — "the movement of his age" — are significant. Wyndham Lewis has complained of the "time-mindedness" of modern "flux-philosophers," and it is undeniable that we find it hard to conceive either of men or events except as part of a stream of time. Eternal

and recurrent elements there no doubt are in character and history (Marxists look forward to the emergence of a "human" civilization when the distorting influences of capitalist society are outgrown, and trace the "human" achievements even in bourgeois art and literature), but no life can fail, we feel, to be colored and molded in crucial ways by its environment. The concept of evolution has made the mind of modern man a time-mind. We explain not only the present in terms of the past, but any segment of the past we see in genetic and environmental terms.

Hence it is that American biographers have been reconstructing our own cultural past in exactly these ways. In recent years a vast exploration has been going on of the heroes of American history and folklore — for what we are is the product of the America that was. And it, in turn, emerged from its antecedents and the peculiar circumstances of its growth, its colonial origins, the expansion of the frontier, a thousand other forces unique in form to the epic of America. Our biographers have been flinging themselves upon our past, not in the spirit of Parson Weems, not as chapters of heroic saga and edifying legend, but with a thirst to interpret and explain. America striving to interpret itself, through the efforts of biographers and social scientists and hosts of others, trying to see itself in time and the forces there at work, is a part of the effort of the modern world to interpret all its experience.

No single person has had a more direct and striking influence upon recent biography than Lytton Strachey. Douglas Southall Freeman, two years ago, thinking of the cheap irony and puerile iconoclasm of third-rate imitators, condemned it as wholly vicious. This is not true. If biographies like Woodward's *George Washington: The*

*Image and the Man* vulgarized Strachey's method to a Philistine sneer, that method achieved in Strachey at his best a balanced judgment that others were not slow to apply. And Strachey's sharp forms, his incisive style, his swift and ruthless efficiency, like the gleaming precision of one of the machines of modern industrialism, have been lessons in the economy of art. With nuances of hidden romanticism, and with overtones of eighteenth century classicism, his bare and metallic art is an epitome of the machine age.

And Americans have learned from his art as well as bathed in his acid. De Kruif's *Microbe Hunters* is sharpened to vivid drama, Brown's *Lonely Americans* strengthened, by such stripping away of inessentials; and every year brief biographies too numerous to mention appear in periodicals and collected volumes. Even book-length biographies seldom dare achieve their bulk by padding, pomposity, and panegyric. Their authors know that redundant flesh and portly rhetoric must be dieted and exercised to muscularity, and that they must justify their treatment by the penetration and richness of what they have to say.

Even more valuable has been Strachey's influence upon point of view. Clarity, brilliance, concision, every virtue, he realized, were jejune and idle unless the biographer had a clear and consistent grasp on character. He must see his subject in the round, know what he thought about it, and take pains that every detail built rather than blurred that picture. Not by falsifying omission, of course, but by synthesis and selection, clarifying relations and deleting irrelevance. The same principles must control the sequence of the story, emphasis on episodes being governed by the degree to which they were crucial in its pattern.



Strachey is not, to be sure, "the onlie begetter" of these developments. Rather, in him as in the others, they are created by the intellectual demands of the age, although to more than one American biographer he was a source of direct inspiration. The outstanding biographies of our times, however — Claude Bowers' powerful trilogy on Thomas Jefferson, Beveridge's *Marshall* and *Lincoln*, the four volumes of Freeman's monumental *Robert E. Lee* — have been marked by a psychological clarity dominant over every detail of design. Thronged as the more than two thousand pages of Dr. Freeman's work are with richly developed portraits of Jeb Stuart, Stonewall Jackson, hosts of minor figures, a canvas almost as epic and crowded as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Lee never ceases to command the scene, and the drama rises to the moving climax of Appomattox and the pathos of the silent years that followed. Here there is none of the muzzy handling and heaped biographical rubbish of the "authorized life-and-letters." The demand for unified understanding of the whole has been answered with the shaping of art.

As art, it has learned much from the novel. Rendering of atmosphere, descriptive coloring skilfully woven into the narrative instead of the old formal set-pieces, a dramatic handling in which the very action creates the impression of character to be conveyed: these have been the gifts of fiction to modern biography. Sometimes, indeed, looking over the wall into the adjacent gardens of romance, the biographer has been tempted to more, reached for the gleaming fruits of imaginary conversations, bent down in thirst to streams-of-consciousness welling up through the psychological soil. We shall not try to settle the dividing line beyond which such borrowings become esthetic larceny, although they lie considerably within the reaches just named; it is enough to note

here again the intermingling of realms we have seen everywhere in the modern world. If the "romanticized" biography is a mode already vanished, it was linked however briefly with artistic aims and has left vivid traces in the work of more scrupulous biographers.

A movement of greater vitality, which still has its vigorous heirs, was the "debunking" school. Partly sheer slapstick, partly inspired by the irony of Strachey, partly a wise-cracking iconoclasm, it degenerated into persecution and exhibitionism. Strachey's irony, mordant but icily detached, had achieved an air of scientific objectivity. His imitators displayed no such restraint. M. R. Werner painted a clowning portrait of William Jennings Bryan. R. F. Dibble deflated Admiral Dewey and Brigham Young with giggles, and, still giggling, reversed the process in a patronizing heroic caricature of John L. Sullivan. Thomas Beer, always just one degree more outrageous than the rest of humanity, deflated deflation by portraying Mark Hanna as the noblest Roman of them all. Beer's most blatant excesses, however, the pretentious allusiveness that disfigured even his *Stephen Crane*, ripening to a positively purple lushness in *The Mauve Decade*, fall more within the meretricious realm of Philip Guedalla than they do in the childish revels of the debunkers.

But despite their deficiencies, the debunkers had, in fact, a core of value. The devil's advocate is a useful personage. Immaculate legends need to be constantly examined for shady spots; the too lofty supermen need to be reduced to credible human dimensions; reality and reason are holier than any heroic fame. The wiser fruits of debunking were critical honesty and a disinterested willingness to subject even the most portentous reputation to calm examination. On its more serious side, de-

bunking was a rather naive aspect of the trend toward social interpretation. It had vital roots in the earlier activities of the muckrakers, and such continues to be its value today.

Books like Flynn's *God's Gold* are the legitimate offspring of Ida Tarbell's *History of Standard Oil*. Nosing into the reek of the oil lines and the preferential rates and the ruined competitors, they leave the elder Rockefeller unsilvered of the shining dimes and the philanthropies Ivy Lee used to disinfect his name. Winkler's *Morgan the Magnificent* performs a like task in a more slipshod and journalistic style; and still other biographies have dealt with the dynasties of the Mellons and the DuPonts. Matthew Josephson, quarrying in the enormous deposits of Gustave Meyers' *History of the Great American Fortunes*, shows *The Robber Barons* of finance capitalism using their new weapons to clamp a predatory feudalism on modern society. In the last few years Hearst and his satrap Brisbane have been subjected to the same kind of unmasking.

More noteworthy than the schoolboy insolence of their forerunners, such biographies are valuable as briefs for the prosecution. They are not always entirely balanced. They emphasize the chicanery and unscrupulousness of the great railway freebooters, the financial pirates, the rapacious industrialists, and leave in the background their technical role in building modern large-scale industry. But the withering indictment of capitalism these biographies are able to unroll before the bar of justice must weigh heavily on any generous spirit.

They assuredly paint an essential part of the modern scene. Without these researches into the Hills, the Astors, Goulds, Fricks, and Huntingtons, Leland Stanfords, Carnegies, Schwabs, Dukes, and Fords, we should lack vital knowledge of that industrial revolution that has



been the greatest phenomenon of modern history. But, with few exceptions, they paint it from a point of view in which greed, dishonesty, personal villainy, as it were, are the skeleton keys to their psychological problems. They tend to ignore or be bewildered by the complexities that can combine a perfectly sincere kindness, generosity, or tenderness of heart with financial sharp practice. They do not predominantly try to explain the curiously similar pattern that runs through so many of these careers. Although they would probably reject the words with some indignation, their intellectual approach is not so very remote from the theological concept of original sin.

It is to repair the obvious limitations of such an approach that other biographers have turned to the social sciences and endeavored to find in them general principles through which the individual career and the individual character could be understood. They have tried to see men surrounded by and embodying the historical forces of their times, conditioned by the social organisms within which they had to live their lives. The penetrating analysis of Marx and the brilliant studies of Veblen and Sombart had pointed out the ways in which the economic structure of society molds individual judgments and values: how could these insights be applied to biography? The followers of Freud and the other schools of psychoanalysis have endeavored to find the fundamental drives in human conduct, and explain its individual variations in terms of social adjustment and maladjustment.

Of all these, the Freudian and the Marxian have been most often employed and most often at swords'-points. In reality, however, as even their more doctrinaire followers are beginning to realize, there is no necessary antagonism between them. When the Freudian deals with some individual fixation or psychosis, classification

will compel him to realize that certain patterns recur again and again. It must surely, then, be borne in upon him that these are products of a larger pattern in society as a whole, that they indicate, therefore, not so much the failure of the individual to adjust himself to the world as the failure of society to embody human needs. The wise psychologist is thus forced to become a sociologist as well.

And conversely the Marxian sociologist, studying the entire mechanism of modern society, must be able to display even the most eccentric individual conduct as consistent with his analysis of general forces. The wildest aberrations and neuroses may be perceived simply as fantastic variations on a theme whose undeviating tendency is shown with all the more strength by their many-sided return. "Psychoanalysis and the new psychology of Freud and Jung," Lincoln Steffens remarked in his *Autobiography*, "were a feather in the cap of the red who had always held that to change men's minds one must first change their environment."

These methods both derive their deepest meaning, in fact, from the bearing they have on the understanding of man as a part of society, and on man and society as existences in time. The wiser biographers have not feared to use the methods of both schools hand in hand. Newton Arvin's *Hawthorne* knits the sociological and the psychological in a closely reasoned analysis that yields a revealing picture both of Nathaniel Hawthorne and of the limitations of New England culture in the nineteenth century. Van Wyck Brooks, in his seminal although much disputed *Ordeal of Mark Twain*, insists upon the mingling forces by which the emotional domination of Mark Twain's mother gave added strength to the tyrannous pressure of pioneer society, and relates his life to the whole American scene of the day.

Critics like Bernard De Voto violently disagree with this reading of Mark Twain's significance, but they as certainly agree in regarding him as significant, a representative figure by which the age can be portrayed. And the effort to do this is the central effort of the most serious contemporary biography. When it is successful, the problems and failures of the representative or gifted individual, his hopes and triumphs, become the clues to the character of an entire age, indices by which its successes and failures may be measured, a microcosm into which the biographer has concentrated a period. As a vehicle of searching social interpretation, biography has no loftier attainment.

Indeed, it is only when the biographer thus breathes the age into his pages that he achieves a completely triumphant work of art. The aim need not even have been fully conscious. We hardly believe Cellini said to himself, "I shall make my *Autobiography* a shining and polychromatic mirror of the Renaissance:" he did it by being so deeply and richly of the age. And where that fusion does not exist or is not sought for, the image will lose in life. It is for this reason, even more than for their rather static emptiness of dramatic movement, that Gamaliel Bradford's "psychographs" seem to me so comparatively unsatisfactory. In the hundred and fifteen that make up that long series, from *Confederate Portraits* through *Damaged Souls* and *Daughters of Eve* to *Biography and the Human Heart*, he not only held relentlessly to the analytic, expository method, ignoring story, but seemed almost totally unaware of the flavor and influence of periods. His characters are, as it were, isolated laboratory experiments in psychology, and Voltaire and Walpole are no more depicted as colored by their times than are Mary Todd Lincoln or Theodosia Burr.



Recent American biographers other than Bradford, however, have amply compensated for his individualistic neglect of temporal and social forces. While he was endeavoring to find a framework of purely psychological coordinates, they were flinging themselves into every cranny of the American past, so that today it would be almost possible to write a history of America in terms of biography alone. There is no period or section of the country that has been overlooked. And deeply steeped in local color as a surprisingly large number of these biographies are, many of them are no less serious in their endeavor to see the forces of history embodied in their themes.

It is impossible, for example, to read Bernard Mayo's *Henry Clay*, or Marquis James's two volumes on Andrew Jackson, *The Border Captain* and *Portrait of a President*, without realizing the wild, rough, fantastic life of the frontier. Mayo is perhaps a bit more pedantic than James, addicted to telling everything, crowding even insignificant minutiae into footnotes, so that his narrative grows too heavy and bloated. But how realistically we see, in both, the nation brawling over the Appalachians, down into the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, gentleman and desperado, ruffian, scholar, and politician, landshark and jurist, all united in one social grouping and sometimes even in one person. Such biographies would seem almost written to exemplify Turner's theory of the role of the frontier in American history.

It is no less fascinating to turn from Beveridge's *Marshall*, with its Federalist perspective, to Bowers' final and impressive volume, *Jefferson in Power*. Despite their partisan bias, these two reveal the living drama behind whole sections of Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought*. Nor do they deal only in dead struggles out of a

dead past, for when we see the very people Jefferson most benefits striving desperately to wreak his administration on the power of the courts, the past seems to give a wriggle and lead us directly into the present again. Indeed, the past is everywhere the womb of contemporary problems, and it takes only the perceptive biographer to make us realize that fact. So, to cite only a few, Lewis Mumford shows us Herman Melville wrestling with the metaphysical doubts engendered by mid-nineteenth-century materialism, Odell Shepard reveals Bronson Alcott and the other transcendentalists struggling through the depression of the 'thirties, and Ralph Barton Perry's *Life and Thought of William James* traces the birth of pragmatism out of the conflict between religious sentiment and science.

Nowhere is this essential unity in American life, and this unity between its past and its present, revealed more clearly than in some of the group-biographies of recent years. In these a floodlight moving through members of the same milieu, or even of the same family, sometimes in successive generations, enables us to follow the permutations of American society. Constance Rourke does it in *Trumpets of Jubilee*, where the raw Cincinnati of pre-Civil-war days, abolition Boston, New York and Brooklyn during the draft riots, and during the hardly less turbulent Brooklyn pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher, are all brilliantly realized. With a certain ironic detachment, Miss Rourke has also a warm twinkle of American humor broadly human enough to range in sympathy from the idiosyncrasies of the Beechers to the hip-hooray of a Barnum.

Lyman Beecher Stowe, in his *Saints, Sinners, and Beechers*, later gave an expanded treatment of the individual and yet related temperaments of this family responding

to the same national stimuli; but meanwhile other biographers had extended the family biography to several generations. Burton J. Hendrick, despite a certain romantic nostalgia for the plantation system, makes *The Lees of Virginia* a panorama of five generations from the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, and gives an exciting picture of the Colonial struggle in the South and the handling of the Revolution in England and France. Hartley Grattan's *The Three Jameses*, more specialized in aim, as is suggested by its subtitle, *A Family of Minds*, is nevertheless a valuable clue to various outstanding intellectual currents of the entire nineteenth century. James Truslow Adams's *The Adams Family*, which might have been the most illuminating of all, is a disappointingly slipshod and superficial book. The Adamses neither lost their grip on the vital forces of their day, like the Lees, nor narrowed themselves to specialized interests, like the Jameses, but grew, in the person of Henry Adams, increasingly aware of the whole cosmos around them. Hasty and sometimes even misleading in his account of Revolutionary politics, Mr. Adams also fails almost entirely to bring out the significance of Henry Adams's philosophy of history and of his response to capitalist imperialism and industrialism.

But with such themes we have already entered the venalities of post-Civil-war society, "a bankers' world," in Henry Adams's words, the railroads more corrupt and more powerful than ever, pork-barrel legislation, the hegemony of Wall Street, the Senate a rich men's club, the plush and poverty of the 'eighties and 'nineties, the Molly Maguires, the Haymarket bombing, industrial conflict, trust-busting — all those events of "only yesterday" that are the immediate prelude to our times. These too we find in biography, in Allan Nevins's sometimes



rather pedestrian but able *Hamilton Fish*, in his *Blaine of Maine* and *Roscoe Conkling*, in Dennis Tilden Lynch's *Grover Cleveland*, and in Josephson's just published *The Politicos*.

Indeed, we cannot too strongly insist that the whole American past, mirrored in modern biography, is implicit in contemporary society, infused in contemporary consciousness. Not only is it the soil out of which the present has grown, but our biographers have everywhere been preoccupied with establishing its richness and relevance. This is as true of the necessitarianism of Jonathan Edwards, in Henry Bamford Parkes's study, or the antinomianism of Anne Hutchinson (Helen Augur's *An American Jezebel*), as of Newton Baker's detailed *Woodrow Wilson*. Books like Boyd's *Mad Anthony Wayne* and *Light Horse Harry*, Lewis's *Sherman*, and Elliott's *Winfield Scott* have not been so much concerned with building an American pantheon as with clarifying an available past. And doing so, they, with most of the others mentioned, have demonstrated that that past is a living part of the present.

Biography so conceived not only reveals the past as organically related to the present age; it reveals our own cultural orientation. Our need to see life as a social-psychological-economic whole is as visible in the interpretations as in the tools brought to the interpretation. Evolution, industrialism, technology, have stamped their impress upon biography with the profound effects they have had everywhere upon modern life.

They have not, indeed, so far, achieved any very revelatory biography of science, most of the lives of inventors and scientists now in print being individual success stories or romances in scientific magic, like *The Life of Charles P. Steinmetz* or Martin and Dyer's *Edison: His Life and In-*

ventions. We have yet to read a really good biography of Joseph Henry or Willard Gibbs. Professor Bell and Professor More have perhaps opened such a vein in American biography, although not with American subjects, in their *Men of Mathematics* and *Sir Isaac Newton*. But the principles and the spirit of modern science have laid a directing hand upon biography in both its aims and its methods.

However far we range through its enormous gallery of portraits, we find that realization intensified. Modern biography yields to no other art as a reflection of the modern spirit. It has seized upon instruments from all over the world and from every intellectual discipline. The devices of imaginative literature no less than the means of research and verification are its possessions. Human nature, not obscured but even more sharply illuminated by all the searchlights of every kind of analysis, is seen enriched in its pages, as a part of society and as a part of the universe in which humanity is a dweller. Fortified and enlightened by its picture of the past and the present, we may confront that universe: alive to both its perils and its promise. No realm of art can lay a prouder claim than biography today to being a mirror of the modern world.

## Sinclair Lewis — His Critics and the Public

LLOYD MORRIS

THE RECEPTION of Sinclair Lewis's latest novel sets a problem for critics. Published in January, by April *The Prodigal Parents* stood near the top of all lists of best-selling fiction. Yet few books within recent years have had a press so completely unfavorable. It took a beating from the reviewers. And in the process of inflicting punishment, these gentlemen showed scant mercy to Mr. Lewis.

Their verdict is fairly represented by that of J. Donald Adams in the *New York Times Book Review*. The great talent which gave us *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, and *Arrowsmith*, Mr. Adams declared, is reduced to the shadow of itself in *The Prodigal Parents*. "What has been happening to that talent was perhaps inevitable, and inherent in the very qualities which have made Mr. Lewis's fame," he continued, turning from the book to its author. "He is the greatest photographer in fiction that we have produced; there is no sharper eye than his in literature. The best achievements of his remarkable gift are not to be minimized; they are perfection of their kind; but he has never been in the full sense of the word an artist. . . . A tincture of poetry and philosophy was not among the gifts allowed him, and it is that lack which has prevented the deepening of his craft. As time goes on, we have only new snapshots, less sharply focussed than they were."

That his fellow reviewers concurred in Mr. Adams's verdict, makes it the more arresting. It is the kind of token which critics usually reserve for the final appraisals required when death terminates a long and distinguished

*The Prodigal Parents*. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.



literary career. Its tone is reminiscent of their valedictions to Conrad, Bennett, and Galsworthy: eminent writers, but to their taste lacking indispensable attributes of greatness. Their verdict on Mr. Lewis regretfully invites him to permanent eclipse.

Fortunately for our only Nobel prizeman in fiction, there exist obvious factors to offset this melancholy prospect. Not the least of these, of course, is the response of the reading public. For if the verdict of the reviewing fraternity had any appreciable influence on readers, *The Prodigal Parents* would scarcely have reached its present position among best-sellers. It is patently absurd to suppose that thousands of people have spent money merely to enjoy a widely predicted disappointment. Nor is it entirely reasonable to assume that the memory of Mr. Lewis's past achievements has sustained their interest through three books reviewed with diminishing enthusiasm, for a fourth heralded as a disastrous failure. That the reading public has virtually ignored this cumulative re-appraisal of Mr. Lewis is significant. It implies a profound and vital disagreement. Perhaps the public finds merits in Mr. Lewis's novels which his critics have inexplicably failed to discover. Or perhaps the critics, since Mr. Lewis's first sensational success with *Main Street*, have been barking up the wrong tree.

Although disguised by new accents of finality, the charge which Mr. Adams brings against Mr. Lewis is an old one. For to declare that Mr. Lewis "has never been in the full sense of the word an artist," is merely to paraphrase what even his most sympathetic critics have freely acknowledged these past fifteen years. *Main Street* appeared in 1920, *Babbitt* two years later, and many of us still recall the effect of their impact on the American mind. It was bracing and tonic, like that of a stiff, salt

gale. It swept away a mass of cobwebs. It exposed pitilessly, under a harsh light, much unlovely mental furniture: prejudices, cruelties, vulgarities, complacencies, a superstitious and aggressive materialism. And — unperceived by many of us at the time — it touched some genuine excellences. More impressively still, it established one positive conviction. A new, vigorous, independent spirit was at work upon the materials of American life, turning them into fiction capable of interpreting us to ourselves. Best of all, that spirit was thoroughly American in discipline and utterance; in the bright facets of its curiosity, humor, quick penetration, sound common-sense; in its idealism, expressed only negatively by withering contempt for all shams and shoddy.

That was the effect upon most readers of Mr. Lewis's meteoric emergence as a major novelist. But as time passed, and he continued to publish fiction, the critics recovered from his initial impact. They became sensitive to an obligation to account for him; as if he were an unexploited resource. And it was at this point that the charge reiterated by Mr. Adams first gained currency.

In its original form, this charge was probably a result of their attempt to fit Mr. Lewis's books into traditional categories. Because he was at heart a reformer — what American writer of first importance has not been? — it was easy to conclude that Mr. Lewis's principal interest was the indictment of American culture and environment. If such was, indeed, his principal interest, it followed that Mr. Lewis was exclusively a satirist. This label drew added plausibility from the quality of his humor: always dry, often bitter, sometimes harshly comminatory. But satire, the critics remembered, is an art of distortion. It does not propose to see life steadily and see it whole. To the contrary, it proceeds by an

artful selection of phenomena detached from their context, and achieves a partial portrait by exaggerating their saliency.

If Mr. Lewis was a satirist, it seemed likely that he was using the method of satire in delineating American life. This explained his painstaking documentation, his meticulous photographic notation of detail. These were useful in producing a thoroughly deceptive effect of truth. But truth in its universal forms is not the satirist's quarry, and could not be Mr. Lewis's. The advantage accruing to his realism was something inferior: mere credibility. What better proof could be adduced than that, although every woman recognized Carol Kennicott in her neighbors, no woman identified Carol with herself? Or that although the membership of every club was Babbitty, no man acknowledged the Babbitt in his mirror? No: being a satirist, Mr. Lewis had achieved only a partial portrait, however astonishing its verisimilitude, however powerful its indictment. Incomparably our greatest master in satire, he was able always to persuade our contempt for those aspects of American life which aroused his moral scorn. But as a novelist he suffered from one vitiating defect. Capable as he was of exposing those elements in our way of life which might properly move us to shame, he lacked the ability to include in his picture the vision of a better way of living.

Such, in substance, was the judgment of Mr. Lewis and his works put forward by our official critics. The profound disagreement between critics and reading public — so forcibly demonstrated today by their reception of *The Prodigal Parents* — had already developed. Unchanged, and with some remarkable results, it has persisted ever since. Apparently it had no effect whatever on Mr. Lewis. If not "in the full sense of the word an artist," he con-



tinued on his way with an integrity that only very great artists have practised. Having found a method congenial to his talents and appropriate to his materials, he employed it without important modifications. From book to book, the method was identical: but — as the critics failed to perceive — intention and content varied significantly. For the critics, there may be an excuse in the fact that Mr. Lewis's method, like every other, had its peculiar limitations; and that these debarred him from enterprises not within the scope of his talents or, quite possibly, his interest. Having proclaimed him a satirist, they stuck to their guns. But there was a certain inconsistency in the charge always brought against him. It is no part of the satirist's business to project the vision of a way of life superior to that for which he invites our scorn.

Had the critics been less obstinately committed to their categorical label, they would not have ignored the significant differences in Mr. Lewis's work from book to book. Likewise, they might have been accessible to certain factors which, presumably, the American and European reading publics took into account. In Europe, to the occasional discomfiture of some Americans, Mr. Lewis has never been considered exclusively a satirist. The long, respectable tradition of realism had prepared the way for his method, and he seemed to be using that method for its traditional purposes. Even his innovations seemed less personal to Europeans than they did to us. Dry humor? There had been Mark Twain before him, and a host of others; and what about the allegorical figure of Uncle Sam? Scepticism? That was in tune with the times, the whole world over. The reforming spirit? American writers had always expressed it: witness Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, the later Mark Twain. The vision of a better way of life? Well, the times found

Utopias at a discount: meanwhile, you couldn't deny that *Arrowsmith* and *Dodsworth* were groping toward such a vision, and what more positive than the quest had been offered by Hawthorne or Melville, the most philosophical novelists America had yet produced? Even his apparent lack of an integrating philosophy made Mr. Lewis the more impressively American. Had not all American philosophy grounded itself solidly upon homespun commonsense? For Mr. Lewis, commonsense had become a philosophy. Clearly, his purpose was to achieve a scrupulously faithful picture of American life in its own terms. And when the Nobel Prize was bestowed upon him as America's most distinguished contemporary novelist, the European reading public approved the award.

The American reading public may have been perplexed by a critical verdict which restricted Mr. Lewis to satire and denied him recognition as an artist. For here was a writer at least one of whose creations had entered American folklore. *Babbitt* as a descriptive term had been incorporated in the language; as an allegorical figure had been acknowledged to be universally applicable; and to the nation's mind had become as familiar as Uncle Sam himself. Furthermore, serious American readers were quick to perceive in Lewis's work that element of absolute *discovery* which is inherent to art. When they came to read such books as *Middletown* and *Middletown in Transition*, competent sociological studies of American culture, they realized how completely Mr. Lewis had anticipated these in *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Elmer Gantry*, and *Dodsworth*. The pictures corresponded, detail for detail. And art had discovered what science was later to verify.

While American critics read Mr. Lewis with attention to his method, American readers presumably fixed their

minds on what he was trying to say. As the years passed, they took account of the increasingly affirmative content of his novels. But they were never blind to those features of his writing which the critics had labelled satire. A difference in perspective merely resulted in a difference of interpretation.

Readers guessed that Mr. Lewis was essentially a moralist. Like Hawthorne and Melville before him, he expressed his idealism obliquely. Since most moralists are disillusioned sentimentalists, they were not surprised by the strong tincture of sentimentality in Mr. Lewis's books. Vigorous and forthright in his scorn of those elements in our culture which set obstacles to its inherent ideal, he became embarrassed and mawkish whenever confronted by an approximation of that ideal in actual experience. He therefore seemed unable to define it precisely. Yet, implicit, it illuminated all his books from *Main Street* to *The Prodigal Parents*. And in each new book he revealed it more clearly, in terms of a more lavish affection for the characters who sought it. Only the purblind — and perhaps the professional critics — could ignore a progressive identification of the author with his material.

For the better way of life which Mr. Lewis has never explicitly proposed is not a new one. It is the life of American yesterdays. It is the old, free, democratic, individualistic career of the middle class. Shorn of its excrescences, which provoke his denunciation, it is the romantic "American dream." That dream promised freedom when mastery of environment had been achieved. The fate of those characters who have enlisted Mr. Lewis's affection, from Dr. Kennicott to Fred Cornplow, states the irony of non-fulfillment. Having achieved material success — the equivalent of mastery — they learn that they are the slaves, not the masters, of their world.



It is precisely because his vision of life is nostalgic, not confidently prospective, that Mr. Lewis has succeeded in holding the loyalty of a large segment of the reading public. For there can be little doubt that he expresses them fully, and to their approximate satisfaction. Like Mr. Lewis, they are disenchanted with reality, but fearful of change. Like him, they resent as a hideous plight the current state of transition. And like him, though even less articulately, they cling to a dream which every passing day makes more improbable. He speaks for them eloquently in phrasing the hopes of vanished yesterdays. They are — if a guess is permissible — the fifteen million Americans who, facing the wreckage of their reality and their dreams, marched to the polls and voted for Mr. Hoover. For Mr. Hoover spoke for them too.

That their loyalty to Mr. Lewis has put *The Prodigal Parents* high among best-sellers, is in no way surprising. It is a book marvellously attuned to their present temper; compact of their perplexity, prejudices, distrusts, and resentment. The critics, still obstinately concerned with Mr. Lewis as a master of invective and indictment, proclaimed it an utter failure. It contains nothing but thesis and method, they asserted, and carries both to the extreme of breakdown. Had they understood Mr. Lewis as the reading public has always understood him, they could only have concluded that once again Mr. Lewis has accomplished — though within exceedingly narrow limits — exactly what he set out to do.

There is no need to deny that *The Prodigal Parents* is inferior to any novel that Mr. Lewis has yet written. The important point is that it is well served by its most glaring defects. For the sum total to which those defects add up is a moral sermon. Mr. Lewis the moralist has, in this book as in *It Can't Happen Here*, made a bondserv-

ant of Mr. Lewis the artist. And he is preaching to an already converted audience. All too cagily, he announces as the topic of his sermon, "The Revolt of the Parents Against the Revolt of Youth." It isn't the true topic. It is merely an incidental illustration. For in this book Mr. Lewis is exhorting his audience to resist the force which threatens to invalidate their lives and the beliefs they have lived by. That force is change.

Naturally, he loads his dice; loads them so heavily as to make them seem merely grotesque to any dissenters. But among an audience long since converted they pass as honest. In the Fred and Hazel Cornplow of his story — moderately successful, middle-aged, devoted to one another and their children, incurably romantic, self-reliant and democratic individualists — the members of that audience will recognize themselves. They are the salt of the earth, the saving remnant, the bulwark of old decencies and established ways of life. And, undeniably, they are very real people, bred of the America of yesterday. Mr. Lewis's loaded dice are the younger generation, to whose rescue they are compelled to come.

The younger generation represents change: not continuity, but abrupt and violent deviation. Clearly it was not Mr. Lewis's intention to portray them sympathetically, to study them as they are in life. Rather, he wanted to use them as moral symbols. They embody, in a kind of vacant caricature, most of the psychological hobgoblins which threaten the peace of several million old-fashioned Americans. They are the hallucinatory concepts of communism, moral disintegration, social and economic collapse, which haunt the Cornplows in a world somehow gone haywire, and only to be restored by steadfast loyalty to traditional faiths. It is useless, therefore, to discuss them as characters in a work of fiction, or men

and women emerging from the reality of life. Their function in *The Prodigal Parents* is merely to incarnate the prejudices and fears of many million Cornplows. They perform this function admirably for the Cornplows in Mr. Lewis's audience. For all other readers, they must stand as an ignoble travesty of a generation groping toward a clearer vision of the future.

For fifteen years Mr. Lewis's critics have denied him recognition as an artist because — in their opinion — he has always failed to include in his picture the definition of a good life. In *The Prodigal Parents* he has furnished that definition, explicitly and fully. He has never been less an artist.



## The Mother of *Little Women*

ODELL SHEPARD

**B**IOGRAPHICAL writing is so important to us all, and the biographer, whether he knows it or not, carries such a weight of social responsibility, that we may well remind ourselves in the midst of our present chaos what sort of thing good biography has been in the past and by what processes we may hope to produce it again.

A great deal of hard and patient work may reasonably be expected of anyone who undertakes to interpret for us the life of a famous man or woman. As a matter of course, such a biographer will search out and exhaust every source of information about the subject of his study. He will strive to make himself at home in the time and place of his subject's life. He will prove every assertion that he makes, or at least stand ready to prove it; and when he is obliged to conjecture he will do so with extreme caution and always in such a way that his reader will know where provable fact leaves off and personal conjecture begins. Without ever forgetting that biography is an art, he will never confuse it with the art of fiction. Imagination he will use to penetrate and illumine his facts, never to fabricate them. By every means in his power he will seek to enter the mind and spirit of his subject, but he will realize that no master-key has ever been made — no, not even contemporary psychological analysis — upon which we can depend for the unlocking of all human secrets. He will be humble, self-forgetful, and yet unafraid, so that when he comes to final interpretation he will neither flinch from the task nor rush

*Louisa May Alcott.* By Katharine Anthony. Knopf. \$3.00

upon it with a brash self-assurance. So far as he is able he will make due allowance for all the predilections, prejudices, and habits of thought which he knows to be peculiar to himself or to his epoch. He will try to see and to present his subject with an intense disinterestedness, a passionate detachment, and with that impartiality which comes only of complete devotion to the enduring truth. In none of these efforts, of course, will he perfectly succeed. He is blame-worthy only if he does not make them.

On almost every count named above Miss Anthony's book about one of the most widely beloved of American writers calls for serious and plain-spoken blame. It is not, to be sure, intrinsically important, and yet it has a value, as a clear illustration of certain vices and absurdities in many of our recent biographical writing. If one treats it seriously, therefore, it is in the hope of hastening by ever so little the time when biographers will more fully recognize and accept their obligations.

Miss Anthony tells us in her Preface that she considers the life of Louisa May Alcott "a subject for consideration by adult intelligences." Undoubtedly it is so, but this does not necessarily imply that the intelligence of Louisa herself was fully adult. In mind and emotion she never emerged from adolescence. To the end of her brave beneficent life she was a tom-boy, gauche and shy, abrupt and somewhat harsh in manner, covering her inherent sentimentality with honest affectations of bluntness. One may like her the better for all this, as millions have done, but the fact remains that she never grew up; and this fact is one of the first that an adult intelligence will discover. Here lies one main reason for her lifelong "identification with children" and for the fact which Miss Anthony has observed that all books about her, "whatever their nature and purpose, are classed as children's books."

The failure to realize, record, and steadily allow for this fact leads on to other failures and misinterpretations in Miss Anthony's book. And yet the fact itself is patent enough. It is clearly discernible in Louisa's photographs, in her hand-writing, in the style of her prose and verse. Living almost always among intellectuals, she preserved to the age of fifty-six that contempt for ideas which is normal among boys and girls of fifteen. Loving her father and her father's closest friends devotedly, she took not the slightest interest in the abstract thought of Bronson Alcott, Emerson, and Thoreau. To her as to her mother "philosophers" were always rather ridiculous. She seems to have felt, moreover, that love, marriage, and child-bearing were interruptions of serious business — although she never quite made out what the serious business of life really is, unless it be earning a livelihood. When she wrote for and about adults she wrote badly, because ignorantly. The crudity of her thought and emotion is sometimes amazing. "I've often longed to see a war," she said when the Civil war broke out, "and now I have my wish." Writing home from Europe, she exclaimed: "The breaking out of this silly little war between France and Prussia will play the deuce with our letters." Though written by a woman of mature years, these words show the bounce and swagger of a mind that has never really faced life's darker mysteries. Louisa endured poverty with courage if not with patience, and she saw human suffering in some of its most terrible and pathetic forms, but not even these experiences brought her maturity.

In this failure, no doubt, lies one secret of her worldly success. Her popularity reminds one that the American public is itself immature in thought and mood. Thousands of gray-haired Americans who recently found

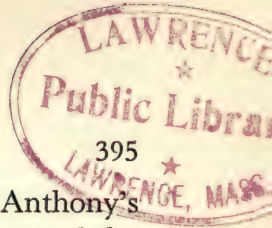


themselves entirely at home at the moving-picture of *Little Women* were in perfect agreement with Louisa's belief that early youth is the best of life. And they thought thus, as she did, because early youth was the phase of life that they had most deeply and fully experienced.

Louisa Alcott lived a triumphant and not unhappy life in which sex, as we ordinarily understand the word, played little part. There was little of the mother and nothing of the mistress in her, but there was much of the fiercely devoted daughter. Miss Anthony knows the pertinent facts, but she does not wish to draw the inference. Her unstated thesis is that Louisa was "sex-starved." And yet this seems to her so pitiful a condition that she grants Louisa, out of pure kindness of heart, a love affair for which she cites no real evidence whatever. The consumptive Polish youth, Ladislav Wisniewsky, twenty-one years old when Louisa at the age of thirty-three first met him, is named for the masculine role. At the height of her generosity Miss Anthony remarks: "Whatever the nature of the supreme moment in their relationship was, Louisa does not reveal it."

The insinuation — one of Miss Anthony's favorite literary devices — is clear enough. A cautious reader will remind himself, however, that quite possibly there was nothing to reveal about the "supreme moment" of an ardent friendship which Miss Anthony has dressed up to suit her own notions. Presumably she has no more knowledge of the relationship in question than Miss Cornelia Meigs had when she wrote that it "could never be called a love affair." If she has more knowledge, then she, like Louisa, "does not reveal it." She prefers the method of innuendo.

Those who insist upon finding "sex interest" everywhere, and especially where it is least discernible to the



uninstructed eye, will be entertained by Miss Anthony's theory that May Alcott, even after her marriage and the birth of her child, was in love with the remarkable physician and sculptor Dr. William Rimmer, and that her own death may have been hastened by the news of his. It is true that Dr. Rimmer was twenty-four years older than May Alcott, that he was immensely her superior in mental power and artistic ability, that the associations of the two had been of the slightest, and that May Alcott never expressed the least feeling toward him, so far as we know, of an amatory sort. It is true, also, that May Alcott did express, to the end of her life, a rapturous affection for her husband and her new-born child. To the real initiate in sex-lore, however, all of these are highly suspicious circumstances.

Miss Anthony carries her method of insinuation to an extreme in her repeated suggestions concerning an "emotional situation" involving Charles Lane and Mrs. Bronson Alcott. As a matter of fact there was such a situation, for Mrs. Alcott hated and feared Charles Lane, thinking for a while that he might succeed in luring her beloved husband from her. Miss Anthony, however, although she is delightfully unspecific, leaves in her reader's mind the implication that Lane and Mrs. Alcott were in love, and that they misbehaved themselves in a way of which even Louisa, then a child, became aware. For this, one may as well say at once, the evidence is non-existent. But, true to her method of basing one wild assertion upon another, Miss Anthony proceeds to tell us that Louisa's novel *Moods* was "probably suggested by the crisis between Bronson Alcott, Charles Lane, and Abba Alcott." Then she forgets the qualifying words "probably" and "suggested," assuming it as a thing proved that Louisa wrote a novel about an illicit amatory "situation" in

which her own mother was involved. Modern psychiatry, one sees, is a wonderfully emboldening thing.

Insinuations of this kind will trouble the admirers of Louisa less and less, however, as they discover that Miss Anthony has no consistent understanding of her subject and has not paid the price of such understanding. She says nothing of value about the times, places, events, and ideas by which Louisa's life was shaped. She makes no effort to bring before us the noble persons whom Louisa had the good fortune to know. Louisa's mother — to whom Miss Anthony is unfair — is left unrealized and dim. The handling of superficial facts, easily accessible to anyone, is ludicrously inaccurate. Thus, it is not true to say that Alcott and his wife opened, after their return to Boston from Philadelphia, "the same school they had with so little thought abandoned." Anna Alcott was not born in the same room or in the same house as Louisa. Although it is true that Mrs. Alcott's father "is said to have been the original of *The Last Leaf*" by Oliver Wendell Holmes, we have it on the authority of Holmes himself that he was not so. Miss Martineau's attack upon the Temple School had no effect upon that school's failure. Bronson Alcott and Emerson did not "become acquainted in June, 1836," or in Alcott's schoolroom, but eleven months earlier, at Alcott's lodgings. Miss Anthony is wrong in the date she gives for Alcott's return from England. She is amusingly wrong in saying that "the Concord houses along the Lexington Road were all of the same type as the Old Manse," and inexcusably wrong in asserting that the house of *Little Women* is presented as it was "before Alcott had made any changes." Mrs. Alcott's reports of her work as visitor to the Boston poor have not "vanished." Neither have the "lectures" or Conversations given by her husband in the



West, or his records of his ten tours of the West — those tours which by no means “came round as regularly as the equinoxes.” Alcott’s “tall figure” can scarcely have been “familiar” in Florida because he never crossed the border of that State. Louisa did not spend “twenty years of her life” at Orchard House because, as Miss Anthony points out, although she loved her family she could not live with them for any length of time. Alcott did not deliver “fifty or more lectures” at the Concord School of Philosophy but about five a year, for three years. It is untrue to say that “Louisa never put her father in a work of fiction except most casually,” for Bronson Alcott is the main figure in her story *Transcendental Wild Oats*.

And so one might go on, if these instances of error were not more than enough to show that Miss Anthony has failed to master even the surface of her topic. One is indeed somewhat shocked to find a biographer of Louisa May Alcott placing Fruitlands, where the Alcott family went through its most widely famous adventure, “in Roxbury.” Can it be, one asks in amazement, that Miss Anthony does not know the difference between the Brook Farm Community, which was indeed seated in West Roxbury, and the Fruitlands experiment in the town of Harvard, a good thirty miles away? Even this, however, is not so serious as the startling assertion that Bronson Alcott “had always been the greatest lover of poetry in America,” or that the French poodle in *Under the Lilacs* “was one of those miracles of art which made Louisa great.”

Of course Louisa was not really “great” at all. She was honest, earnest, devoted, and utterly true. She was clean-thoughted, straight-grained, and warm of heart. It is for this, and not for any miracles of art or for genius of any kind, that millions have loved her and love her still. She

never troubled her head about "genius" or "inspiration," but got her work done and kept still about it. The whole elaborate nonsense of literary fame and its grievous penalties disgusted her, as well it might, and one hesitates to imagine the fiery wrath with which she would have descended upon a few of her recent sentimental and psychiatric admirers. She was not what used to be called "a beautiful soul," nor was she remarkable for suffering fools gladly. Often she was a perfect tempest of voluble and destructive indignation, and most of her books were written in a sort of mental whirlwind. This is one reason why she never learned to write particularly well, and another reason is that her father, who taught her most of what she knew, was not himself a good writer. From him, however, she took those two themes, home and childhood, which were dearest of all to his heart and were nearest, therefore, to hers. About the home that he had made in the face of all difficulty, and about the children of his body and mind and soul, Louisa wrote with a direct burning sincerity which triumphed over all her ineptitudes and went home to the heart of the western world. In every deeper sense Bronson Alcott was the father of *Little Women*, but he needed the help of that dark-haired, dark-eyed daughter from whom he had expected least. A strange, noble, and beautiful partnership was this. We shall cherish it more and more as we understand it more fully.

## Aftermath of Civil War

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

MILITARY conquest, with its aim the death of the enemy and the destruction of his property, is a relatively straightforward and simple matter which may, on occasion, evoke the nobler emotions. But the peace-making that follows wars of all kinds is an eternally complicated and vexatious business, a truism that hardly needs restating to a world now suffering from the blunders of Versailles. Civil strife multiplies all the problems involved and intensifies the dangerous emotional elements, because it means that brothers who have learned to hate and who have shed each other's blood in hatred, must not only learn to live once more in peace and mutual tolerance, but must, in a manner of speaking, so far forget their enmity as to sit down again at the same table and carry on the business of life under the same roof, which is infinitely more difficult than getting along with mere neighbors who do not by their physical presence constitute a reminder of the bloody past.

Regardless, then, of any extraneous or fortuitous elements, the victorious North in our own War between the States faced a task of herculean proportions when it undertook to "reconstruct" the shattered union. That the effort was one of the most miserable failures in history and that it left its clear mark upon our own times are both matters of universal agreement. But if we admit that we touched bottom in the years that came after Appomattox, and if the South was forced to undertake a counter-revolution — in a sense to fight a second war —

*The Story of Reconstruction: 1865-1877.* By Robert Selph Henry. Bobbs-Merrill. \$5.00  
*The Politics.* By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75



to throw off the effects of a policy in which revenge was a powerful motive, but in which desire for absolute political control was the major factor, the story is not solidly black. For, as Paul H. Buck pointed out in *The Road to Reunion*, recently reviewed here, the forces of reconciliation worked side by side with the forces of hatred and destruction, accomplishing their work with amazing swiftness when the turn of events gave them the opportunity.

The history of the reconstruction period has been told many times both independently and as a part of studies of the whole American picture. Perhaps the most widely read book on the subject was Claude G. Bowers' *The Tragic Era*, written with both heat and power, but strongly partisan in its tone. It remains, however, a highly dramatic and very readable treatment. W. E. D. DuBois even went so far as to give a Marxian interpretation to the southern side of the story in his *Black Reconstruction*, which in spite of its peculiar and not altogether convincing ideological slant, contains much of value in its consideration of the contributions made by intelligent Negro leaders during their brief period of influence on political affairs. There have been other volumes, too, including some earlier ones in which the intense bitterness of the time is the most striking characteristic and the interpretations too one-sided to have much value.

But the fully detailed account of the events of the years between 1865 and 1877, the period that stretched from the surrender of Lee's army to the successful recapture of the government of the last Southern state, Louisiana, by native white citizens, has never before been done with such thoroughness as it is in Robert Selph Henry's *The Story of Reconstruction*, a companion volume to this author's deservedly well known *The Story of the Confederacy*. And while Mr. Henry writes from the southern point of view,

the most striking feature of his narrative is its consistent fairness, its quietly balanced judgment. He concedes willingly that the motives of the men who made such a hideous mess of things after they had succeeded in taking the play from the hands of Andrew Johnson were often mixed with good, and he is not even very unkind when he comes to sum up the character and achievements of that arch-radical, Thaddeus Stevens. It was Stevens who not only wished to treat the southern states as conquered provinces, but who followed undeviatingly his belief that "the party of the Union must be preserved in perpetual ascendancy."

In fact, Mr. Henry is more lenient in his judgment of the northern leaders who, after winning their battle with Johnson, a strict constitutionalist and the natural heir to Lincoln's conciliatory policies, sought to impose their will on the defeated South, than is Matthew Josephson, who, in his *The Politicos*, a complementary work to *The Robber Barons*, devotes 275 pages of his 708 to the epoch under discussion. Mr. Josephson sees Stevens as the perfect representative of the industrial North with a natural hatred of the agrarian South and everything it stood for, and gives him less credit for honesty of motive in his championing of the Negro's right to suffrage than does Mr. Henry.

This divergence of opinion is, however, less important than the manner in which the two books supplement each other, at least so long as they are parallel in time. Actually, Mr. Josephson is not writing primarily about Reconstruction at all, but about the growth of the two-party system in America, the Ins and the Outs, and the way in which both organizations have served, in his opinion, the cause of capitalistic development. He comes as far down as 1896, when Mark Hanna was the businessman-boss,

symbol of the perfect fusion between money-making and politics toward which the whole era had been tending. Without the Civil war, which obviously gave the Republicans the emotional issues they needed to keep the voters in line, it is unlikely that the politicians could have been so useful to the robber barons as they were. Without the rigid policy of reconstruction which forced all the best element of the white South into the Democratic party, willy-nilly, there would plainly be no such illogical, but unshatterable, political line-up as we have today.

Mr. Josephson opens with a quotation from Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln, "The talk and labor is of Reconstruction, for this is the engine by which they hold power, yet not a man among that great number . . . appears to know what he means by Reconstruction." Andrew Johnson knew, however, and if he had been let alone — this is the verdict of virtually all the later historians — the darkest chapter in all our history might have been written in far brighter colors. But he fell a victim to men of meaner motives, partly, it is true, because of his own tactical blunders, and partly because it was inevitable that Congress should try to recapture much of the power it had surrendered to the President during the prosecution of the war. Again, as Mr. Henry points out, if the machinery for getting the states that had seceded back into the Union had been in existence in 1865, the task might have been accomplished before the radicals could get in their dirty work. But the Constitution had failed to provide for any such contingency and while the question of method was being argued, Stevens, Wade, Sumner and Stanton, among others, put into effect their policy of control by force which was responsible for all the mischief that followed.

The chronology of the various changes in the situation,



as digested from Mr. Henry's full account, makes an interesting outline by which to check the ups-and-downs. The year of the surrender represented a peaceful lull, with both sides thoroughly war-weary; the prostrate South and the victorious North took a vacation from hatred and turned with unmistakable relief to the ordinary duties of life. In the South, northern garrisons and Freedmen's Bureaus fed the hungry without distinction as to color, and there were plenty to be fed. There were "Lincoln governments" in Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee and Virginia, set up either during the war or immediately after its close, and since Congress did not meet until late in the year, Johnson's friendly policy made steady and encouraging headway. Military leaders on both sides, Grant and Sherman, Lee and Johnston conspicuous among them, were among the strongest elements for reconciliation.

The fight between Congress and the President, eventually to reach a climax in the famous attempt at the impeachment of Johnson, began in late 1865 and carried over well into the next year. The sittings of the Committee of Fifteen in Washington, a partisan investigation of reputed conditions in the South, where, according to Mr. Henry, whites and blacks were trying, and with a good deal of success, to work out a practical solution for their new relationship, helped the cause of the radicals and paved the way for the passage by Congress of the Fourteenth Amendment. This curiously complex piece of legislation, four amendments in one bound tightly together, was not, in Mr. Henry's opinion, actually intended for adoption by the southern states as a sort of ticket to readmission. He writes of it:

. . . the astute authors of this amendment did not expect the Southern states to consent to it, and would have been discon-

certed if they had. The Fourteenth Amendment, as offered, was not a statement to the South of terms and conditions of admission. It was a statement to the voters of the North of a campaign platform on which to carry an election — after which, any implied promise in the amendment could be disregarded and the Southern states made over to the right measure.

Mr. Josephson's comment on the same subject is also worth quoting:

The Fourteenth Amendment, sent to the state legislatures for ratification in the summer of 1886, served as a kind of Trojan Horse by which the citadel of the former rebels and Democrats was stormed. It was a most complex affair, in truth, cunningly made of several different kinds of material and paint.

The Congressional elections of 1866, marked by a free waving of the Bloody Shirt and also a free use of patronage, and not uninfluenced by unfortunate race riots in the South, went heavily Republican and the radicals assumed that this was meant as an endorsement of their policy of severity. In March, 1867, the Stevens Reconstruction bill was passed over Johnson's veto, — not many months afterward Stevens was dead, but with his work done — dividing the South into five military districts and ignoring altogether the various types of provisional governments that were then functioning. By 1868, only Georgia, Mississippi, Virginia and Texas were still out of the Union, and by 1870, they, too, had been driven like reluctant cattle, back into the corral.

Grant had become president and the scandals that were to mark the entire course of his administrations were already getting under way. In fact, so much attention was just then being given to plain and fancy stealing and to aiding the ambitious schemes of the robber barons — it was, of course, a period of dizzying industrial expansion, and all the circumstances were auspicious for wide-

spread graft — that the South had, or took, a chance to start its counter-revolution. Mr. Henry contends that even before the last of the southern states had been “reconstructed,” placed in the hands of the military, the carpetbaggers and the newly enfranchised Negroes, that is, the newly created governments were beginning to crumble. Throughout the numerous elections in 1870, there were signs of growing revolt against extravagant and inefficient governments operating without the consent of the governed, and the Ku Klux Klan, founded in 1866, was generally active.

By 1872, Mr. Henry tells us, the northern voters were beginning to take a more critical attitude toward misgovernment in the South, partly under the influence of “scandals in the national administration” — treated in full detail by Mr. Josephson — and the schisms in the Republican party which made citizens less willing to accept at face value protestations of purity and patriotism from anyone merely because he wore the label Republican. One after another, the southern states swung back into the control of native white voters, the victories being won both by force and stratagem, whatever weapons were handiest and most efficient, and by 1877 the whole Reconstruction episode was at an end except for its terrible scar on southern civilization which still throbs at the slightest hint of danger. Four years of war, twelve years of Reconstruction, and the bitterness left behind the latter incomparably greater than that left behind by the actual bloodshed.

On the vital question of Negro suffrage, not yet solved, Mr. Henry considers it unfortunate that the vote was extended to illiterate masses who were easily handled by self-seeking politicians; the color of the masses he considers of less moment than the obvious fact that they were



completely without training for citizenship or the holding of public office, even in the rare cases when they had been educated at all. Mr. Josephson's contention is that the Negro proletariat was simply sold out by the radical leaders, who led it on with false promises, used it for party advantage, and then abandoned it to its fate when it could no longer be effectively handled. Mr. Henry is careful to point out that there were Negro leaders of intelligence and integrity in most of the southern states, and also to distinguish between the good and bad Northerners who flocked south after the war, some in search of loot and others in search of honest economic advantages which the stricken section offered during the period of its rapid rebuilding.

Considering the tremendous part that railroads played in the whole political and economic drama that was on the boards during the Reconstruction period — it was the time when the conquering of the West with steel rails was the largest single job before the country — it is worth while to note that Mr. Henry, who is a railroad man by profession, gives ample attention to railroad development in the South. He does not stress it to the loss of any other vital phase of the story, but he has a special realization of its importance and gives more space to it than is to be found in most histories. Nor does he exaggerate when he says that wartime destruction of the existing railways in the South played its part in allowing radical propagandists to blind intelligent and fair-minded Northerners to true conditions; the breakdown of all types of communication and transportation undoubtedly played its part in the misunderstandings on both sides that intensified the troubles of a stormy time.

Comparisons between the books reviewed here and the previous works of their authors are inevitable. Both, it

has to be said, are inferior in sheer readability to their notable predecessors. The reason lies rather in the nature of the material dealt with than in any faults in its handling. It is obviously easier to tell the "story" of a war than to make an ordered, quick-marching narrative of so utterly confused and tangled a subject as Reconstruction, and Mr. Henry's merit lies rather in the completeness of the present volume than in its appeal to the casual reader. No writer who follows him can fail to be deeply indebted for his thorough research, and his unfailing emphasis upon the purely human aspects of his narrative give even the most minutely detailed pages a genial warmth that is often missing from historical writing.

Mr. Josephson's politicians are not so highly colored or so picturesque as his pirates, although he has done a remarkably fine job in giving new interest to many men and many incidents, as well as adding an interpretation that ought to prove interesting even to those who disagree with it. It is at least open to question that either book needed to be quite as long as it is. We seem to be in the middle of a long wave of passion for pure bulk in our writing and it is hardly a tendency to be encouraged.

## A Wider Audience for Poetry

MILDRED BOIE

"I WOULD AS SOON print my poems in a magazine devoted entirely to poetry," said one of America's most prominent poets a few months ago, "as make love in lovers' lane."

His is one of those decisive remarks which make others realize how much less critical and fastidious they themselves have become. For is there not, come to think of it, an amazing number of indifferent little magazines in this country? And isn't the uncritical promiscuity with which many of them are edited and filled likewise amazing — amazing, and weak, superficial, or, at best, over-generous? And do not hundreds of poetry clubs coyly court the muse in groups, and hold up their own ranks by a kind of chain embrace? Surely this flirting with poetry must be a part of our national romanticism, part of our vast, heaving, indiscriminating democracy!

Yet even the poet or the critic who laughs at the little magazines "that died to make verse free," must acknowledge that those magazines, like lovers' lanes, like newspapers and the radio, have given opportunities to hundreds of young persons to, shall we say, express themselves. However common, numerous and weedy the seasonal vistas of hopeful little magazines may be, they do enable poets, especially young poets, to get published. It may be that such publication is valuable largely as a means of revealing to the poet those defects in his poems which seem apparent only when they can no longer be changed.

Because we are now used to these magazines, it is hard

*A Poet's Life.* By Harriet Monroe. Macmillan. \$5.00.



to realize how much more discouraging and prolonged the wait for publication must have been to young poets fifty years ago, when poems, especially those conventional in form and idea, were used mainly as "fillers" in a few of the regular magazines, and paid for hardly at all. Yet less than thirty years ago the patient but spirited efforts of an unselfish, spunky, well-connected and mature woman won support for a little thirty-two-page magazine of verse — the first unhidebound, critical periodical to be devoted entirely to giving poets a chance to submit their individual poems as more than "fillers," to get just and discerning criticism, and to be assured pay and a paying and interested audience. Shrewd as she was ambitious, this editor was not content to get dribbles of cash or promises of subscriptions. She found experts to help her work out a solid five-year plan of subsidies, and she herself solicited, and got, the work of the best poets in the country.

Perhaps because of her success, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* has, from the year of its founding, 1912, been challenged and imitated by numerous rivals. But it is the only "little" poetry magazine (except for the older *Poet Lore*, which has devoted itself also to drama) that has a long, honorable and successful record of presenting the best work of all the best poets of this country and England to the small but critical poetry-reading public. The autobiography of its founder, Harriet Monroe, is a record not only of *A Poet's Life — Seventy Years in a Changing World*, but even more important, of poetry in a changing world. Every exciting and substantial development in English poetry for a quarter of a century has been encouraged by and recorded in her magazine. It was *Poetry* that published the early work of Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Wallace Stevens, Robinson Jeffers,

Elinor Wylie, Edna Millay, Ezra Pound, Hart Crane, and dozens of others — including the poet who now protests the public wooing of poetry magazines. It was Miss Monroe's *Poetry* that introduced Americans to the work of T. S. Eliot, William Butler Yeats, Rabindranath Tagore, the young English poets, and new experiments in verse.

How did she make *Poetry* such a recognized leader in the publication of verse? She was not a great poet herself. She was not what we would call today a highly trained person, nor does she seem to have been a very original one. She did not live in Paris, London or New York where she might keep in neighborly touch with all that was going on in the arts. She did not have behind her a publication of traditional standing or prestige. Yet she succeeded immediately in winning and keeping the interest not only of rich people, but of young poets clamoring to be heard and also of the established poets and critics of each of the three decades in which she worked.

Her book explains her success in good part. Harriet Monroe was not a child prodigy; her formal education ended at a Southern convent school, and she never went to college. But she won her own education in reading, in travel, in self-acceptance. She had to slough off a great deal of reserve, inferiority, ignorance and "old-fashioned" beliefs, and she did it slowly, patiently and candidly.

Part of her education thus stands revealed as a determined and modest use of what she had, of what she gained through every kind of job and experience — in journalism, as an art critic, in talking with people, in travel. She lacked the provincialism that makes easterners feel superior and westerners inferior about their cultural achievements, and her essays as well as her poems and editorials bear witness to the healthiness of her knowledge of the West, in fact of all of her country. It was not by

accident that she never moved *Poetry* away from Chicago.

Part of her education also shines through as an ability to accept and use the knowledge of others. The story of her correspondence and partnership with Ezra Pound is but one example. She recognized Pound as a more dynamic critic and poet than herself, and accepted eagerly "the rather violent, but on the whole salutary discipline under the lash of which the editor of the new magazine felt herself being rapidly educated, while all incrustations of habit and prejudice were ruthlessly swept away." She had skill to pick young associates with whom she argued, and to whom she listened; and she was intellectually curious and receptive to other people's suggestions.

This very informality of her education and this open-mindedness were her most valuable assets as an editor, for they kept her free of "schools," of the rigid affiliations that often cause small magazines, and small poets, to limit their work. She appreciated the best in the traditional, but she was remarkably ready to accept experiments. Thus she gave the free verse movement recognition as an effort to make poetry more natural and dynamic, but she never restricted her acceptances to free verse. She opened *Poetry* to the Imagists — in its pages the term was first used in this country — and particularly to its ardent apostles, Ezra Pound and Amy Lowell. But she never made *Poetry* an Imagist magazine. She printed war poems, but never gave in to uncritical or excessive patriotism at the cost of her sustaining interest, the search for beauty. She published special issues, one, for example, of Chinese poems, and another of tribal songs from the Southwest, but she never got fanatically folk-lorish. When a renewed spirit of social criticism began in the 'twenties to call attention to the work of poets like Horace Gregory



and Kenneth Fearing, it found expression but not consecration in *Poetry*; it was extended in the 1930's by the revolutionary English poets, but not at the expense of the lyric. *Poetry* even anticipated the present revival of interest in drama in verse by publishing short plays.

But it never narrowed its catholicity of taste. This was partly because the magazine insisted on high standards of technical excellence, rather than upon partisan support. It came also from the fact that Miss Monroe was a fighter, devoted, almost consecrated to poetry for some fifty years. In the meantime she sharpened her weapons by fighting for a commission to write a most ambitious ode for the World's Columbian Exposition, demanding and getting a thousand dollars for it; she sued a New York newspaper for a copyright infringement, winning five thousand dollars and a new protection for all writers; she was indignant and active about the small fees and recognition paid to poets.

"I became convinced that something must be done; and since nobody else was doing anything it might be 'up to me' to try to stir up the sluggish situation." She stirred up the poets, most of whom "were doing the same old thing in the same old academic way," and fought the die-hard critics with articles in her magazine and others.

And yet her record of achievement confronts us again with the poet's analogy between poetry magazines and lovers' lanes. Both are places designated for human activities, at their best when spontaneous, natural and integrated. There was of course nothing cheap or common or sentimental in the lane Miss Monroe cultivated. But it had a "specialness" about it that marked it as something apart. And poetry is not, essentially, something to be segregated, to be written in a cloistered room or printed in a special magazine. It is a part of the life of its times.

If it is to be important, it needs to be read by more than college professors and urban literati. It should not remain the darling of writers and of little magazines only.

Even though the poems published in newspapers and "slick" magazines may be second to tenth rate, at least they are read by the many, and mean music and beauty to them. To make an art available is not necessarily to lower its quality. Radio may have increased the volume of cheap music, but it has also extended the enjoyment and appreciation of great music. Similarly, new projects in drama, like those in the little theaters, school and college drama workshops, and in Federal theaters, have not only made it possible for thousands to see plays, but have brought renewed vitality to the theater. In the same way school and government art projects have served painting. Readings of poetry over the radio, in poetry classes in schools, and plays in verse have expanded poetry's audience.

The little poetry magazines did give, in the last twenty-five years, a place to poetry that it had long lacked, but it was unfortunately a special place. Poets have recognized this fact in the last few years and have turned to the stage, the lecture platform, the radio, and, curiously, to the orator's stand. Witness the work of Auden, Spender, MacLeish, Maxwell Anderson, and the younger poets absorbed in political and social preaching. But the orator's stand can be a slippery one. It encourages didacticism, posturing, propaganda pretentiousness, and lack of feeling. Some poets are beginning to see that if poetry is to keep its wider audience, it must be more lyrical, more simply human, with integrity of feeling — as in the newest poems of Frederic Prokosch, in Archibald MacLeish's *Land of the Free*, in the simple and lovely nature lyrics of Edward Weismiller. Here is poetry that can

Speak to everyone. Here is poetry that reaches more than poets, and more than the special readers of special poetry magazines. It offers a challenge, an opportunity, for wider publication which the little poetry magazines must face if they are to increase their contributions to American letters.

Such was the discernment of Miss Monroe and the ardor of her devotion to poetry that, had she lived, she would, one is convinced from her book, have worked to encourage the new trend as freely and intelligently as she did those many developments which made her work in editing *Poetry* so exciting, so valuable, and so constantly expanding.



## Contributors' Column

Probably the most effective strike throughout the world is that of parents in their refusal, and, as *K. D. Kingsley* points out, their inability to have sufficient children to keep the population stable numerically. This strike seems to be carried on without organizers or propagandists and for reasons unanswerable thus far. Professor Kingsley took his Ph.D. at Harvard a few years ago and is at present head of the division in sociology at the Pennsylvania State College. His chief academic interest is in various aspects of the family. "Parents Go On Strike" is one of his many articles on the subject.

After working six years with the Atlantic Monthly company, *Quincy Howe*, a Harvard graduate, became editor of *The Living Age* in 1929. Here he published the first disclosures about the arms traffic, excerpts from which, read from the Senate floor by Senator Borah, led finally to the Nye investigation. Mr. Howe is now head of the editorial department at Simon and Schuster. In his article "Have We Bonds with the British?" Mr. Howe takes exception to some of the arguments advanced by Livingston Hartley in his article "Our Bonds with the British" which we published in our Spring issue.

*Virgil Barker* is a name familiar to all those interested in the art of painting. He is the author of three books: *Pieter Bruegel, the Elder*; *Henry Lee McFee*; and *A Critical Introduction to American Painting*. He is at present at work on a long book, *American Painting: History and Interpretation*. "The Subject in Recent American Painting" is based on a lecture delivered at the annual Winter Institute of the University of Miami of which Mr. Barker is Trustee.

In the Winter issue of the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* we published a first story by *Warren Beck*. "Jake Boyd" seems to us even better than the first. Mr. Beck is a professor of English at Lawrence College.

*John H. Crider* went to the New York Times after having graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism in 1928. A year and a half ago he became a member of the Times Bureau in Washington specializing in financial and business news. "Cross of Silver" argues against the present-day results of Bryan's famous political issue.

Americans would not now be watching Spain's civil war with so much understanding and pity were it not for the knowledge of her civilization given us by *Archer Milton Huntington*. He is founder and president of the Hispanic Society of America, the author of many

books, verse and prose, about Spain, and has presented art collections to San Francisco, Yale University, and to the Charleston Museum. "Iberian Poems" are further expressions of his love of Spain.

*Philip Kerby* who has been war correspondent and a reporter most of his life is the author of *Beyond the Bund*, and coauthor of the NBC Book of Symphony and therefore familiar with "Radio's Music."

Mark Twain had high hopes for *Dorothy Quick* when she was a child of eight and his interest in her has been justified by her two volumes of verse, a novel, *Strange Awakening*, about to be published, but principally for her remembrances of her association with him soon to be published as a book of which these notes, "My Author's League with Mark Twain" are a part.

*Morley Callaghan's* stories are well known to readers of such magazines as the *New Yorker*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Esquire*. His last novel, *More Joy in Heaven*, was published by Random House, and he is at the moment dramatizing a previous novel.

*Herbert C. Pell*, having as a child enjoyed the security of a more stable economic régime in America, confesses in "A Contented Bourgeois" that he can relinquish its benefits without shedding more than a passing tear. One time democratic State Chairman for New York and now our Minister to Portugal, Mr. Pell has written numerous articles on political subjects.

As a New York newspaper feature-writer and reporter *E. K. Titus* has had occasion to gather information and statistics on our possible "Hundred Billion for Warriors."

One *Mighty Torrent*; the *Drama of Biography* was a critical history of four centuries of English life in terms of its biographies written by *Edgar Johnson* and published last year. Mr. Johnson is in the department of English in the College of the City of New York and he contributes to us the article "American Biography and the Modern World."

Among our book-reviewers this Quarter *Lloyd Morris* and *Herschel Brickell* are old friends. *Odell Shepard* has just been awarded the Pulitzer prize for his biography of Bronson Alcott called *Pedlar's Progress*. *Mildred Boie*, who is also known to our readers, is a poet and assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE  
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

*Volume 246*

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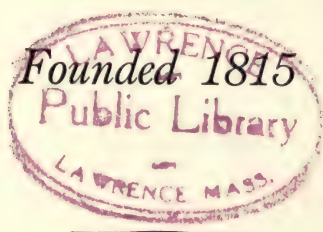
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# THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW



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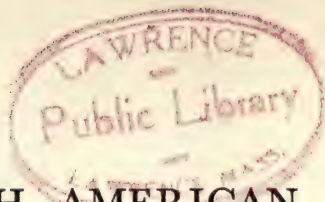


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# THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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## Foreword

OUR GREATEST PROBLEM is unemployment. So long as there are men and women able and willing to work who cannot find work to do we cannot hold our national head high and tell the world about our standard of living, our efficient automobiles, our skyscrapers, our wonderful school system, our democracy. If this problem cannot be solved promptly, we must accept the conclusion that not only the New Deal but American democracy has failed.

Unemployment is a product of civilization: where there was no civilization there was no unemployment. Everyone worked, devoting his whole time and energy to obtaining food and shelter.

Civilization began with the division of labor. One man produced corn and another wool. They exchanged corn for wool and wool for corn, and each ended with more of both. As the division of labor progressed and grew more intricate, certain individuals developed entrepreneurial skill (the ability to calculate costs, judge markets, assume responsibility and carry to fruition long term projects), while others were satisfied with drudgery. The system which developed came to be known as capitalism: it was not the product of Adam Smith's imagination; he merely described conditions as they existed in England in his time.

The division of mankind into different classifications or classes seems to be inevitable. Men are not created equal. Under any system, the aggressive, efficient and, above all, imaginative, will rise in the economic scale. The slothful, weak, and dull will fall. The essential thesis of democracy is not that all men will remain equal, but that all men will start equal and that, therefore, the best qualified will ultimately occupy positions of responsibility.

It is natural that those who enjoy economic advantages should cling to them, and this means that they seek to perpetuate their ascendancy over other men by exploiting them. The exploited are always numerically and physically stronger than their masters and, periodically, they rebel so that for a time there is either chaos or rule by the best qualified — who immediately try to consolidate their position by exploiting their benefactors. In nations implemented with the ideal of liberal democracy, such as England and the United States in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, evolution can be accomplished by a series of popular reforms, and bloody outbursts avoided. When in England in the 1820's children of seven died of overwork in crowded, unhealthy factories, parliament passed laws which ameliorated these conditions, instead of waiting for the embittered and oppressed to overturn the political and economic system. In America many laws have been passed which were designed to improve working conditions, and many industrialists have granted benefits to labor far beyond legal necessity, believing that by so doing they increased the efficiency of their workers and avoided costly disputes and interruptions to production.

Wealth is produced by labor, which, with the aid of tools and machines, transforms raw materials into finished products, in accordance with the plans and specifications



devised by management. Finished products must find a market and be sold for a price sufficient to provide for selling costs — fair compensation for labor, a return on invested capital, sufficient to attract new capital as it is needed to replenish worn-out or obsolete machines, and reward for management to such an extent that enterprising and imaginative individuals will be attracted to the particular industry involved.

The product must be sold. It would appear, therefore, that a market must pre-exist and that purchasing power is of vital importance. But experience seems to say that products create their own markets, that supply creates demand. There was no widespread demand for automobiles until Henry Ford began to turn out cheap cars. Demand followed, and not only a demand for automobiles, but a demand for gasoline and oil, highways, garages, and service stations. Wealth was increased and, what is more important, the rate of production of new wealth was accelerated. The demand for labor jumped and the American worker became accustomed to a standard of living far higher than anything the world had seen before.

The problem of dividing the proceeds of sales between labor, capital, government, and management is an extremely intricate one. In a truly capitalistic economy, free market price will regulate all of these things (except government). Demand and supply will determine the price which must be paid to labor, to capital and to management. But the size to which certain American corporations have grown undoubtedly has impaired the freedom and liquidity which is an absolutely vital element in the success of capitalism. When the employer is John Jones, a worker who is dissatisfied with his pay or working conditions can step across the street and work for Jones' com-

petitor Smith. But when the employer is the U. S. Hot Air Corporation, with assets amounting to a billion or more dollars, the individual worker's position is changed. It is ridiculous to suppose that a man out of work can bargain on equal terms with a giant corporation. Labor must have the benefits of financial backing and organization, in other words unionization, in order to compete successfully with giant corporations. However, if labor unions are irresponsible and unreasonable, they discourage investment and enterprise, and the demand for labor declines. General strikes, sit-down strikes, and all other strikes which cripple the life of the community defeat the purpose of collective bargaining.

Some labor unions are developing into little more than rackets. The workers are taught to believe that wealth is like gold and that they might as well have it as somebody else. Their leaders are serving their self interest by constantly jacking up wage rates even though the outcome is chronic unemployment. Labor must learn that real wages are not the same as dollar wages and that annual earnings are more important than hourly rates.

A very real part of labor's earnings goes for rent. Due to monopolistic land values and outrageous wage levels in the building trades and inefficient business methods, construction costs are far higher than they should or need to be. A cut in rent would be just as beneficial to the average worker as a raise in wages. All other workers are, in effect, being taxed for the benefit of building workers, who by the way, are languishing on relief because nobody is able to pay them their price.

The problems of unemployment will not be solved until they have been faced: there must be a diagnosis before there can be a cure. The most telling criticism of the Roosevelt administration which the opposition could

make would be to point to its failure to make an adequate survey of the unemployed. The problem is a national one and cannot be successfully handled by the states. Probably the best approach would be through a national chain of unemployment agencies which would register, and fingerprint, the unemployed. No one who failed to register would be eligible for relief. A central bureau could collate information gathered by these agencies and, at the same time, assemble information on the demand for various types of labor in all parts of the country so that anyone seeking work could learn from any of the federal employment agencies where there was a demand for the type of work which he believed himself suited for. This would tend to increase the mobility of the labor market and to cure some of the discrepancies which exist today.

Labor is not a commodity, but human labor competes with machine labor and the demand for both is elastic. It is probably safe to say that if all dollar wages were reduced twenty per cent there would be no unemployment. Purchasing power would not be reduced but merely distributed to a greater number of people.

There are three kinds of unemployed: (1) cyclical, that is those who hold marginal jobs in periods of supernormal activity and lose them in times of subnormal activity; (2) the morally and physically feeble who cannot hold their own in modern society and must, therefore, be carried by the producers; (3) technological, that is those who have held jobs in waning industries and must find their way into growing industries.

Perhaps it is not entirely a coincidence that the period of greatest industrial development in this country (1890-1930) coincided with the period of most rapid immigration. In six of the ten years from 1905 to 1914 the tide of immigrant aliens exceeded one million, whereas in the



fiscal year 1932-33 emigrants exceeded immigrants by more than fifty-thousand.

During this period of rugged individualism, industrial leaders developed the concept of labor as a commodity. The great hordes pouring in from Europe created a reservoir of labor, consisting of individuals who regarded one square meal a day and a place to sleep as adequate comfort — far better than anything known at “home.”

Labor no longer consists of “coolies”, “wops” and “yokels” who think they are lucky to get anything better than starvation. The age of immigration is past. Today “labor” consists of American-born high-school graduates who have learned much about their rights, a certain amount of Marxian doctrine, and a good deal of contempt for “capitalists” of the type of Barbara Hutton.

The idea that shorter hours are incompatible with higher productivity was disproved, years ago, by Ford. A great deal can be done, both for labor and for profits, by developing the science of cost analysis. There can be little doubt that one of the highest costs in modern industry is obsolescence of tools — which goes on day and night, winter and summer. Four shifts, working six hours each, is probably a more economical way to run a factory than one of ten. Capital pays more for labor, but less for depreciation, and having a smaller plant, can more easily replace it with modern equipment.

It is hard to believe that the ingenuity which created automobiles, radio transmission and talking pictures cannot solve the problems of unemployment and a fair distribution of wealth, but it is safe to say that no lasting solution will be found until all involved are willing to look at these problems objectively and honestly. So long as capitalists strive only to preserve their vested interests, labor leaders to raise wage rates regardless of the real

welfare of workers, and politicians to win votes by making promises which they cannot fulfil, the three will continue to battle and the public to suffer.

Since, in the last analysis, labor, capital, management and government must all be compensated from the profits which they have helped to create, it follows that the more clearly this fact is recognized in the contractual relationships of these groups the greater will be the likelihood of creating an equitable and workable economic machine. Thus, all corporate taxes should be based on profits, rather than on payrolls, theoretical capital values, or the dividend policies of individual companies. Cash wages should be low, supplemented by a fair profit-sharing plan. The best device for capital's contribution which has yet been devised is a preferred stock, bearing a low cumulative dividend supplemented by a fixed proportion of profits. Finally management, like labor, should receive low cash salaries augmented by bonuses or common stock. It is interesting to find that the Westinghouse Electric Company, one of our largest industrial corporations, has issued preferred stock of the type described and has entered into contracts with its workers which enable them to participate in the corporation's profits. Profit sharing with both labor and management may become common throughout American industry soon. When government turns its attention to assembling factual information for the benefit of those who wish to work and to devising a system of taxation which will encourage instead of obstructing the creation of wealth, we can attain a level of material and cultural well-being which transcends our boldest dreams.

J. P.

## Drift To Dictatorship—A Remedy

TOMPKINS McILVAINE

**W**HY IS IT that instead of Congress making the laws and the President executing them, as the Constitution provides, the President, in many cases, is making the laws as well as executing them — Congress merely registering the Presidential will?

The people are fearful that democratic institutions are breaking down. The drift is toward dictatorship.

It is not my purpose to attack or defend Mr. Roosevelt, or to discuss his policies, but to point out that the American system opens the door to dictatorship and to suggest and discuss a remedy.

The remedy lies in the direction of making the party system function more efficiently. Before outlining a way to accomplish this result, some remarks about the party system of government and a brief historical review are in order.

Government under a republican form, founded on universal adult suffrage, cannot be efficiently conducted in any large country, except under the party (a two-party not a multi-party) system.

Any attempt to govern by the party system is doomed to failure unless there be cohesion and loyalty within the governing party. Also it is essential that there always be a vigorous and intelligent opposition to point out the errors of the measures and of the conduct of the party in power, and to offer an alternative program. Such opposition will be lacking unless there is also party cohesion and loyalty in the opposition party.

The importance, indeed the necessity, of a vigorous



opposition is so well appreciated in England that while the leader of the party in power, the Prime Minister, is referred to as the Leader of His Majesty's Government, the leader of the opposition is referred to as the Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition and paid a salary from the Treasury. Like a cat watching a mouse hole, the Opposition pounces on and exposes the errors of the party in power.

In America during the half century following the Civil war, the Republican party held rarely interrupted power. This long tenure of office resulted, as it usually does, in abuses and the neglect of progressive measures demanded by changing social and industrial conditions. No system was developed to deal adequately with unemployment, labor and other social problems, to curb wild speculation and to prevent the misuse of corporate funds and inflated issues of corporate securities.

That power was held so long by the Republican party was no doubt due at least in part to the lack of an opposition capable of exposing the shortcomings of the party in power and of offering and vigorously advocating a program suited to modern life.

When at last the Republican party woke up and offered a more progressive policy, it was too late. The tide had turned and came rushing in, bringing with it a flood of ill-considered attempts at reform and a lavish and corroding expenditure of public funds.

The only large nations under some form (real or pretended) of republican government are England, America, France and Japan. Japan is suffering its present difficulties largely because it lacks a real party system and also because its government is controlled by a military clique. The instability of French cabinets since the fall of the Emperor Louis Napoleon in 1870 — the frequent falls

have become a music hall joke — has been due to the fact that the Cabinet habitually lacks the support of a cohesive majority party having a definite policy. The electorate is split into numerous groups — blocs — often motivated more to further personal ambitions than definite national policies, no group being large enough to command alone, a majority in the Chamber. The Cabinet is habitually a coalition of divergent elements, temporarily glued together by personal ambition or national danger, but often split asunder by centrifugal force. That the Third Republic has survived so many cabinet crashes is due to the intense patriotism of the people, their fear of Germany and their determination to preserve, at all costs, the territorial and political integrity of France. It is the German danger and not her political institutions or traditions that has preserved France from communism or dictatorship. Russia failed to develop a two-party system (Bolshevism was a one-party system), and after the revolution, became a dictatorship, described as communism. Italy, only recently (1870) unified and lacking the tradition of orderly party government, fell an easy victim to dictatorship. The German Republic established after the World war, drifted to a dictatorship because there were too many parties, no one party being strong enough to govern.<sup>1</sup> In England and America, the two-party system has in general been in vogue. In England, at the present time, the party system of government is working effectively. The party system in America is breaking down; the consequences may be disastrous.

<sup>1</sup> An American observer, recently in Spain, reports that the people say: "We don't want any more democracy \* \* \*. The congressmen, or delegates to the Cortes, became factionalized into some forty small parties. They fought, tooth-and-nail among themselves over microscopic party issues, heedless of the life-and-death crises of the nation."

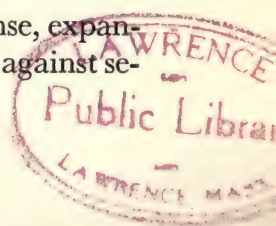
What is a political party? The term is meaningless in its relation to democratic government unless it describes a group organized for the purpose of putting in force some definite governmental policy. Applying this definition, we find that the Democratic party does not exist; it is merely Mr. Roosevelt and his policies. The Republican party has not even a Mr. Roosevelt. It had a Mr. Hoover and later a Mr. Landon, but neither Mr. Hoover nor Mr. Landon now represents the Republican party. In truth, there is no man nor group of men who represents the Republican party and there are no policies that can be called the Republican program.

In the summer of 1932, the Democratic and Republican parties, at their conventions, adopted programs — "platforms" — but both have been in the discard ever since that election day in November, 1932, which gave America the New Deal. Much that has been done since Mr. Roosevelt's election is almost the exact opposite of what the Democratic platform announced as the Democratic policies. Scarcely anybody now knows what was in the Republican party platform and nobody cares. (In the Democratic platform of 1936, written by Mr. Roosevelt, his policies, as subsequently announced, were conspicuous by their absence.)

Now, why is it that for over a century, Congress, in the main, legislated efficiently, while of late years it has largely lost the power of independent action?

The answer is that from the time of the adoption of the Constitution until the Spanish war, national problems, while often difficult of solution, were usually simple and not complex; in short, they were more or less "yes or no questions."

The most vital problems were national defense, expansion, slavery and the preservation of the Union against se-





cession.<sup>1</sup> These included: the naval war with France (1798); war with the Barbary Pirates (1805); the second war with England (1812); the acquisition of vast territory by the Louisiana Purchase (1803); the purchase of Florida from Spain (1819); the national policy formally expressed in the Monroe Doctrine (1823) enforced against Spain, England, France, Germany, Italy and Russia; the annexation of Texas (1845); the Mexican war (1846) and as its result the acquisition of another vast territory, including California (1846); the Civil war (1861-1865) arising out of the slavery question which had been agitating the country even long before the Missouri Compromise of 1820; the Spanish war (1898) and the Philippine insurrection which closed the nineteenth century.

When the Constitution was adopted, the population of the United States was less than four million and over ninety-six per cent rural. According to the last census, the population is now more than one hundred and twenty-seven million and more than fifty-six per cent urban. The population, homogeneous in Revolutionary days, probably over ninety-five per cent British, is now, because of immigration, extremely heterogeneous. The problems of today are not few nor simple but many and complex.

A legislature without leadership can deal with a simple problem, a "yes or no question," but it is only through leadership that it can deal with a complex problem. An enactment to abolish slavery can be short but a law to deal with crop control must be long. Slavery was abolished in forty-six words. The recent crop control bill contains some thirty thousand words.

<sup>1</sup> The tariff was not so complicated a problem as might appear. The duty on each item had to be considered separately. Furthermore, some duties were necessary for revenue, and the Republican party was traditionally for a high tariff and everybody in industry wanted protection for his own products, regardless of party.

If Congress is to function independently of the President, the members of the major parties must choose Congressional leaders and work loyally as teams — one party as the team in power, the other as the team in opposition.

In the lack of party organization and leadership from within Congress and in the complexity of present day problems lies the explanation of why a president plays the part of a dictator. The system invites him to originate policies and draft legislative bills, and to use the means at his command to induce Congress to “register” these measures as law. To enforce his will on Congress, the President has various means:

*First:* As the President embodies his party in his own person, he can, by his public attitude, do much to help or hinder the nomination and election of those seeking party support in their efforts to become members of the Senate and the House.

*Second:* The President has a vast patronage at his disposal, available to the “faithful” in Congress. On average well over five thousand men and women per Congressional district have been appointed, outside civil service, to national office in the past five years. Also, according to recent estimates, some twenty million persons are receiving some form of governmental benefit, and expenditures “to restore prosperity” amount to about twenty billion dollars. The minority report on the recent Relief and Recovery Bill points out a relation between relief and national elections that is so striking as to seem explainable only on political and not economic grounds. In the non-election years, 1933, 1935 and 1937, the number of persons receiving federal assistance declined between June and November, by 3,243,000, 3,165,000 and 2,648,000, respectively; while in the election years

1934, and 1936, there were increases of 2,283,000 and 1,213,000 persons, respectively. In 1933 (a non-election year) the relief roll declined during four months in which the Federal Reserve Board's index showed a decline in industry of twenty points, while in 1934 (an election year) when the index showed a rise in industry in September and October preceding the election, relief rolls expanded. The same thing occurred again in 1936 (an election year) — relief rolls expanded 2,283,000 persons while industrial production rose steadily from June to November.

*Third:* The President can spend or refuse to spend public money in a Senator's or Representative's locality. This is why it is desirable, from the point of view of a president wishing to dictate to have appropriations made in lump sums.

*Fourth:* Members of Congress, like other people, are not entirely free from the fear of persecution by some administrative agency.

*Fifth:* The President can conduct propaganda at Government expense, to influence primaries and elections.<sup>1</sup>

THE PRESENT American legislative system is centuries out of date. In its essence, it is that in vogue under the English Tudor sovereigns, King Henry VIII and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, in the sixteenth century, the Stuarts in the seventeenth century, and under George

<sup>1</sup> If anyone doubts that Mr. Roosevelt believes that he alone is the Democratic party and that the Democratic members of Congress are merely rubber stamps to register Presidential decrees, it is only necessary to refer to his radio address of June 24, 1938. Prior to the address, Presidents, including Mr. Roosevelt himself, have habitually disclaimed any intention to interfere in state primaries, but Mr. Roosevelt refuses to be bound by tradition. He said: "I would certainly not indicate a preference in a state primary, merely because a candidate, otherwise liberal in outlook [Mr. Roosevelt to be the sole judge of liberality], has conscientiously differed with me [conscientiousness also to be determined solely by Mr. Roosevelt] on any single issue."



III, at the time of the Declaration of Independence.

At the time of the drafting of the Constitution in 1787, the American people were almost exclusively of British descent, and their political traditions and experience were British, enlightened by some knowledge of history and such political literature as then existed and was available. Necessarily, the American Constitution was drafted in the light of this knowledge, tradition and experience. It has been truly said that the history of Parliament is an English heritage with a remainder to America.

"In the sixteenth century, the [English] Crown in Council was the Government and the Crown in Parliament was the maker of the laws." The King had to assist him a number of Privy (Private) Councillors, who, together formed his Privy Council. "The course of Parliament was under the direction of the Privy Councillors. The programme of the Session was planned in advance. A considerable part of the legislation of the reign of Henry VIII is to be found sketched out in the 'remembrances', — or lists of bills which Cromwell [one of the Councillors of Henry VIII] and other Councillors drafted before the Sessions. The King, himself, drew up bills."<sup>1</sup>

Soranzo, the Venetian Ambassador, in a report to the Doge and Senate, August 18, 1554, wrote, "They [Members of Parliament] are often compelled to vote what they know to be the will of those who rule them rather than according to the dictates of their own conscience. No doubt many of those who made up the majorities were practically dragooned into their votes". "On a ques-

<sup>1</sup> The quotations in this article regarding the relations of the Crown and Parliament are from *The Winning of the Initiative*, Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. XI; *Parliamentary Government in England*, Todd; *Constitutional History of England*, May; *The Law and Custom of the Constitution*, Anson; *The Cabinet Council*, Turner; the works of Edmund Burke and of James Erskine and of Bolingbroke; Venetian State Papers, 1534-1554.

tion of a vote of money," Michiel (another Venetian ambassador) tells us, "they seem bent on violent opposition, which according to their custom, will end in words rather than deeds".

"If Elizabeth has her troubles with the Commons and has to cope \* \* \* with a very persistent opposition, she has in most Sessions only to put her foot down and measures and policies upon which the Commons have set their hearts are given up." Elizabeth may have had a fashionably small foot, but apparently she knew how to put it down hard.

Queen Mary, Elizabeth's predecessor, also knew how to put her foot down. On one occasion, she "sent for sixty of them [the Commons] besides a great part of the Lords and Barons and talked earnestly with them. At another, she clapped Sir Anthony Kingston, a leader of the opposition into prison".

During the sixteenth century, the Crown took effective measures to secure the return of court partisans. A circular in 1553 bids the sheriffs to "give notice to the electors that they should, in the first instance, choose residents of knowledge and experience but that if the Privy Council should make special recommendation of men of learning and wisdom, such direction should be regarded".—In order to maintain control of the House, both Mary and Elizabeth added and revived Boroughs — Elizabeth, no less than sixty-two. The Queen saw to it that "good men and true" were returned. After Elizabeth's death in 1603, the Stuart dynasty under James I came to the throne. James endeavored to form a Court party in Parliament. These partisans were known as "Undertakers". They "undertook" to see to it that the King's will was carried out. (George III, in the eighteenth century, formed a similar party, who were called The King's Friends.)

The seventeenth century was the most disorderly period since the Wars of the Roses. The Stuart Kings tried to over-ride Parliament. The House of Commons asserted itself and condemned and executed the second Stuart king, Charles I.

"The Grand Remonstrance, addressed by the House of Commons to Charles I, in 1641, set forth that such councillors and other ministers of state only should be employed by the King as could obtain the confidence of Parliament. And in the Second Remonstrance, issued in January, 1642, complaint is made of 'the managing of the great affairs of the realm in Cabinet Councils, by men unknown and not publicly trusted'."

During the military struggle between Charles I and Parliament, Oliver Cromwell became disgusted with the senseless wrangling in Parliament, and its inability to enforce any sensible, definite program (the party system of government had not yet been developed) and with a corporal's guard of musketeers entered the House of Commons and drove the members out.

George III, who came to the throne in 1760, relied on bribery of the electorate and the Members of Parliament, by use of public funds as the means to make himself an absolute monarch. Were it not for the fact that during his tenure of the throne, he, after several mental lapses, became utterly insane, he might have succeeded. George III liked to be his own minister. His correspondence with his Minister, Lord North, is illuminating and at times humorous. Writing to Lord North, October 16, 1779, he said: "If the Duke of Northumberland requires some gold pills for the election, it would be wrong not to satisfy him".

While the King, in the main, controlled Parliament, there were, of course, independent spirits, among them



Edmund Burke, who in his speech on economical reform said: "It is not difficult to see the use to which such places were put when the reform of the King's household was thwarted because 'the turnspit in the King's kitchen was a Member of Parliament'."

"But all these advantages which might accrue to the supporters of a ministry were occasional and unsystematic, as compared with the direct method of bribery which prevailed from the reign of Charles II [1660-1685] to the end of the ministry of Lord North in 1782." (Bolingbroke said that it was Queen Elizabeth who originated a system of controlling Parliament through bribes paid out of the treasury; but perhaps he was one of those who, like Adam, considered woman as the original temptress.)

It was Walpole in the eighteenth century who began and handed on to his brother, Henry Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, the business of bribery, which was finally taken into his own hands by George III. The King misused even money granted to him by Parliament for secret service purposes, to bribe the Members of Parliament to vote for his measures.

"Secret pensions were paid to members in breach of the law and in prospect of the advent to office of a minister who would not connive at such proceedings, these pensions were set down in the names of the wives of such as were married. Poor George Selwyn [a bachelor, an M. P. and a famous 'man about town'] had to forego his pension altogether. 'He must look to better days,' said the King."

The expenditure at elections has been revealed in correspondence that has come to light. "If Lord North remembers correctly, the last general election cost nearly £50,000 to the Crown." But Lord North says of the

members who were assisted to come into Parliament that "they all behaved with very steady attachment to the end".

The struggle for a free press was fought to a finish under George III. Printers were licensed and freedom of expression restricted. John Wilkes, leading the fight, even while in prison (though at the time an M. P. and so constitutionally free from such arrest) became, though a profligate, a national hero by successfully standing up for his rights against terrific odds.

In America, symptoms of a desire to muzzle the press are not lacking. A bill was recently introduced in Congress (withdrawn under public protest) by an Administration Senator to impose a criminal penalty for the publication of anything known to be false. It is easy to see how an administrative threat of criminal prosecution under such a statute might serve as an effective muzzle to prevent publication of adverse criticism, since what is true or false is often uncertain, and a knowledge of falsity can easily be asserted. At the same time, the Administration conducts, at public expense, the most colossal propaganda in history to influence primaries and elections. It is commented that tax returns of "hostiles" are publicized and private telegrams illegally inspected in order to embarrass them. The Secretary of Agriculture has even challenged the Chief Justice—in an open letter—for a decision contrary to a ruling of the Secretary.

In all dictatorship countries, the press is the mere creature of the government. While the press and the radio are free, there is always hope that the majority of the people cannot be bought or at least will not stay bought.

English monarchs tried to make the Judiciary subservient to their political ambitions. This is one of the steps of absolutism—others are control of the Army, the

Legislature, the Treasury and the press and radio. (In France, the sturdiness of the Judiciary was one of the contributing causes to the fall of the Bourbon king in 1789.)

Sir Thomas Smith said (1633) that under Elizabeth, juries "were many times commanded to appear in the Star Chamber or before the Privy Council for the matter"—that is, to answer for their verdicts. The Star Chamber's jurisdiction was almost unlimited, its procedure in conflict with the Common Law—a jury was dispensed with. It could even proceed on rumor alone and applied torture to secure evidence, and could inflict any penalty short of death. It was the Stuarts' manipulation of the Star Chamber, which earned for any one-sided trial the reproach, "a Star Chamber proceeding."

**P**ARTIES in America are managed, or rather mismanaged, on the primary and convention system. Party candidates for national office are nominated either directly or at party primaries or through party conventions, the delegates to which are chosen at party primaries. Platforms are written at conventions. The system is run, in the main, by political bosses. It is said that a certain member of an unsavory political machine in Chicago, made the remark, "Why do they let us run it?" It was once thought by many, who should have known better, that the primary system would enable people to express themselves independently while in truth the opposite has been the result.

A commentator remarks:

When, as happens, the vote in the primaries is sometimes as low as a fortieth of the general election vote, often less than a tenth, rarely more than a third, it is easy to understand how the politicians with their organized jobholders, machine de-



pendents and precinct workers can control. Clearly, this is a state of affairs which breeds waste and graft, fills public offices, high and low, with incompetents, frauds and fakirs. Unchecked, it is a mere matter of time until the collapse comes.

The question is asked: what can be done about the primary system? The answer is, to find another and better system.

It is idle to hope that the mass of the voters, who call themselves party members, will, day in and day out, give sufficient time, attention and money to keep the local machine out of the hands of self-seeking politicians, and that they will also register and vote at all primaries, in order to see that only worthy candidates are elected to public office and that only worthy delegates to conventions are chosen, and that the delegates to conventions are instructed as to what the mass of the party really believes should be its policies. It is just not in human nature to do anything of the sort. The mass of the people are too busy about their own business, domestic and social affairs, to justify any such expectation. Men do not act that way even about their own private affairs. About national affairs, the great majority of the people think they have done their duty when they have voted once in a while for a party candidate. When national affairs do not go to their liking, they relieve their feelings by using bad language and saying that "something ought to be done about it" and let it go at that.

James Erskine, in 1736, said:

*That which is the concern of all is too often neglected by all. This particularly is so for \* \* \* a man in great esteem among the people, to get the management and direction of their assemblies; and if he is an ambitious man, he may manage and direct — so artfully as to get the absolute sovereignty into his hands, or to be in a capacity to assume it whenever he pleases, before*

the people become sensible to the danger. If this is done by one single man, the democracy becomes a Monarchical Tyranny. (*Italics author's.*)

It is a time-worn joke that platforms are made to run on, not to stand on — though the mere fact that policies are changed from time to time in itself justifies no adverse criticism. Even if it be assumed that national party platforms express sincere party convictions, is it not ridiculous to expect that a platform adopted at a convention, which nominates a candidate for president some six or more months before the candidate, even if elected, can take office (which platform no means is provided to alter) is likely to be found a suitable expression of policies to control party action, during the ensuing four years?

Democracy is being preserved in England. When the Labour Party came into power in 1924, dire predictions were voiced but decent and orderly democratic government continued, not only when the Labour Party came in but when it went out of power. Public funds have not been misused or wasted. The depression did not seriously unbalance the budget. The national debt rose from 1923 to 1937 by only about fifty-five million pounds.

Now, why is it that the English party system is working in an orderly, democratic manner? The explanation is that ultimate party control in the major parties is lodged in the members of the party who have seats in Parliament and not in political bosses. There is no counterpart in national politics to the American political boss. Party policies are not formulated long in advance by a convention but are enunciated and changed from time to time as circumstances require by the members of the party in Parliament. The party functions whether in power or

out: when a party is in office, power to legislate and responsibility to the people for laws enacted are centered in the same hands.

THE AMERICAN system has made the President the party, but no president, however wise and vigorous, can successfully conduct a one-man government—the problems are too many and too complex. While he can talk to the people and so conduct propaganda to further his measures, few people can communicate with him. He cannot read the more than two thousand daily papers, to say nothing of the numerous weeklies and periodicals.<sup>1</sup> It is only the Senators and Congressmen who know local conditions and the real wishes of the people. It is only they who have time to read the local press since on average there are about five daily newspapers per Congressional district.

It is the real wishes of the people that should be followed in enacting legislation. Otherwise, why democratic government at all?

Overwhelmed in the effort to conduct a one-man government, the President necessarily has to allow a more or less free hand to his "Councillors," none of whom are responsible to the electorate, with the result that they formulate party policies, and even draft bills, which the President hands on to Congress as measures that they "must" enact. Lawyers in administrative bureaus are by Executive influence diverted from their salaried work to act in the committee rooms of the Capitol as a presidential lobby to secure the passage of legislation emanating from the White House.

It is impossible for the President to give adequate study

<sup>1</sup> Thirty-six foreign language newspapers have voluntarily registered with the Information Bureau of *Editor and Publisher*, but more undoubtedly exist.



or even to read through all the proposals that are urged upon him. No doubt he, at times, is persuaded on insufficient consideration to adopt a measure, which soon appears to be obviously unwise. Then he is in a position of having either to admit error (an admission rarely made by politicians) and thus "lose face" or to attempt to force the measure through. Furthermore, these councillors and department heads and chiefs of agencies often have political ambitions and their proposals, therefore, may be more calculated to further personal ambitions than to solve wisely national problems. In consequence, not only unwise, but inconsistent policies may be put forward as "party" policies contrary to the real wishes of the majority of the President's party in Congress. This is one of the weaknesses of the present system. It not only confuses national problems but even endangers foreign relations. This has gone so far that officials, who are in no way constitutionally charged with any share in the conduct of foreign relations, do not hesitate to criticize foreign governments and rulers, or even to threaten them.

Those who wrote the Constitution in 1787 cannot justly be blamed because party government is not working well. The essential principles of party government had not then been developed and they were unable to foresee the future. It was only about the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the seeds of government under the party system were planted (under William III), and they had not bloomed when the American Constitution was drafted. In the eighteenth century, the word party did not in ordinary parlance signify a large group, organized for the purpose of putting in force, by legitimate means, some definite national policy, but was generally used to describe a small faction maneuvering and jobbing to further personal ambitions.

A distinguished American, A. Lawrence Lowell, in his *Government of England*, says,

The framers of the Constitution of the United States did not foresee the role that party was to play in popular Government and they made no provision for it in their plan. It was from the first inevitable that the real selection of the President would not be left to the judgment of the Electoral College — a result made more certain, first by providing that the members should assemble by states, and hence, should not meet together as a whole for deliberation, and second, by excluding from the Electoral College all Congressmen and holders of Federal offices, that is, all the leading men in national public life. If the Electoral College was not really to select the President, it must become a mere machine, registering the result of a popular vote throughout the nation, and the candidates for the Presidency must be designated beforehand in some way.

Is Congress, like the Electoral College, to become a “mere machine” to register decisions made elsewhere (i.e. by the President)?

It was the impossibility of foreseeing the future and so making provision for the orderly development of the party system that has left the real power of nomination of candidates to those who run political machines, instead of entrusting this all important task to the “leading men in national public life,” that is, the Senators and Congressmen.

IT IS USELESS to suggest what ought to be done regarding the drift toward dictatorship, if the suggestion has no chance of being adopted. It would also be unwise to attempt to revise the present system by Constitutional amendment, as the practical result would surely be, after long delay, either to accomplish nothing or to jump from the frying pan into the fire. A remedy should be

sought that will not necessitate revision of the Constitution and will have appeal to the members of Congress of both major parties. It is believed that such a remedy can be found.

The Constitution contemplates that the entire governmental power shall be distributed and separated among the three departments, the executive, legislative and judicial, and that these departments shall function independently, and that no one of them shall trespass upon the other. The system was never more lucidly explained than by the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court in 1880, in the case of *Kilbourn v. Thompson*, 103 U. S. 168. The Court said:

It is believed to be one of the chief merits of the American system of written constitutional law, that all the powers intrusted to government, whether State or national, are divided into the three grand departments, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial. That the functions appropriate to each of these branches of government shall be vested in a separate body of public servants, and that the perfection of the system requires that the lines which separate and divide these departments shall be broadly and clearly defined. It is also essential to the successful working of this system that the persons intrusted with power in any one of these branches shall not be permitted to encroach upon the powers confided to the others, but that each shall by the law of its creation be limited to the exercise of the powers appropriate to its own department and no other. \* \* \*

But while the experience of almost a century has in general shown a wise and commendable forbearance in each of these branches from encroachments upon the others, it is not to be denied that such attempts have been made, and it is believed not always without success. The increase in the number of States, in their population and wealth, and in the amount of power, if not in its nature to be exercised by the Federal government, presents powerful and growing temptations to those to whom that exercise is intrusted, to overstep the just boundaries of their



own department, and enter upon the domain of one of the others, or to assume powers not intrusted to either of them.

On this same subject, many individuals have expressed similar opinions, among them George Washington and Daniel Webster. Washington said, "The habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another." Webster said, "I believe the power of the Executive ought to be brought back [referring to the Executive Department's encroachment on legislation under President Jackson] within its ancient constitutional limits. Good intentions will always be pleaded for every assumption of power. They cannot justify it even if we are sure that they existed."

Regarding the Legislative and Executive powers the Constitution provides:

"All legislative Powers" are vested in the Congress, consisting of the Senate and House of Representatives. Each House is "the Judge of the Elections, returns, and Qualifications of its own Members." The only restrictions regarding who may be Senators and Representatives are that a Senator must be thirty years of age, an inhabitant of the State for which he is chosen and for nine years a citizen; and that a Representative must be twenty-five years of age, an inhabitant of the State in which he is chosen and for seven years a citizen. "The Electors in each State [*i. e.*, those who vote at elections for Representatives and Senators] shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature."

"The Times, Places and Manner of holding Elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in

each State by the Legislature thereof; *but the Congress may at any time by law, make or alter such Regulations, except as to the Places of chusing Senators.*" (Italics author's.)

The Congress has the power to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the "foregoing" powers (that is, the seventeen powers mentioned in Article I, Sec. 8, such as to borrow money, regulate commerce, etc.) "and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or Officer thereof."

The Electors, who choose the President, are appointed in each State as its legislature may direct, but no Senator or Representative or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States can be an Elector. The only power given to the Congress regarding the choosing of Electors is that it may determine the time of choosing and the day on which they shall give their votes, which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

The executive power, not the legislative or judicial, and the command of the army and navy, are vested in the President, who "shall from time to time give to the Congress Information of the State of the Union" and "recommend" (not insist on) "such Measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient."

While the Congress thus has practically unlimited power regarding the manner of electing Senators and Congressmen, the Constitution carefully provides against interference by Congress in the election of a president, the intent plainly being to make Congress and the President independent of each other, except that the President may give "information" and make recommendations to the Congress, on extraordinary occasions convene both

Houses or either of them, and in case of disagreement between the two Houses with respect to the time of adjournment, adjourn their Sessions until such time as he thinks proper. The President is given the power to veto an act of the Congress, but the Congress can repass it by a two-thirds majority vote in each House — in which case, it becomes a law.

It is thus within the power of the Congress to pass an act to supersede all State regulations regarding the manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives, except as to the place of choosing Senators.

IT IS SUGGESTED that in order to put the party system on a basis that will preserve democratic institutions, Congress enact a law along the following lines:

(1) All Senators and Representatives should register with the Clerks of their respective Houses the name of the party to which they belong — with the right to change such designation — nobody to register as a member of more than one party.

(2) The members of each House belonging to a designated major party should, after each election, at least, caucus and select from among themselves a Managing Committee to lead their party in each House; these Managing Committees to join in the selection of a National Committee, composed of Senators and Representatives, to lead the party in national affairs under such rules as may be adopted.

(3) The use by any person desiring to describe himself as a candidate for a major party, for election as Senator or Representative, including the use of the party name and emblem on the ballot on election day, should be confined to those persons whose candidacy as a party candidate has been endorsed by the National Committee;



a major party to be defined as one having a substantial representation in the Congress, that is, a percentage of the entire membership of Congress sufficient to confine the application of the system to the two leading national parties. (The nomination of candidates of minor parties and of independent candidates would remain unaffected, except regarding the use of the name and emblem of a major party.)

Some of the advantages of the proposed system would be:

It will do away with one-man government.

Congress will become independent of the President, and resume its Constitutional function of making the laws and cease to be merely a rubber stamp to register Presidential decrees. Under the existing system, the President can deal individually with members of his party, who have seats in Congress, and since the President is more powerful than any single Senator or Representative, he can defeat the members of his party in Congress in *detail*. This was the strategy practiced by that master of the art of war, Napoleon Bonaparte. He defeated his more numerous enemies by attacking their forces in detail, before they could concentrate. Likewise, self-seeking "pressure groups" will no longer be able to dragoon *individual* members of Congress into voting for their schemes. This will make for harder sledding for pressure groups and will be a great relief to the members of Congress, since they will no longer be subject to the unfair tactics to which these groups now seek to coerce them. Many of the evils of the Lobby will disappear.

"Divide them and win" is an appropriate motto for a boss or a pressure group but the members of a political party in Congress will do better to stick to the national motto, "United We Stand — Divided We Fall".

The suggested law would result in party affairs being

managed not by the bosses but by the leading men in public life, that is, those in whom confidence has been expressed by the votes of the people — the Senators and Representatives. Party policies — the platform — would no longer be written, once for all, in the summer preceding the election by a handful of sweating men locked up in a room, while below silver-tongued orators are holding the impatient delegates and spectators in the stifling hall. Instead of this ridiculous system, well considered party policies would be developed, and when necessary, altered to meet changing conditions, by those in Congress — the only group which is or can be representative of the people of the country. Where else is there or can there be assembled any group that knows more about the needs and wishes of the people than the members of Congress? Not only are they the best equipped but they also are dependent on the people for the continuance of their Congressional careers.

A party convention assembled to nominate a candidate for President obviously would not, without agreement with the National Committee, adopt a platform, that is, undertake to state what are the party policies, since if they did, it would not be the platform of the party, but only of the Presidential candidate. Furthermore, the members of the party in Congress would, of course, have long been considering who is the best man to nominate for the Presidency and their views on this subject, expressed through the National Committee, would have greater weight than the deals of the bosses. Under these circumstances, it is far more likely than under the present system that the best candidate would be named and that party policies would be developed and adopted which, if the party should come into power, would be enacted into law. Thus, the people would know what to expect.

The activities of "Privy Councillors" would be limited and each secretary (Secretary of Agriculture, et al.) would be kept in his proper sphere, which is to administer his department in accordance with existing law; "irresponsibles" would be prevented from determining legislative policies and drafting measures, which, through having the ear of the President, they, under the present system, force upon Congress.

Parties could more easily than under the present system change their names. They could thus divorce themselves from the dead issues of the Civil war and separate national politics from state and local issues. The individual states could then decide for themselves whether they wished to continue the use of the names Democrat and Republican in elections for state and municipal offices. Of course, it would be far better if they should decide to abandon these names in order that state and local elections might turn on state and municipal issues uninfluenced by national politics.

It would no longer be the case that the President could force upon Members of Congress measures which many of them believe to be unwise and secretly disapprove but are compelled to accept. The many able men in Congress — both Democrats and Republicans — would take a more important part in framing the laws. Public attention would be centered on important issues and the debates raised to a higher level. What goes on daily in the halls of Congress would be more important news for press and radio than weekly press interviews at the White House.

The American Constitutional system of the distribution and separation of powers would be revived and preserved. Congress would again make the laws and the President would execute them.



# The Pulps — a Mirror to Yearning

ARCHER JONES

IN 1860, when Irwin P. Beadle published Ann Sophia Winterbotham Stephen's *Malaeska: the Indian Wife of the White Hunter*, he served as foster-father to the first dime novel and laid the foundations of a new industry in the United States. Anticipating by some forty years the technique of mass production — low cost and wide distribution — which was to become the business norm of the generation which followed, he was the pioneer of an obscure journalistic enterprise that extracts not less than fourteen million dollars each year from a wilfully credulous public.

There are normally around one hundred and twenty pulp magazines on the newsstands with a total monthly circulation of approximately eleven million. Their covers are printed on glistening enamel-finished paper in lurid colors designed to attract the eye, but inside, the paper is the drab wood-pulp stock which gives them their name. In size they are a standard ten by five inches that fit into an overcoat pocket. The price varies from ten to twenty-five cents, depending on frequency of publication (most are monthlies) or prestige. They are sometimes fugitive affairs indeed, and the reader would be unwise to base his dream life on any one of them, for they disappear, change their contents and their names with a suddenness which seems almost whimsical.

Broadly, they can be divided into four typical groups. Adventure includes all exploits in the air, at sea, and in war, and pseudo-scientific romances. Westerns are tales of the range, with or without a love interest. Mystery stories may involve pure fantasy and horror as well as

crime and detection. And of course there are love stories — but love, in the pulps, is an inhibited cherub whose darts are but importunate evasions; he is no kin to Eros. No matter what the type, the formula is invariably the same: heroes and heroines get themselves into seemingly inextricable situations, then get themselves out, to the self-induced amazement of the reader. Rare attempts have been made to vary this formula and elevate the public's taste, but such attempts have only alienated the readers and ruined the publishers.

Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover read the pulps, but the average reader is a dissatisfied man of twenty-eight with an infinite capacity for wishing. He is a sedentary fellow who demands action in a world far removed from his own, but the hero, be he as much on the move as Sisyphus, must be cut in his own image. His fondness for the pulps is usually attributed to a desire for escape, but that is probably a needlessly impressive way of saying he wants amusement. And to such a man it is not amusing to read the dismal accounts of his own environment which are anodyne to those more fortunately placed. What he wants and gets is the primal drama of man against man, usually for the agonized delectation of convention-fettered woman.

The low purchasing power of the pulp reader has had as much influence on pulp publishing as the determined simplicity of his yens. Advertising is preponderantly of the conditional, or inquiry-order type, and as the publisher makes less than ten per cent of his revenue from advertising his problem is essentially that of any other merchandiser of quantity production goods — to sell his article at a price which covers the cost of production and distribution and leaves him a profit. He can no more be expected to sell a sermonistic magazine than a manufac-

turer could be expected to sell an apostolic shoe: he gives the public what it wants or he goes out of business. This industrial rather than literary aspect of the business is seldom realized by the reformers who frequently accuse the publishers of immorality. The publishers are genuinely surprised, for the pulps must be technically wholesome to use the U. S. mails and, in general, are not only moral but avowedly and transparently so. True, as in real life, good men are sometimes slain by villains, and women deflowered (always by adroitly libidinous implication), but they are invariably avenged by some modern Galahad, either with an arsenal or with his bare hands. Virtue is always triumphant; and vice, though it may wreak dreadful havoc along the way, in the end is doomed. Moreover, as the publishers are careful to make clear, the pulps make no use of economic unrest or sociological upheavals. Theirs is the changeless world of emotion and the senses; they know nothing of the fleeting problems of the times.

Because their appeal is primarily emotional, the pulps, more than any other product accessible to the masses, are quickly affected by changes in public taste, depressions, and acts of God. A disaster in the air may boom the sale of air stories while mystery stories languish; a single offensive or inept cover may drive a magazine from the newsstands and hinder the sales of other pulps in the same category for months to come. Yet in spite of a fickle public, the market for pulp magazines on the whole is large and constant. As fast as one type of story goes out of fashion, another arises in its place. Western stories are most popular year in and year out, although they have been occasionally overshadowed by gangster and horror yarns. They are competently, sometimes excellently written, and are popular because the era they depict was picturesque, violent, and authentically American.



Naturally, an industry which depends so largely on the analysis of mass caprice attracts many business romantics. Publishers, like their magazines, appear and disappear in bewildering sequence, and as a result, the business is inherently mysterious. That a magazine continues to appear on the newsstands does not mean that it makes money, nor even that it was intended to. It may owe its existence to the determination of a distributor to "cover" the offering of a competitor (for the pulp paper magazine industry is but a pawn in the larger machinations of the distributors); frequently it is a temporarily uneconomic device employed by the publisher to glut a particular market and stifle new competition. Often, too, magazines are issued to acquire the register to the title, or as a "feeler" to ascertain the trend of public taste. Until the publishers form a cartel and make their information public no one can tell exactly how many magazines there are, and unless there is a mass conspiracy among the distributors their individual circulation, save in a few instances, can only be approximated. The secrecy surrounding the circulation of a particular magazine (group figures are available to advertisers) comes from no inverted megalomania, but is the result of piratical competition. Even the editor is not told the circulation of his magazine, for the publisher has learned that if so much as a rumor of success leaks out, the next month will find the market cluttered with imitations differing only in title.

If the business of the pulps seems somewhat occult it is because it is based on the interpretation of mass psychology. The history of the dime novel and the pulp is to a large degree the history of men who were able to tabulate the frustrations of a large stratum of the American people and proffer remedial, if somewhat phantas-

mal, wish-fulfillment in their stead. This mercantile-psychiatric approach to the aspirations and laments of a nation, and the trends it illuminates, can nowhere be better seen than in the story of Street and Smith, the most revered name in the trade.

Street and Smith's eminence is the rightful heritage of its age; founded in 1855 to print the *New York Weekly*, it is not only the largest and oldest of these companies, but the shrine of the industry's traditions. Among the contributors to its various magazines have been Theodore Roosevelt, Donn Byrne, Jack London, and H. G. Wells; Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis have worked for it. It has probably printed the early work of more successful writers than any other American firm, but despite this intercourse with the mighty, its real significance lies elsewhere. For not only has it published distinguished work and millions upon millions of dime novels and pulps, but in doing so, it has left a moral imprint on the nation. Thousands of impressionable youngsters derived their concepts of courage, loyalty, and honor from the exciting parables that were the adventures of such characters as Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell.

In the days before the Sunday paper was a miniature library, and when the cinema was unknown, the dime novel was an influential outlet for adolescent restlessness. The times were exciting; undercurrents which were to merge into America's "manifest destiny" were in the process of formation, and the West was the Wild West of Buffalo Bill, not the drear habitat of Babbitt. The East, interested in the westward tide of empire, was itself the new frontier for swarms of southern Europeans — furtive, mustachioed men, bristling with stilettoes. But over all this glamor lay the dreadful pall of parental authority: adventure was ruthlessly suppressed, and few

boys had seen a redskin, or even a detective. It was the dime novel that brought this magical world within reach, and it became the imaginary environment of millions. Not all the characters originated to symbolize it were admirable, but those which went forth under a Street and Smith cover were invariably paragons of virtue. This was inevitable, for Ormond Smith, the founder, was a good and just man, and in the conduct of his business he did not carry his tongue in his cheek. For him morality was no pointless abstraction necessitated by the postal laws but a body of truths that were as useful in business as in personal life. But he was no smug doctrinaire: the creators of his exemplary heroes were often hard-drinking, fast-living opposites of their brain-children, and Mr. Smith consoled, hospitalized and buried them.

To such a man, Nick Carter may not have been an altogether fantastic figure. Nick, the most famous of all dime novel characters, was born in 1870, the fictional son of John Russell Corywell. A detective, he was endowed with demoniac cunning and prodigious strength. His career, both in fiction and in the publishing business, has been one long *tour de force*. He overcame black-hearted villains and sales resistance with the same careless aplomb, and by 1915 novels recording his exploits had sold fifty million copies. As Nick's adventures took on the aspect of an industrial Odyssey, he was forced to look about for new parentage, and Corywell was succeeded by Eugene T. Sawyer and Frederick van Rensselaer Dey (who was also Frederick Marmaduke Dey, and in tenderer moments, Bertha M. Clay). In 1915, Street and Smith discontinued the *Nick Carter Weekly*, but the hero was used as the chief attraction of the first specialized pulp magazine, *Detective Stories*.

And at sixty-seven, he still lives on: when Dey stopped

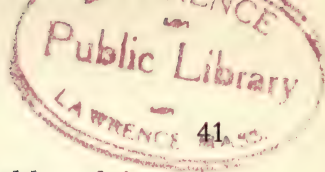


## MIRROR TO YEARNING

writing copy for *Detective Stories*, Nick's old exploits were reissued in another format selling for fifteen cents, and by 1931 more than ten million copies had been sold. But the immortal was not content to exist on past glories, and six years ago he reappeared in a weekly. If yours is a nature that pines for olden times and if you are bored by the milksop villains of today, you need not be nostalgic. For Street and Smith's New Magnet Library contains the yarns in which Nick outwits the scoundrels of yesteryear, and you can take your choice from 1,160 titles.

In the decade following the advent of Nick, Street and Smith prospered. Its competition rose chiefly from other publishers of dime novels like Beadle and Adams, Munro, and Arthur Westbrook. But in the 'eighties, the industry entered a new phase. In 1879 a change in the postal laws required the dime novel to be issued at stated intervals, to bear the date of issue, and to be numbered consecutively. Technically, its metamorphosis into the pulp paper magazine had been effected: it was no longer a book designed for a dubious permanence, but a periodical. Generically, it remained the same; Nick and similar characters shifted their activities to nickel weeklies, but there was still a dime's worth of excitement. A more important result of the new law was the turbulent genesis of the pulp family magazine. Notable was Frank Munsey's *Golden Argosy*, the mutations of which were to change the very philosophy of American magazine publishing. Started as a smooth paper magazine, it successively changed its name, size, price and editorial content until it became the second pulp in the format of today and, eventually, the oldest in the industry.

Six months before the ultimate convulsion of *Golden Argosy*, Street and Smith had brought out *Popular Magazine*, but it appealed to a limited class of readers, and by



the middle 'nineties Munsey, who had followed *Argosy* (so rechristened) with *Munsey's Weekly*, had achieved the ascendancy he was not to relinquish until the post-war period. Obviously, if Street and Smith wanted to escape evil days, something had to be done. It was, and the result was *Tip Top Weekly* (1896), and the second great character of pulp fiction, Frank Merriwell. Gilbert Patten, his creator, did not stumble on him in a flash of inspiration but deliberately molded him to the trend of the times. America had outgrown its expansive mood and had become conscious of its power; it was beginning to analyze the results of the mad scramble and to wonder about the products of its new institutions. Frank Merriwell was Mr. Patten's idealized answer to the national queries. He was chivalrous and courteous, but not sissified; manly, but not boastful. The city urchin and the country swain had begun to yearn for sophistication as well as excitement, and Frank embodied it to a high degree. He attended the best schools and he was at home with the right people. America was becoming well-bred, and Frank met the bill.

An editor at Street and Smith's keeps a letter he received from the mother of one of the readers of *Tip Top Weekly*. She wrote that her son had just died. He had been a mischievous little codger, but not long before his death he had started reading *Tip Top*. Frank Merriwell became his ideal and the change in his character was striking. His mother felt better able to bear his loss, for she knew that he was going to the place of everlasting happiness. Such letters were common, and they did not seem bathotic to the employes of Ormond Smith. For virtue was doubly its own reward; with the coming of Frank, Street and Smith regained the Midas touch, and though by 1907 Munsey's two magazines had a combined cir-

culuation of one million two hundred thousand, was never again forced to take a gloomy view of the future.

In the quarter century following the introduction of *Tip Top Weekly*, only a dozen new pulps were started. There were not a score all told, and when their number is contrasted with the one hundred and twenty now on the market the sudden emergence of so many new readers seems puzzling. The explanation lies in the disappearance of the family magazines and the entrance in the publishing field of a few acute men who comprehended the vast sociological changes wrought by the World war. Such fireside publications as *Everybody's*, *McClure's*, *Ainslees's* and *All Around Magazine*, well adapted to the pre-war serenity of readers, did not satisfy the heightened sense of adventure which followed. Millions who had left a placid, everyday life had been plunged into a vibrant, surcharged existence, and they did not want an abrupt return to the old ways of thinking and living. People were restless. They had been uprooted, and indoctrinated with blood-tingling imponderables, then left flat. Old standards did not meet new problems, and a great many people did not know what they wanted. But Captain W. H. Fawcett and W. M. Clayton did know, and with an insight clinically acute, they launched the first of the sex magazines, *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, and *Snappy Stories*. Their success made it apparent that what was wanted was virile action, and Clayton added *Ace High* and *Cowboy Stories*, Westerns fecund of love interest, to his growing chain. The vogue of the range had arrived, and the great day of the pulp was at hand.

At this point the distributing companies were beginning to take a more than passive interest in the industry. A dispute between one of them and a leading publisher indirectly expedited the formation of several newcomers,



and 1920 heralded the gradual infiltration of new firms that was to continue until the industry numbered the thirty-odd publishers that compose it today.

Three-fourths of the money spent by these publishers goes to the literary automatons who assemble the one hundred million words necessary to meet the requirements of the industry. There is, however, enough left over to sustain a score of authors' agents and two or three trade journals. For the production of pulp stories is a specialized craft, and the writer must be in constant touch with his "markets" — attuned to public taste and editorial vagaries. The work of the amateur is seldom acceptable; he is apt to feel deeply about life, or superior to his subject, and either attitude invariably results in a rejection slip.

For the pulp writer must portray life as the reader would like it to be and not as it is. His primary objective is to give the current formula a novel twist and surcharge it with action. Should he be beset by beauty, or yield to an urge for self-expression, he would only be making the error that results in the rejection of some ten billion words a year. Men with less picturesque occupations may consider him an errant spirit living on the honey of his imagination; actually, his aspirations and rewards are those of the business man, not the artist. Painful experience has taught him that he is but the amanuensis of the machine. If he is successful, his work is usually bid for in advance, and must be ready by a certain time; if he is not, his deadline is determined by the sterner impetus of hunger. The feeling of urgency under which he works, and the constant repetition of creative negotiations, often lead to staleness and dearth of invention. The accepted catharsis for this state is alcohol, and curative sprees have been known to last for months.

The industrial accidents of the trade are rare, however, and the pulpster is a more contented craftsman than most. The less subtle consider their work on the borderline of the arts, and sometimes manifest a touching solicitude for the characters they have created. John Russell Corywell freely admitted that his writing was bilge, but when his fancy had put Nick Carter in a bad spot, tears would stream down his cheeks, and he would atone by heaping felicity on the tortured sleuth. Such compassion is not rare. The pulp writer's is an emotional audience, and if he can simulate credulity it will serve him better than cold reason. For the action story must possess verisimilitude, and if the author can write in the mood of his reader his story will echo authenticity.

However, few writers follow their calling for its emotional piquancy. They write to make money. And, once entrenched, their income will keep pace with their energy. Earle Stanley Gardner, Max Brand and H. Bedford Jones have made more than fifty thousand dollars a year, and there are a dozen who consistently make half as much. To earn this much money a writer must work at top speed, producing one million five hundred thousand to three million words a year. But this is not as difficult as it sounds. Grammar, spelling and concatenation, factors usually associated with writing, need bother him no more than visions of posterity. His only concern is to write as much, not as well, as he can. He may be incapable of passing a high school examination in English (and often is), but his ignorance will not prevent his income from reaching five figures. And his hero, a blue-eyed hellion in chapter one, may carelessly become ebony-eyed a chapter or so later — the author need not worry. If his story is crammed with action, and written with fulsome aplomb, the editor will see to the rest.

Often it takes longer to edit a manuscript than it does to write it, and the effect on the staff leads to much firing and hiring by the publisher. For, in general, the editor and his associates are more literate than the writers, and the daily necessity of subtracting several years from their mental ages makes their work seem a temporary device for keeping off the streets rather than a job. And it is a poor device at best: few vocations have the impermanence of pulp editing and in the interval of employment, salaries are low. The average pay of the editor is three thousand dollars a year, the associate's one thousand six hundred dollars.

As a result of the poor pay and, in some cases, sweatshop conditions in the industry, few men choose pulp editing for a career. Attracted to it originally because it promised good training, they usually find that it is considered good training only for the pulps. Other publishers look with condescension on pulp paper magazines and are reluctant to hire the men who edit them. Pulp employes are keenly aware of this, and attempts to embody their sense of frustration in a play have been frequent. As yet, however, pulpdom has provided no *Front Page*. And probably it never will. The work lacks the swash-buckling informality of reporting, and there is little drama in the constant sublimation of a fourth-rate theme.

Pulp paper magazines buy more than \$1,500,000 worth of paper a year, \$2,000,000 worth of printing, and \$500,000 worth of art work and photo-engraving. They contribute to the support of the railroads, are valued customers of the United States Post Office, the business machine industry, manufacturers of ink, wire, and glue; national and local distributors of magazines, second-hand magazine stores and the Salvation Army. Thus, directly and indirectly, they give employment to thousands of



men and women. And there their significance ends. For though they are read by thirty million people a month, the pulps exert no great influence for good or evil, and contribute nothing to the language.

It is true that the pulps are "escapist," but a good case can be made for the avoidance of pain even when the method used is not instructive. And even if one accepts the scholastic supposition that diversion, amusement and downright cowardice are equally "escapism," the pulps certainly have not supplied the first journalistic indication that many Americans prefer illusions to the more sordid aspects of reality. During the years 1861-1865, *Godey's Ladies' Book*, though it never missed an issue, not once mentioned the Civil war. Moreover, if "escapism" be an indication of spiritual moribundity, as has been said, America is rapidly becoming a race of zombies: eighty-five million citizens go to the cinema each week, and Will H. Hays, the movie "czar," not only admits what he terms "the soft impeachment of escapism," but is actually proud of it.

It is possible that some concupiscent minds are corrupted by the sadistic-masochistic pulps now flooding the market, but as far as can be definitely ascertained their chief significance is that they give pleasure to the people who read them and a comforting feeling of superiority to those who do not.

# Frank Lloyd Wright

HARRY SECKEL

ARCHITECTURE is a strangely anonymous profession. Few architects ever become well known to the general public and those who do seldom owe their renown entirely to architecture. Of the Americans, the most famous, by far, are Thomas Jefferson and Stanford White. Jefferson was President of the United States and White was shot by Harry Thaw. These are marks of distinction from which spreads their architectural fame.

The most widely known architect in America today is Frank Lloyd Wright and his reputation is not altogether due to his buildings. But there is a difference, and an important one, between Wright and his two famous predecessors. Thomas Jefferson and Stanford White are popularly known as architects because of circumstances not only apart from their work but essentially unrelated to it. In the case of Frank Lloyd Wright there is an intimate relation between the man's work and the unusual life and personality that have caught the public eye.

When Wright was sixteen he entered the University of Wisconsin. He wanted to study architecture; but engineering was the nearest thing to his choice that the local university afforded, and Wright was too poor to study away from home. For three dreary years he kept his nose to the grindstone. Classes at the university were dull and tedious and, at home, poverty was becoming oppressive.

Then one day in 1887 young Frank did what dissatisfied Wisconsin boys always do. He left home and went to Chicago. He arrived there, as the boy from the country always does, with seven dollars in his pocket and proceeded to seek his fortune.

Finding a job was no easy matter, and three anxious days of searching brought no results. His money was gone and he was hungry. Then, on the fourth day — a job!

He was thrilled to be in an architect's office and he went to work as so many young draftsmen have before and since, enthusiastic in his conviction that by drafting very diligently he would someday become a great architect. The young man Mr. Silsbee had hired for eight dollars a week showed promise.

A year later opportunity knocked loudly. Adler and Sullivan, one of the largest architectural firms in Chicago, was looking for a man. Wright applied for the job and got it. Though he did not know it, he had taken the most important step of his career.

Louis Sullivan was an exceptional architect. He saw clearly the sham and falsity of the architectural masquerading in vogue. "There is a certain grim, ghastly humor in it all," observed Sullivan; "Miscellaneous crippled fragments of ancient architecture firmly fastened to a modern steel frame; architecture at variance with climate or purpose, lugged to buildings and pasted thereon wherever place may be found. And all these things meaningless — all purposeless — an imposition upon honest intelligence. The true function of the architect," insisted Sullivan, "is to initiate such buildings as shall correspond to the real need of the people — to seek a sane, organic art of expression."

Today this is familiar doctrine. A half century ago it was heresy. Sullivan's was a voice in a wilderness.

It was extremely difficult for Louis Sullivan to find an assistant whom he did not consider professionally incompatible. Men that were sufficiently skilled for the job were invariably, by consequence of their training, not fit for Sullivan. Furthermore, his conceit was insufferable;



his walk, an undisguised swagger. There were few people who could get on with him.

Young Wright filled the bill nicely. He had a sense of design and he could draw. He had but a smattering of office usage and was unschooled — to Sullivan's eye, unspoiled. Moreover, Wright, notwithstanding the flowing tie and longish hair, was a raw, provincial lad. Sullivan was a man of the world, educated and traveled. Sullivan sensed that Wright idolized him and they got on famously.

Wright, who was now approaching twenty-one, wanted to marry. His employers gave the prospective groom a five-year contract and advanced him enough money to build a little house in Oak Park. The neglected youngster, who had tramped Chicago's streets only two years before, now had a wife, his own home, security for at least five years, and work he enjoyed under a leader of his profession. At twenty-one, he was the highest salaried draftsman in Chicago.

The young couple had a joint bank account and they issued checks blissfully until they began to come back. No funds? Never mind, the first of the month was not far off. There would be more.

The husband loved beautiful things and had no sales-resistance. He collected prints. As long as one had the luxuries of life, the necessities, he felt, would take care of themselves. The butcher and the grocer were kept waiting. Debts piled up. The first baby arrived within a year and two years later there was another. Soon a third was expected. The young husband found that, on these terms, two cannot live as cheaply as one.

He began to accept small commissions on the side and executed them at home in his spare time. This eased his financial situation for a time, but it was not long before

wind of this extra-mural activity reached his office. For the first time in six years Wright was to taste the acid of Sullivan's invective. Wright insisted that he hadn't known he was violating his contract or doing anything unethical. He hadn't been undertaking this outside work secretly, he maintained. It just hadn't occurred to him to mention it at the office. Master and apprentice both became temperamental. The contract was dissolved.

Wright now found himself in an awkward position. He knew practically nothing of the historic styles that were considered so important in current practice. The office he had just left was regarded with suspicion by most architects, and Sullivan's work was the basis of Wright's training. It was not an easy matter for him to find another position without starting again near the bottom of the ladder. He therefore decided to strike out on his own. He rented an office, had his name painted on the door in gold letters — and hoped for the best.

He soon developed an active and interesting practice. He was pioneering. While his contemporaries were dutifully treading the mill, he was adventuring into fresh fields. When Daniel H. Burnham, one of Chicago's leading architects, offered to send him abroad for an extended period of study he declined the offer. Burnham proposed the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, followed by a sojourn in Rome for a thorough training in classic architecture. All expenses would be paid, including the care of Wright's family. There would be a job waiting upon his return. But Wright had been oriented in another direction by Sullivan. He abhorred the classic. Paris? Rome? Never! He was on the road toward a new architecture.

He was developing a new type of residence and never had there been a more crying need for it. The gloomy Victorian dwelling then in vogue was an ill-planned,

badly proportioned nightmare. It was piled high in a strained and ungainly effort to be imposing, broken up in a restless jumble of tortured fragments vainly striving to be picturesque. It was turreted, pinnacled, bay-windowed, gabled and dormered. Over it all writhed a crazy riot of jigsawed, spindled gingerbread.

Wright visualized something quite different. Against the flat landscape of the Midwest he felt that height was to be avoided. His compositions were low and extended, the long dimension resting parallel with the ground rather than rising perpendicular to it. Attics were done away with. The roofs, with very broad overhanging eaves, were low pitched. Windows were grouped in horizontal bands, those of the upper story lodged close under the wide horizontal plane of the eaves. Gardens and terraces were conceived as part of the composition forming a transition of horizontal planes between the flat landscape and the building. Inside, the ceilings were astonishingly low and spaciousness was in evidence horizontally rather than vertically. The traditional conception of a room was discarded. Wherever privacy was not a prime consideration doors were done away with; and even partitions were used sparingly. Instead of remaining segregated cubicles, rooms flowed one into another.

This was the house with which Frank Lloyd Wright startled the citizens of Illinois, almost half a century ago. It was a clean house with the gewgaws of the epoch left out. There was no iron deer on the lawn.

The ultra-conservatives didn't like Wright's "prairie houses" because they were "different." But the architect was convincing in his enthusiasm; and, as the years went on and more and more of his houses sprang up in the community, people became used to them. In fact, a



neighborhood pride began to develop around this local architecture. By the time Wright had been in practice fifteen years, the region had a style indigenous to itself.

Not yet forty, Wright was winning recognition. A steady stream of commissions came to him. By way of recreation he liked to design his wife's clothes. He continued to collect the beautiful things he loved so much. In 1906 he took a trip to Japan. He revelled in the treasures he brought back with him.

It would seem to have been a rich full life, but Frank Lloyd Wright was bored. He was losing interest in his work. He wanted to be free. Domesticity, he decided, weighed heavily upon him, so he asked for a divorce. It was refused, but the refusal was not very effective. A short time later Mrs. Wright found herself alone with the children. Her husband was living with somebody else in Tuscany.

He returned to America still legally bound to the family at Oak Park and proceeded to build a new home for a new family at Green Spring, Wisconsin. This retreat was to be more than a mere dwelling. It was to comprise a two hundred acre farm, largely self-supporting. There the master was to live and work surrounded by disciples who would come from far and wide to bask in the light of his genius. It was to be a little world of his own creation.

Wright has always taken an almost childish delight in curious names, symbols and the like. The first dispute he ever had with his wife at Oak Park was occasioned when he wanted to carve mottoes all over the house. The new Wisconsin home, he decided, would be named *Taliesin*. This, he solemnly explained, was the name of a Welsh bard. It meant something like "glowing forehead" or "shining brow." Was he himself not partly Welsh?

Soon a rugged low building of native stone sprawled comfortably along the brow of a hill. From this miniature Olympus, Wright smiled benignly upon the world below. At last he was living his life exactly as he chose to live it.

Two years later Wright was away supervising the construction of a building when a telephone call summoned him home. A Barbados Negro, who worked on his place, had suddenly gone mad. In the space of a few moments seven people had died by his hand and Taliesin was in flames. By the time Wright arrived at the scene, all he had left such a short while before was gone. Taliesin was a charred and smoking ruin. She for whom it had been built and her two children lay murdered.

Wright set himself to the melancholy task of reconstruction and a year later a second Taliesin stood in the place of the first. And then, at a time when it was most welcome, came a change of scene. Wright had been chosen to build the Imperial Hotel at Tokio.

Oak Park, Taliesin, Tokio, each a phase, a new life within the life of Frank Lloyd Wright. Once again a conventional world gaped, for when Wright left for Japan he was not alone. Once again he had found a kindred spirit.

He applied himself to his commission with the true architect's approach. With an open mind, he studied the particular problem in hand. Meanwhile, the Japanese world in which he lived would occasionally remind him of an impending danger. A crazy lurching drunkenness of his bed would awaken him at night. Sudden shocks would bother his table at dinner. A swinging of the very ground upon which he walked would recall — the trembler! This was the terrible adversary with which he, Frank Lloyd Wright, was to wrestle.

He quickly became convinced that there was no un-

yielding construction that could be depended upon to withstand the fury of the quake. Rigidity, however strong, could be destroyed. Well, then, why not *flexibility*? Why not a building that could adapt itself to every swing and shiver of the trembler? Why not a building composed of structurally independent parts connected by joints that would permit each part to move? Accordingly, everything was jointed — footings, walls, and floors — wherever one section met another.

The new building had a fortunate site of filled-in swamp land. Under an eight foot layer of cheese-like soil was a sea of mud. To the layman, such a site might seem the very worst upon which to rest a large and heavy building. Not so! Flaccidity of site constitutes no great hazard if it is uniform. Doesn't water hold up ships? The worst foundations are those that offer varied resistance. When part of your house rests upon rock and part of it upon mud — beware! If the site is all mud and can be counted on to stay mud of uniform consistency, you are safe. And, in Tokio, a cushion of soft mud is an excellent shock absorber. The soil having but little resistance, it was preferable to distribute the load evenly, rather than concentrate it upon a few points. Small concrete pins were sunk two feet apart each way over the entire area that was to carry footings. Any weight applied upon one of these pins was resisted simply by the friction offered by the soil to the descending pin. A heavy load upon any one of them would have pushed it out of sight into the mud below. But no one pin had a great load to bear. There were hundreds of them and, together, they were able to sustain the evenly distributed weight of the building.

The architect stayed in Japan all through the slow process of construction. When he left, after four years, it



was with the satisfaction that comes of a job well done.

Two years later Tokio was demolished by a terrific quake. Wright was in Los Angeles at the time. He fidgeted uneasily when he saw the headlines of the *Examiner*. Tokio had been wiped out. For days he tried to get news of his building, but specific information from devastated Tokio was not readily forthcoming. All he could learn was that the entire city lay in ruins. The trembler had been one of the most terrible in history. Then, finally, came the news that he longed to hear. The Imperial Hotel was still standing, undamaged.

Wright was now absorbed in a new type of architecture. Concrete would offer a very economical means of building except for the expense involved by the wooden forms or molds into which it is poured. This type of construction virtually means building, and paying for, two structures. A wooden one is built first, the concrete one is next poured into place, and the wooden structure is then pulled down. Why not abandon this method, suggested Wright, in favor of a standard prefabricated concrete block that could be set up as masonry?

Now the concrete block was nothing new. It existed long before Wright adopted it, but its existence was a lowly one. Wright proceeded to glorify it. He took one of the most miserable of building materials and made of it an exquisite thing. Structurally, he increased its potentiality. The new blocks were improved and varied in appearance. Some of them were textured, some plain, and some of them a bit different in color from their fellows. They were hollow and so fashioned that they could be set up with steel strands running through them and could be poured full of concrete after they were in place. In sum, this handsome new concrete block was the means to a reinforced-concrete construction, in which

concrete, itself, replaced the usual molds made of wood.

The houses Wright achieved with his new blocks are cubistically sculptural and richly patterned. Those who like to link up everything with a parallel or prototype have decided that they look Mayan. This new type of construction attracted considerable attention but its application never became widespread. Builders found, to Wright's indignation, that it usually proved more costly than the method it was designed to supplant.

Wright's work was now destined to suffer an interruption.

Ever since her husband had left the little home at Oak Park, Mrs. Wright had steadfastly refused to grant him a divorce. Now, after some fifteen years, she decided to acquiesce and Mr. Wright found himself marriageable. A tardy ceremony was subsequently performed and the couple that for years had been braving public censure finally became Mr. and Mrs. Wright and returned to Taliesin to "settle down." But, before long, the veteran newlyweds were separated. Then, about a year later, Taliesin once again burned to the ground.

Once more Wright set himself to the task of reconstruction. He was still in debt, but insisted that rebuilding, on a bigger scale than ever, be started right away. And so Taliesin, something of a phoenix by now, rose again out of its ashes.

Meanwhile, the new Mrs. Wright, separated but not divorced, was enraged to find that she had already been replaced by a successor, for once again Frank Lloyd Wright had found a kindred spirit. But Mrs. Wright No. 2 was not of the same gentle calibre as the former Mrs. Wright of Oak Park and Taliesin was soon thrown into confusion by a law suit. The baby — of course there was a baby! — made excellent newspaper copy.

To make matters worse, Wright managed, at this time, to violate the immigration laws, the Mann Act and a few other statutory measures. During four weary years his life was a nightmare of legal and financial complications; a seemingly hopeless mess of attorneys, judges, commissioners, process servers, immigration authorities and bankers. He was sued for divorce, dunned for debts, and threatened with arrest. He had mortgaged everything he possessed, and the bank threatened foreclosure. And of all this Wright understood precisely nothing. He was sure that he was being cruelly wronged and adopted the air of a martyr.

The tangle was finally unraveled. A divorce was negotiated and once again a tardy ceremony was performed. For the third time Frank Lloyd Wright became a married man.

The fifty-nine-year-old architect settled down to his work. His activities as a practicing architect were now becoming overshadowed by his teaching. For years his practice had been slowly falling off. From the very beginning of his career, certain adverse forces had been at work.

Way back, before Wright was with Sullivan, architecture in America consisted largely of the clumsy efforts of local builders. While Sullivan sought to raise the standard by developing a new style of architecture, most architects felt that the solution lay in importing a style. Some architects had favorite styles; some, less partial, shifted their allegiance from one to another; while others chose to mix them indiscriminately.

Then, in 1893, the Chicago Columbian Exposition gave the Midwest its first big eyeful of classic architecture. The peanuts and pink lemonade of the Fair enjoyed no more success than the imposing rows of columns, the pediments and cornices of the buildings. The architecture of



Greece and Rome had no business in Chicago, but it was looked at rather than thought about. It was imported and sophisticated. The Fair-goers loved that. It was like having finger bowls and speaking French.

Graeco-Roman architecture had come to stay. Scores of young architects went abroad to study and came back trained in the classics. Wright and Sullivan saw their own efforts toward a new architecture threatened. Hitherto competition had been relatively weak. After 1893 it became increasingly strong.

Sullivan's fortunes dimmed. His commissions dwindled in number and importance. The haughty airs of his better days melted away. He finished his existence in poverty and died in 1924, forgotten and neglected.

Wright was somewhat less seriously affected. During the years at Oak Park he was chiefly concerned with small residential work and in this field the classics, at first, played an unimportant part. But, in the years that followed, he too found competition increasingly strong.

In Wright's eyes, Greece, Rome and the Renaissance became symbols of evil. Eclecticism and the schools that sponsored it became the objects of his bitter attacks. As he found less and less occasion to wield the T-square, he found more and more incentive to wield the pen. Writing and lecturing, hitherto incidental, now became important factors in his life.

His mode of expression is unique. He does not seem clearly to understand his own cause and therefore cannot lucidly express it. But he is moved by sincere and deep-rooted impulses, and he does not hesitate to use phrases that seem to him to characterize these inner feelings. Often these phrases mean little or nothing. Rarely are they specific or definite. Never do they combine to constitute a complete and well-ordered theory.

"Buildings," says Mr. Wright, "like trees are brothers to the man, buildings, trees and man all are out of the ground into the light." The straightforward look and bland smile that follow show clearly that Wright, at least, is convinced. To Wright's admirers, his words transcend mere method; they are too clairvoyant for dull logic and prosaic order. To his opponents, they are a mess of confused ravings.

Formerly it was the fashion to ignore Wright. Now it is the fashion to recognize him. The decline of eclecticism has made him something of a prophet and he plays the part with gusto. Wright's status is now unique. He is a living old master whose modernism of almost half a century ago is famed. His position in the architectural world can be better appreciated, perhaps, by an imaginary parallel. Suppose Gauguin to be still alive today. Fancy what a figure he would make in art circles and remember that Frank Lloyd Wright of Oak Park was a contemporary of Gauguin!

It is to Wright's credit that today at sixty-nine he is not content to rest on the accomplishments of his younger days. Work to him is still an adventure. He is still an innovator.

In his new building for the Johnson Wax Company at Racine, Wisconsin, Wright has abandoned the conventional window in favor of a wall band of light-diffusing glass tubing. The building is constructed with a new type of concrete column tapering from the ceiling to a base of fairy-like slenderness.

His new Kaufmann residence at Mill Run, Pennsylvania, is suspended or cantilevered over a waterfall. As in much of Wright's work, this house is not treated as a box with rigidly defined limits. It is conceived rather as a grouping of horizontal planes, not ending directly above

or below one another, but overlapping in a curious interplay that seems to weave the outdoors into the house. It is difficult to say just where the exterior ends and the interior begins.

Wright shares the notion, now current in his profession, that the architect should play a more important part in molding the social order. In his latest book, *Architecture and Modern Life*, written jointly with Professor Brownell, Wright devotes himself less specifically to architecture than to sociology. Broadacre City, his design for an ideal community, is not an architectural solution to modern life but rather an architectural suggestion for what Wright considers a better way of living.

He does not believe in the academic methods of architectural education and offers his own substitute. At present, some thirty disciples comprise the Taliesin Fellowship. They work in the fields, bake bread, milk the cows and chop wood. The idea is to develop "a sense of the thing as a whole." They do construction work about the place and help with whatever drawings are necessary. They engage in musical and theatrical activities and have talks with the master. The fee is eleven hundred dollars a year.

Never has a person been more generally misevaluated than Wright. People either despise or idolize him. One must peer through a cloud of adoration and aversion to see the real man and his architecture.

Personally, he is what the French would call a *numéro*. He is small, white-haired and has a flair for dress. He is immaculate and dapper, and follows a style that is his very own. In the country, or at a building under construction, he will sometimes appear in rough clothes, but even then his apparel suggests the deliberate effect of a costume.



He has a pride in himself that at times is rather childish, but it is of the kind that amuses rather than irritates. When he tells how his Imperial Hotel withstood the Tokio quake it is somewhat as an angler might describe a very large fish.

He shamelessly parades his rather miscellaneous erudition. Occasionally he enriches his conversation with a Japanese word.

He adores adoration. Disciples are a necessary part of his existence.

In short, he is an architectural Isadora Duncan. How much like Isadora the arresting personality, the enormous ego, the illogical, piquant, clairvoyant mind, the odd mannerisms! How similar the unconventional life, the silly publicity!

Like Isadora he has a sense of showmanship. He makes the usual seem unusual. Whenever, for example, an architect departs from the current methods of construction his move is opposed or accompanied by dire predictions. Building ordinances are always conservative, and contractors or workmen invariably look askance at a strange method simply because it is unlike the one they have always followed. Their pessimistic warnings are everyday occurrences of little significance. Nobody ever hears of these things — except when they happen to Frank Lloyd Wright.

His architecture is as individual as the man himself. He is a confirmed non-traditionalist yet stands apart from other modernists. Your typical modern architect believes in a reasoned adjustment of architecture to present-day living, to present-day building methods and materials, to present-day economics. It is an intellectual, almost scientific doctrine which Wright views with scorn. For reasoning such as this he has no respect whatever.

"Is the rising sun logical?" he demands. But the old order of eclecticism he attacks with reasoned argument. In fine, he rationalizes. He reasons as far as reasoning accords with what he, himself, does by instinct.

What are these instincts that give this man the inherent power he possesses?

The first is a genuine decorative sense. Wright is one of those rare creatures who, when casually placing a few miscellaneous objects on a table, will naturally place them in harmonious arrangement.

The second is a highly sensitive understanding of the nature of materials. He has the true craftsman's appreciation of the stuff with which he works. A sheet of clear glass, a waxed pine floor, stones set upon stones, these things mean much to him. By virtue of his sympathetic handling of them, they come to mean something to the lay person too. He never designs a building as some architects do, indifferent as to just what material will be used for its execution. Not Wright! It is the material itself that inspires the form.

The third instinct, and perhaps this should be placed first, is what might be called a sense of growth. He has an abhorrence of buildings that seem set upon their sites. He has a horror of anything that seems "added on." His buildings fit into the landscape. They grow up out of the ground. Windows seem to have arrived naturally at their right places. They never look like holes punched into a wall that resents their presence. Ornament appears to have flowered into place. He believes that architecture should be organic — the term is his own or, originally, Sullivan's.

Wright's architecture is not without its idiosyncrasies. Often, for the emphasis of a major idea, minor elements suffer a sacrifice. Thus there are occasional impractical

quirks in his planning and occasional defects in minor points of construction. And the major points so vigorously expressed are themselves often questionable. Wright strives, as in the Kaufmann residence, to marry exterior and interior space. Is this better than the usual frank expression of the sheltering division between the house and the outside elements? Or, to take another case, the Hanna residence at Palo Alto is made up of hexagonal and triangular shapes. Isn't the usual rectangle simpler and more practical?

Never has a man's work more clearly reflected the man. Wright's architecture is dynamic, fascinating, eccentric. It is a passionate, hot-blooded architecture that appeals to the emotions rather than to the intellect. It is fraught with imperfection but it is never banal or dull. It is Wright himself translated into concrete, stone, and steel.



## Deep South May

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

I would make a poem about late May in this place.  
I would write lines carefully to show the face of it:  
How it looks in this full month; how it is in this gorgeous  
Time when the noon sun withers like many torches,  
Yet the long light of the evening lingers blandly  
As a pleasing guest in his chair on the tall verandah.

I would say this of it: The oatfields that once were green  
And as swept by procession of waves as the gusty sea,  
Have turned to a tarnished gold. They shift and they  
shimmer

In this rich season of the bravest bob-white whistle,  
In this fine season when the mockingbirds flutter, pairing.

Now are the massed clouds higher than a buzzard in the  
air.

They march down the skies like ships or like covered  
wagons.

Now can you hear far thunder mumble and brag.

Now do the slow crows flap overhead, cawing.

Now do the first stalks thrust up from the brown corn-  
fields.

Now the whole world simmers slowly. Though a wind  
passes —

O swift heeled one! — with a scent of star jasmine,

Pungent and spiced as cinnamon, there is nothing cool

Nearer than a woodland branch dammed by logs to a  
pool.

At dusk, in these days, the bull bats flicker low

And the green lights of a thousand fireflies glow here.

At dusk, you can hear a hound dog baying the moon,

That rises swollen and red, and the bullfrogs' booming.

This is the time of reiterant whippoorwills.

This is the time when the stirred heart cannot be still.

I would set down words in its praise.

## Good and Evil

THEODORE DREISER

LET'S TALK about good and evil a little; it's an ever present problem. In fact, man's belief that he is free implies that he is endowed with a dual power; on the one hand that he is capable of discerning good and evil and knows what he should do and what he should avoid (right and wrong), and, on the other, having made this distinction, that it lies within his power to conform his conduct to his choice.

For instance, no one should break into a bank or store and take anything, or hold anyone up. It's against the law. At the same time your employer shouldn't make you work overtime without paying for it. That's cheating. No one should take an unfair advantage of another. Besides, there are the Ten Commandments. In short, these and a thousand other things relating to justice, truth, fairness, "fifty-fifty," come up in some form almost hourly, don't they? Daily, anyhow.

Isn't it true that some aspect, or phase, or mood, in regard to one or many of these things — the actions or intentions of your friends, business associates, your children, government, enemies, toward you or yours toward them — come into your mind almost constantly for consideration, alteration, meditation; and that for all people say, or the law says, or you think about your own conduct, or that of others, your friends, your neighbors, public officials, the police, other governments, that while you're positive as to this or that at one time or another, at other times you find something, come across some fact or argument which causes you to doubt whether you were right in such and such a case?



Also, isn't it true that at times you yourself meditate evil in regard to someone or something, meditate some cruel or revengeful thing, perhaps something wholly unjustified by anything more than jealousy, or irritation with, or hatred of life in general, what it has done to you, withheld from you? It may have cheated you of one thing or another, as you see it, made you poor where it has made others rich, you homely where it gave others beauty, you weak where it dealt out strength to others, and you have decided to get even, pay it out by cheating others, beating them at something, hurting them. Well, let's see as to all of this. Perhaps it isn't so simple as you think, as intentional — not on anybody's part, even yours. For, as you say, if life hadn't done anything to you, you wouldn't be trying to do anything to it. Isn't that true? Or is it? Well, maybe it didn't do anything to you, after all. Let's see.

Let's say you are a small town banker. A neighboring farmer who had planted three five-acre fields to (1) corn, (2) potatoes, (3) wheat, has come in to say that owing to the recent drought he cannot possibly meet that note for three hundred which you loaned him against these crops back in April. A blazing sun and plague of potato bugs have intervened and injured him greatly. You, on the other hand, are being pressed for money borrowed from a larger bank to meet the borrowings of this and other farmers, who cannot pay you either.

You finally decide that the best you can do is to force this particular farmer to put a six per cent mortgage on his house, a mortgage which you feel certain he will never be able to pay. He is not strong any more, and, as you see, luck is against him. And that seems a little hard on your part; but just the same, if it weren't for the drought and the potato bugs, this farmer wouldn't be

here, would he? And you wouldn't have to refuse him, be as hard or as ungenerous as, maybe, you actually secretly think you are.

In fact, isn't it nature, and not you, the blazing sun, the lack of rain, the plague of bugs, that is responsible for the "hardness," that constitutes all the hardness involved in this entire situation? For neither you nor the farmer made the potato bugs or the drought. What is more, isn't it true that if you wanted *not* to be hard, you would have to stand out not against the farmer, who isn't so much, but against nature itself, its uncertainties and unconscious changes? And that in the long run whatever your generosity, it is nature, not this farmer, that is just as likely as not to do you in, you and the farmer, make you both hard or cruel or helpless to fulfil an obligation, and so bring about a very evil result for both of you?

So here is good, in one sense — the farmer, and you the banker, both working and seeking honestly enough to make a living. And here is nature, which is assumed to have no mind, a creative, and yet as it is thought now, a mechanistic thing which cannot count on itself to do either good or evil continuously, may not even know that it is doing good or evil continuously, to you, since it may not know you as anything worth helping or hindering. "The rain falleth on the just and on the unjust." Or worse, it might be a game devised by something — a game in which good and evil, strength and weakness, wisdom and ignorance, cunning and stupidity, sickness and health, beauty and ugliness, heat and cold, light and darkness, youth and age, sensitivity and insensitivity, in other words, different degrees of the same thing, are the cards in the game, one to be matched against the other. Without the cards or differences of degree of the same thing, there could be no game, no such game anyhow as

this thing called life. It is possible, isn't it, since obviously these are the things with which — all of them and some others like them — this thing called life *is* played? You don't think so? Well, look about and see, and meanwhile consider some of the things that follow.

For instance, cattle on the range have a hard time finding the wherewithal to eat. Leaf hoppers take about a fourth of the grass, grasshoppers a second fourth, rodents and other wild-life nearly another. This leaves cattle with little more than the final fourth. But killing off the predacious insects does no good, because if you exterminate one insect you will have to exterminate others, since everything in nature lives on something else, and to destroy one gives another free range to do more damage. Consider the San Jose Scale. It prospers if you kill off the lady bug. The results would be a decrease in the fruit supply, the railroad business, work for laborers, railroad hands, fruit and vegetable dealers, and so on. It's an endless chain. So you can't completely exterminate a pest of lady bugs; nature won't let you. In other words, evil follows good, and good, evil.

But let's take another. Here it is. The entire success of the medical profession, our doctors, surgeons, nurses, their good incomes, homes, cars, wives, the education of their children, plus their hospitals, sanitariums, asylums (the workers, helpers, nurses, of the same) plus their laboratories, colleges, their professors, the drug and medical implement manufactories, their employes, the wives and children of the same, the real estate dealers, rent collectors, grocers, insurance companies, who depend in part on the salaries of these, all depend on the continuance of *disease*, not health. And disease is certainly an evil, isn't it? Besides, this also proves that right in the center of the best arranged society, life lives on death. Also that the ill



fortune of one is the good fortune of another. Which is what this article is about. In other words, "'Tis an ill wind . . . ."

And note this also, that the same can be said of our courts, police, lawyers, judges, juries, penitentiaries, reformatories, and all the involved relationships which these have. If there were no criminals, no murderers, no thieves, swindlers, no income-tax evaders, no wife-beaters, no speeding motorists, no gangsters, what would become of our elaborate systems of jails, policemen, motor-cycle cops, in short, of all the above? The immense amount of good that they do is only possible because of the "evil" which is set up against them. The smug righteousness of the law must be lessened considerably when you consider that the best judges and magistrates, the most admired and respected district attorneys, lawyers, their clerks and helpers, not to mention all the salaries, the costs of law books, of trials — and all the people these support, which is certainly "good" for those who get the support — could not exist without the forces of "evil." In fact evil is their bread and butter; gives them their fame as honest judges. In short, it's the old story of David and Goliath, isn't it? For how could little David, justice or the law, or both, exist without the giant of evil?

A man wants to eat. He is hungry and must eat or die. Now he did not make himself hungry, did not himself make it necessary for himself to live by food. Nature did that. And could that be a trick or game of nature? Anyhow, being hungry, his life is at stake, and he is motivated by his hunger, although we say he *decides* to fight for food with those that have it, and who will not give it to him without pay. Does his extreme hunger make him right? Or wrong? Remember he did not create his life or

his hunger. Neither did those who have the food, steal it. Probably they worked for it, although possibly not. Anyhow, say he fights rather than dies. Is that wrong? He loses. Is that an evil to him? A good to him who has the food? Or a good to him and an evil to him who has the food? Or he wins. That saves his life. Is that wrong? Is it a good to him who loses the food (and maybe his life in the bargain)? Well, here is one and the same thing proven to be good and evil according to who is looking at it. And there is no process by which you can alter this particular situation.

A boy clerk in a gas station in the east fell in love with a very attractive girl who was not one to bestow her company, however, on anyone who would not show her a good time. Now we won't pause here to ask why she was that way, but just to say that she was, and that she didn't make herself as she was. That's obvious, isn't it? You didn't make yourself five, instead of six feet tall, did you? Or homely instead of handsome?

Anyhow, the boy was very much in love, a condition he did not bring on himself, but which was brought on by his physical and chemical sensitivity to just the type of beauty that this girl represented. Nature, not he, is guilty of that, isn't it? When she made it plain that either he must entertain her as she wished, or go without her company, he, in desperation, decided to take money from the gas station till, and since he saw no way of concealing it, pretended that he had been held up and the station robbed. To make this seem real, he cut his own head with a knife, rolled on the floor, so that blood and clothes would indicate a struggle, and permitted himself to be found, seemingly unconscious. Also, he lied afterward. Of course, the police "hospitalized" him (get that, it's new), then grilled him and finally locked him up.

Now here is a problem that is typical of the game we call life, and that involves both good and evil, is both good and evil. The boy's love of the girl, since it was not a matter of free will, need not necessarily be called evil. Most of us would call it good, wouldn't we, since it is but a condition of nature — the reason for the presence of us all?

Ordinarily, it might have led to marriage, a family, the blessing of society and the church. In fact, in that sense, and so far as current human society sees it, it might be called good. But then came the impulses or compulsions (depending on whether you believe in free will or mechanism) to take the money.

If you believe in free will, it was evil. If you believe the chemical frenzy evoked in him was the real driving force, then he was the victim of a chemical and physical compulsion which he did not create, and he was *not* evil. The theft itself, though, was against the current law of society, which seeks in some rough way to protect one chemical force from another. Keep the *status quo*, as we say. Such being the case, it was evil under our social regulations, and the action of the police in putting the boy in jail was socially equitable, or good. His subsequent release with a warning, his father having restored the money for him, was good (if charity or forgiveness is good), or, according to some others, since forgiveness or charity in such cases is argued to lead to weakness (other boys being influenced by leniency to steal) evil. But suppose you set this aside for further consideration and read this one.

You are a patriot, let us say, a lover of your country. So much a lover that you would die for it if need be. Well, is that wrong or right? Suppose we call it right. Very good. Now your country goes to war, as ours did





over the slaves, or the cruelty of the imperial Spain of 1895 in Cuba, or against Germany in 1917. And in the course of the war your country calls for spies. Well, now maybe you think of spying on an enemy country as good for your country and so moral and right. At the same time the enemy country thinks that spying on your country is good for it. Hence those who spy for it think they are good and moral. Edith Cavell in Belgium thought she was; Nathan Hale, spying for us within the British lines during our Revolutionary war, thought he was. But, *can a thing be both good and evil according to who is looking at it?* If so, well now be careful, for you may find yourself, most strangely, good *and* evil, and not be able to say what you really are.

Let us consider a murder — a brutal murder such as that committed by Robert Irwin in the East 50th street apartment in New York city, where on Easter morning, he smothered to death Mary and Veronica Gedeon, and fatally stabbed Frank Byrnes, their innocent but present, and so, to him, dangerous boarder. True enough, it was a terrible murder, certainly evil, as we feel unprovoked murder to be, and this one certainly appears to have been unprovoked.

But was it entirely devoid of good for anybody? Let us see. And don't get mad if it turns out to have had some good in it, even for you — whoever you are and wherever. You may be a priest or a minister, trained and so called upon to think in certain ways, and so this may make you sore.

But to prepare your mind just a little for this thought, let's forget this particular murder and consider some other things. For instance, what kind of books do you like? Exciting or dull ones? And if exciting, like a detective story, say, do you like the more exciting or the less? What?

The more? Well then, do you recall the *Murders in the Rue Morgue*? Was that exciting enough? Or the *House with the Green Shutters*, or the story of Blue Beard and his twenty wives? Was that terrible enough? Were you thrilled, as a child?

But also you may like puzzles. And decidedly there is no harm in any puzzle. It is in fact a positive good, exercises the "mind," drives ennui out of the window, fills in moments that at times would be trying beyond belief — as when waiting for a train. A prime ingredient of many murders and crimes is the problem or puzzle of how they were committed. It's the real reason why many people like a murder story — not because they want anyone killed, but because, once they are killed, their killing may constitute a mystery or puzzle. And they love puzzles. So there is one good embedded in an evil. And any detective will tell you that because he makes his living solving such puzzles, he calls his living a good.

But as to the story of Blue Beard and yourself as a child, why were you thrilled? Were you an evil child? Or did you just like excitement? Anything exciting, say, like a dog-fight, or a run-away horse, an automobile accident, a train wreck, an airplane crash? By the way, why do so many — not all, but many — run to see a crashed plane, or a train, or two autos with numerous dead about? Why? What is it? Weariness of humdrum and commonplace? Love of change? Sorrow? Horror of the same thing happening to themselves? Something different? Or is it something evil in them? In us? A touch of the devil himself? Do we like to see other people suffer when we ourselves are safe and don't suffer? Are we really just evil or a mixture of good and evil, whether we want to be or not?

This, too, is something to think of in connection with

this Gedeon murder by Robert Irwin, something to think of in connection with all savage murders and cruel crimes the world over and throughout all time. It relates to God or Christ or Mahomet, our various and endless religions, and moral codes and *justice* with an accent on that, as you will notice.

For in connection with this particular murder do you recall the national excitement? Everyone was interested. There was mystery. Who did it? How was it done? What was the fiend like who did it? And when they arrested Papa Gedeon, the somewhat loquacious father who thought a wealthy, jealous fat man from Boston did it, how did you feel about him and that? Do you remember? Yet he didn't do it. Also do you recall the sales of the newspapers during those four weeks in which the murder was the hourly extra edition feature? Any least little thing in connection with it? When Papa Gedeon was arrested? When the sister was found? When Irwin's name was first mentioned? Remember? The police wanted to beat Papa Gedeon up and did beat him up, and the public rather thought he ought to be beaten up, kicked and beaten, even when it found he hadn't murdered his wife and daughter. But why did the public or some of it — not all — want to have him beaten up? He didn't do it. And was that good or evil? Now answer that one. The public couldn't know for sure. Didn't know. Why, in the face of that did it still want to kick and beat someone? Because it was kind, just, and good? Or evil maybe? Which?

The truth is, if you stop to think about it, that life wearies many people, after a time most people, anyhow. People soaked in humdrum want change, excitement, relief, puzzles, something, anything, different. Isn't that so? Don't you, for instance? Don't you think a thrill is a good thing now and then — a positive *good*, instead of



evil? And if so, and you ran and bought extras, as many of you did, are you evil? Do you like great big, brutal, terrible murders that cause you to exclaim oh my, and oh dear and oh my goodness, how terrible?

Well, if not, why do you do as you do? Will you tell me? For your interest in puzzles won't explain all of it. And if you can't, will you get mad if I suggest that it is because some of you like murders, terrible ones, particularly where they relieve the monotony of life? Not that you want anyone murdered. I won't go so far as to say that. I can scarcely believe that any normal person would plot or plan a murder to give himself a thrill, but when it happens, well, the public thrills, and buys papers until it knows all about it. Most say they want to see justice done, and do. Anyhow, the extra wagons rush here and there. The newspapers sell hundreds of thousands — yes millions of extra copies, and I'll lay a wager they don't count *that* an evil but a positive good. And I know for a fact, having worked in many a newspaper office in my time, that the newspapers, the business management and the editorial staff, thrill too. It's good business, like a war, a fire, an earthquake, a tidal wave, a hurricane, a great ship, such as the *Titanic*, going down at sea, or that air blimp, the *Hindenburg*, burning at Lakewood. Remember?

"Ah," we say, "How terrible!" "Isn't it awful?" And we gather in knots and talk and talk, or listen to newsmen on the radios or the news pictures in the movie houses. And we feel that we are deploring and even opposing evil and helping good by trying to remedy evil. But think how we, and all the services for distributing news and carrying us the news, profit — the radio, moving picture companies, photographers, writers, papers. Anyhow, all told, evils sell papers, pay salaries, relieve boredom, and get newspaper readers; also they give play-

wrights, moving picture scenarists, short-story writers, editorial writers, poets and whatnots a chance to think and dream, sigh, and work out plots. If you don't believe, see how many thousands rushed to Lakewood when the *Hindenburg* burned, to Flemington when they were trying Hauptmann, to the Chicago moving picture house where they shot down Dillinger. They dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, didn't they? We even write songs about such things. "They have laid Jesse James in his grave." Or sing about evil people, such as Frankie and Johnny, the lovers who morally, as religious people see it, were among the lowest of the low, positively evil.

But enough of this. The problem is to identify positive evil or positive good in anything and make it stay positive, keep it from stepping around the corner and returning as its opposite — and just when you were dead sure that you had it properly labelled as good, or evil.

Well, now, having gone so far, how about a few extras, in the hope that they will serve to clarify all this and maybe make you a little dubious when next you think you see positive good or positive evil. For instance you are holding a good job, drawing a large salary, have friends, entertain. Below you is a man who draws half your salary or less, works as hard or harder and wishes without particular harm to you that he could have your place or a job as good as yours, or as many friends. Below him is another with a still smaller salary, more work, less gaiety, who wishes he had that of the fellow above him. Below him, another. Each one is looking up toward the position of the one above him, not down. Now you die. That is an evil of evils to you and yours, isn't it? But to the line of men below, each being shoved up one peg, what about them? Is your death a good or an evil?

And speaking of death. You eat meat, and by buying

at the butcher, which is no longer a butchery as it once was, but the place where the meat of butchered animals is sold, you hire the owner to buy of the great slaughtering companies the meat and game you are too busy or weak or inefficient or whatever to catch and kill yourself. Not only that, but of one or another of the cutlery companies you buy the knife and fork which constitute your modern claws for cutting or tearing the meat. Of the hardware company you also buy the stove that roasts or burns the meat of the murdered animal for you. And this in the face of the fact that most of the animals you kill and eat — cattle, sheep, deer, pigs, chickens, — are not themselves meat-eaters. They do not kill animals to live. They eat grass, roots, grain, or fruits. They're vegetarians. Not only that, but today you know that of all the animals the swiftest and strongest are not meat-eaters, neither the rhinoceros, the elephant, the bull, the horse, the buffalo, the Salanddang, the great and powerful apes, nor the zebra, the wild ass, the last the swiftest of all. So if you really would be strong and swift, among the strongest and swiftest and no murderer you might choose to imitate them. No? Yes?

Your excuse used to be that you must eat to live, only today it is not so obvious since in lands where meat is scarce, China, Japan, India, the South Pacific, the very poorest and hardest working among the people can and do live on rice, or bread-fruit. Hence, as a meat-eater, are you evil or good? And if you say evil, then it is only just to ask yourself, are you purposefully evil or just indifferently evil — that is, when you are not ignorant of all this which I am writing? Whatever you think or don't think as to this, decidedly to some of these animals, whether they know it or not, you are evil.

Have you ever heard an ox bellow when it faces death,



or a cow that has lost her calf? As a mother she is not so different from other mothers. Yet think of all the leather shoes you wear! The belts! The cowhide bag you carry. The smart leather stores. And the society leaders whose leadership is based on animal murder. To be sure the owners of and dealers in these things do not think of themselves as evil, but good, including themselves always among the good, honorable, reputable business men, socialites, and so on. But still, is it true that it is as they think? Or, isn't it rather just a mixture of good and evil — good for them, evil for someone else?

No, I am not a vegetarian. I am merely facing the fact that life, including myself as a part of it, is neither all good nor all evil, but a strange mixture, a sort of sleight-of-hand process wherein evil here is good there, and vice versa, and that evil flows from good and good from evil. Decidedly, eating meat and wearing nice leather things are not bad for you — a positive good at times, and to me too.

But now let's look in another direction — let's look at a spider spinning a web or nest in the center of a ceiling, trying to trap something. It sits and lurks, and watches, and stealthily kills and eats. Perhaps it may bite you, the Black Widow, for instance, and may kill you. You may say the spider is wrong because it threatens you with a hurt. You will kill it in anticipation of its having wrong ideas. Just as you may send your children to a conservative school, prohibit them from reading books, getting certain notions, unsatisfactory or "wrong" ideas. But, as the mechanists see it today, there is nothing wrong intrinsically with any idea, whether it is the spider's idea of biting you, or your children's idea of becoming atheists. The spider, after all, didn't make itself or its appetites. It is made by forces outside itself. And it must eat to live.

And the same forces that make it as it is have made the insects and birds that kill and eat *it*. So they may be evil or good — as you will. As for you, what you don't really like is the idea that the spider may bite you. But that doesn't make it wrong.

When you come to think of it, it's the same with atheism, communism, fascism, capitalism, or whatever set of ideas you particularly despise. There is nothing universally wrong about them — just locally wrong. That is, they are locally wrong to you when they threaten your idea of satisfying your needs and desires in the way you are accustomed to satisfy them, the satisfaction of which makes up all that is "right" in your life.

As long as the sufferings of others are not presented to you, as long as they are not open threats to your needs and desires, you are willing to let the question of right and wrong go, aren't you? Anyhow, you do. You say you're too busy, you can't do everything. You hire people, officials, ministers, to do all that.

In other words, you pay taxes and then forget all about it. It's your "right" to be happy you're thinking of. And is that so "evil" a thing in itself? You haven't so long to live. You're not strong. You only live once — seventy years all told and you didn't make the world, did you? Isn't that the way you argue sometimes? Besides the action-reaction of forces being universal, and no action or reaction without a physical compulsion of some kind, how could you possibly care about something that didn't strike home in some way?

Even when it comes to social progress within our own United States, or England, or France, or anywhere, there, or anywhere, lurks the problem of good and evil. For instance, in the comparatively recent four-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-word report of President Roosevelt's

National Resources Committee concerning the thirteen latest and most important inventions and what they are likely to do to the social order as it is now, there is the threat of evil as well as good. Arbitrarily enumerated they are (1) the mechanical cotton-picker, (2) air-conditioning equipment (now sweeping the land), (3) plastics, (4) the photo-electric cell that threatens to anticipate your every want, (5) artificial cotton and woolen fibers made from cellulose, (6) synthetic rubber, (7) prefabricated houses, (8) television, (9) facsimile transmission, (10) the automobile trailer, (11) gasoline from coal, (12) tray agriculture, that farm in your bedroom, (13) steep-flight airplanes. Unquestionably from the point of view of a once toiling human race (the "in the sweat of thy brow" crowd) all of these should be listed as positive goods — not a trace of evil anywhere in sight. Or so you think. But now from the present day machine age, profit and loss angle, see how positively evil they can become — most, if not all of them.

Let's consider the cotton picker. Unquestionably it will make cotton cheaper and thus bring lovely fabrics (maybe lovelier than any that have been before) within the reach of millions who cannot now afford them. And don't forget that all the people of the world are not in the United States. And millions of them at this hour cannot even afford the cheaper cotton rags. But now think of all the cotton-pickers it will displace — here and wherever cotton is grown. That's bad, isn't it? Evil to be sure. The evil caused by that displacement is said by many to be offset by the new jobs created by the inventions themselves — the mass of people who are going to be used to make and introduce them. Just the same, new machines do throw out of work thousands of people who previously produced by less efficient means. Trained for years in a



special line and grown old, they cannot shift to the new and the result is tragic. On the other hand, if less people are needed for machines (or war, say) birth-control may be emphasized and by some that would be looked upon as good, by others, evil. Can you decide that for yourself?

But apart from that there is the argument that improved machinery, by lowering the cost of production and so enabling people to buy at lower prices, increases demand to such a point that it absorbs the added production and takes care of the idle labor. Just like that. Only there are millions idle now, and there has been lots of talk of just this kind through thousands of years. And the world has been progressing and processes have been changing. And yet there is no record of good and evil, employment and non-employment, poverty and wealth, the question of the poor and the rich, ever having been solved, is there? The good of advancing comforts has never really caught up with the hundreds of millions who have never had them. Hasn't there always been the evil of unemployment or want somewhere? So will you figure that out? And maybe you will decide that in order to have what we have, this world as we see it, good and evil may always have to be — the one against the other — in order for there to be either. In other words, no good, no evil, and no evil, no good.

The truth is that people have a way of terming "right" whatever it is that we want or desire, and wrong, everything which seems to question or interfere with satisfying our wants or desires. And we have certain basic wants, our hungers, desire for rest, peace, achievement. What is the sense then of referring to some vague, abstract "right" to justify ourselves? Suppose I had a million dollars. Undoubtedly, I would think it wrong of someone to try and take it away from me. I would say I had a *right* to do with

my money as I pleased. I would call on heaven and the government to call off those wicked wretches who were trying to divest me of my "rights." The same if I owned a large factory and the unions were coming in. Or if someone tried to take away my position, or my wife or my child. I would talk of human rights, human justice, the due process of law, the inalienable right of might, of success, of having. But what about whoever it might be that wanted what I have? Couldn't he, with just as much "truth" and "right" call on the same vague, abstract means to justify himself?

Suppose, in conclusion, you rescue a starving man. You give him food, a place to sleep, watch him grow in well-being and comfort. You glow with a feeling of satisfaction, of righteousness. But what was right and what was wrong about all that? First of all you extend to the starving man your own set of reactions to lack of food. You think of him as having an unfulfilled desire. To lack food means wrong to you because you need food yourself, and the satisfaction of this need you call right. And then you also extend to the man the set of feelings which you think he should have in your position — fulfill another's needs so that one day that other may fulfill yours. And with this set of ideas unconsciously and automatically set up, as a sense of injustice, pity, and generosity, you proceed to help the man. Your need to help him was of exactly the same sort as his need for food. Your need, your "right." You right a wrong. But if all needs could be mutually satisfied, the one through the other, we wouldn't have any right and wrong. Only various degrees of anticipation and pleasure. But it doesn't work out that way. More often it seems that one person's right is another's wrong. That to satisfy your need, whatever it is, you are depriving someone else. Therefore, with every "right"

action you achieve, you are setting up "wrong" for something or someone else.

But now let me ask who started all this anyhow? Who made strong things and weak things? Shrewd creatures and dull ones? You are likely to grant, aren't you, that if you are strong and another person is weak, or you are shrewd and another is dull, that if you are healthy or sick or (assuming that you are a woman) beautiful, and another homely, that you have a little the best of it? You might be inclined to admit that nature (the creative process) had been, whether intentionally or not, good to you and so good, or as we say, in extreme cases of defeat, *evil*, to some other person.

But why? What, no answer? It just is so? A way that nature has? But also, as you may know, or find out before you die, nature itself is not intentionally good or evil. It seems to be an expression, or process that inescapably involves both since without both this thing we call life cannot be. For instance, these especial favors we have just been talking about — your good looks, strength, your quick or shrewd mind aren't impeccable "goods" or "evils" in themselves. For strange to relate, although contrasted with *weakness*, *strength* seems to have the advantage, its battle or contact is never with weakness as such, but always with the equal or greater strength of another, or many others in combination.

That is, others — always some others, somewhere — have equal or greater shrewdness or beauty or wit or whatever! And there it always is. You can look over the heads of thousands of millions of those you needn't bother about because you are stronger, shrewder, but there in the distance, like a mountain, looming over the heads of *the many you needn't trouble over* is the one thing or person or strength or beauty *you do need to trouble over*. And coming



toward you for contest. And it is always your equal or superior and hence your *rival*, the person or persons who have the ability to match what you have — strength, wit, wealth, genius — and to outmatch it, that troubles you.

An Einstein, for instance, has his Hubbell or Shapley. A Frans Hals has his Rembrandt or Vermeer, the cobra his mongoose, the hawk his kingbird, the least of creatures the other who preys on it. And who or what made them? No one can answer that. Yet if you run fast, there is someone who runs faster — your fated evil. If it is a great fighter, like the lion, there comes of a sudden a pack of wild dogs that can worry it to its grave. If it is a Napoleon, fifty little men will join their strength and wits and jealousies and hatreds to match him and drag him down. If it is a strong but inexperienced youth without means, there is a rich, experienced, entrenched old age, and vice versa, and they are destined to meet and fight.

Gulliver in the story broke the many threads of the Lilliputs, but in real life, as often as not, the Lilliputs weave a net he cannot break. As he nods they smother him.

Think this then, of both good and evil — that both must be. To be good you must have evil to contend with, or how would you know anything of your goodness? To be beautiful there must be that which is not beautiful about in order that your beauty will have a measure. Otherwise, how else would you or anyone know how beautiful you are? To experience warmth you must have known what cold is; light to be glorious must be contrasted with darkness; strength with weakness; wisdom with ignorance; else, what would wisdom be? You might even say that evil is that which makes good possible — its other half or face. Be glad, if for the present you are not its victim, or worse, its very embodiment, feared or hated by all seeming good.

# The Pauper Vote

CAL LEWIS

**N**EARLY one-quarter of the states have constitutional provisions which deny the franchise to persons unable to support themselves fully and who receive public aid.

When this republic was founded the right to vote was not an inalienable, or absolute right. Unless a man contributed something towards the welfare of society, it was generally believed that he should have no voice in the government, especially in matters of taxation. The right to vote was not in the same category with the rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Citizens who were economic drones, as paupers, or who did not have sufficient political intelligence to exercise the franchise wisely, as idiots, were generally excluded from the electorate by the early state constitutions.

Exclusion of paupers, idiots, criminals and other persons considered socially or economically unfit, from the franchise had been the rule in England, and the principle that citizens who contribute little or nothing to the public welfare are not qualified to vote can be traced to ancient democracies. In the United States pauperism never developed to the extent that it did in England. Until comparatively recent years persons receiving public aid constituted a negligible part of the population. For that reason politicians generally were not concerned over the disfranchisement of persons unable to support themselves, although a few states modified their constitutions to permit paupers to vote. New York state permits even those in poor houses to cast their ballots, whereas in some states such persons are disfranchised.

But not until the New Deal, with as high as ten per cent of the population of some states receiving public aid, did the pauper vote become an important political matter.

For centuries a pauper has been defined as any person unable to support himself and who receives public relief. That view has been supported by legal precedents and public opinion. A pauper definitely has been a person who depends, in whole or part, upon public aid for his livelihood.

One of the states that is perplexed about the pauper clause in its constitution is New Hampshire. At the November election the people of that state will vote upon a proposed amendment to the constitution which would permit the legislature to define the word "paupers."

Under the present constitutional provisions of New Hampshire "paupers and persons excused from paying taxes at their own request" do not possess the right to vote. In some towns and cities of New Hampshire the names of persons receiving relief have, at the option of the board of supervisors, been removed from the voting rolls.

So-called liberals in the state have contended that it is unfair to disfranchise a person because of his inability to earn a living under difficult economic conditions. They feel that the adoption of the proposed amendment would conform more nearly to modern public opinion. On the other hand, some politicians hope that by placing the definition of the word "pauper" with the legislature, a law may later be enacted which will make it mandatory for election officials to take the vote away from all recipients of relief.

Whatever action the people of New Hampshire may take upon the proposed amendment, the problem of the



pauper vote will not be solved in that state. If the amendment is rejected, the old constitutional provision disfranchising persons receiving public aid will prevail. If the amendment is approved, then any legislature can say whether or not the receivers of relief can vote in any particular year. The question, like Mahomet's coffin, will remain suspended in air.

A much more sensible procedure would have been to have allowed the people of New Hampshire to decide whether or not paupers should vote. The electorate is the fundamental organ of state government and for that reason it should decide for itself who shall constitute the voters of the state. The question of whether or not economic drones should vote is a basic principle which should be decided by the people, and not by the legislature.

Because such a large part of the voters in many states are not self-supporting, and the number threatens to become larger, the pauper vote should be an important public question, both in those states whose constitutions exclude the vote from paupers, and in those states which permit paupers to vote. In many states the pauper vote may hold the balance of political power. Is that desirable? Should those who are an economic drain upon society, even if by no fault of their own, be permitted to shape the policies of a state through their political strength? Should the drones in a bee-hive be permitted to regulate the amount of honey to be disgorged by the workers?

America must face this problem. There must come a clarification of our ideals of the franchise, and we must decide whether or not the right to vote shall be extended to all but criminals and idiots. We must decide whether or not the vote will be freely distributed among the economic unfit.

Not one of the eleven states whose constitutions provide for the disfranchisement of paupers has faced squarely this issue. In Maine there was considerable discussion about the barring of relief clients from voting, but the policy in that state has been to disqualify only those persons receiving aid from municipalities. It has been held that state or federal aid does not disqualify. The logic of that attitude is difficult to understand, for the working members of the public pay the bill, regardless of what political division acts as the tax collector.

In Maine and in other states work relief is distinguished from direct relief. The money given for work relief is regarded as wages and the receipt of such money does not disqualify the recipient from voting. However, in some municipalities there is considerable dispute over this method of separating the sheep from the goats. In Waterville, Maine, several years ago the Republican board of registration sought to disfranchise relief workers. The attempt was successfully opposed by Harold Dubord, then mayor of Waterville, and now Democratic nominee for Congress. Undoubtedly he will be rewarded by those whom he defended.

In Lewiston the Republican board of registration struck from the voting lists the names of all persons who had received aid from the city. Louis J. Brann, a native son of Lewiston, was then Democratic candidate for governor and he made the disfranchisement of relief people (a majority of whom were Democrats) into a political issue. Brann was elected governor, and the Republicans have apparently decided that the disfranchisement of paupers is not a good vote-getting policy.

In West Virginia, where it is said that one-tenth of the population is on relief, the constitutional provision disfranchising paupers was met in a novel way. Attorney

General Homer A. Holt made the bold opinion that the constitutional section withholding the vote from paupers should not be invoked against those "who are receiving temporary and emergency aid because of the employment situation." It would require a New Deal interpretation of the law to uphold that opinion.

There has been some grumbling against relief recipients voting in West Virginia and some of the other states, but the pauper vote has now become too important for politicians to offend. In Massachusetts the legislature dodged, and apparently settled, the problem of the pauper vote by enacting a remarkable statute which it called an "interpretative act." The Massachusetts constitution is specific in its provision disfranchising paupers, and there are dozens of legal precedents which indicate clearly that any person unable to support himself and who receives public aid is a pauper. The Massachusetts statute, however, "interprets" the constitution by saying that no person is a pauper who receives relief. Since the potential relief vote in the state is equivalent to nearly one-seventh of the number of voters who ordinarily exercise their franchise, the "interpretative act" has not been questioned.

In other states, as Missouri, New Jersey, South Carolina and Texas, the sections of the constitutions relating to paupers are conveniently forgotten.

This problem of economic drones is not a new one. There have been people who, because of physical disability, temperament and other causes, have sought support from others in all kinds of civilization. In ancient Rome, nearly one-fifth of the population of the city were paupers during the time of Clodius, who distributed grain to the populace. Julius Caesar reduced the number of persons receiving that charity to about one hundred



and fifty thousand persons, or about one-tenth of the population. But later Aurelianus gave the paupers bread and pork, instead of unground wheat, and the number increased to half a million. Poor relief was extended from Rome to Constantinople, Alexandria and Antioch. The widespread pauperism of ancient Rome is believed by some historians to have been an important factor in its decadence and downfall.

Long before the machine age, poverty was a problem in civilized nations. As far back as 1688 one in every eleven persons in England was a pauper, and several million dollars were collected annually in taxes for their relief. Because paupers are a financial drain on the community and are, on the whole, less valuable to society than self-supporting citizens, they were denied the vote. In England such disqualification was not lifted until recently, its removal being made possible by the expansion of power of the liberal labor groups. But even now, paupers in England are not allowed to sit on boards which administer and allocate relief.

The first state constitutions were written in this country at a time when it was held that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." Despite the fact that most state constitutions reflect that doctrine of natural rights, they all declare that unfit citizens are to be barred from the franchise. Persons convicted of major crimes, vagrants having no permanent addresses and persons with such low mentality as to be classed as idiots, are disfranchised by virtually all states. At first the owning of property was widely regarded as a test of fitness, but now few states have property ownership as a requirement to voting.

The right to vote has never been, and should never

be, a right or privilege that all citizens, whether fit or unfit, should be allowed to exercise. It is a right essentially different from that which gives all citizens equal protection of the laws. Probably nobody would urge that felons and idiots should have the right to vote, but undoubtedly everybody would endorse the view that they have the right to protection of the laws equal to that of all other persons.

The electoral franchise differs considerably from the so-called inalienable rights set forth by the federal and state constitutions. A person born in the United States is a citizen. But to vote he must have certain qualifications. The electoral franchise is really a public office. Persons unfitted for that office should be excluded from it. All the states require some permanency of residence. The vagrants and the wanderers are not stable enough citizens to be given office for voicing the will of the people. Many states require candidates to the electoral franchise to be able to read and write, believing that the illiterate cannot have sufficient political intelligence to hold effectively the office of an elector. In other states the payment of taxes, the ownership of property, or the abstinence from dueling are requisites.

In view of the great growth of pauperism in the United States during the past few years, and the high probability that it will be a problem for many years to come, it may be well for the electors of New Hampshire, and the electors of other states as well, to consider carefully what the qualifications of an elector should be. The ability to earn one's living is still a requirement for the electoral franchise in eleven states. Should that qualification be discarded by them? Has a man who is unable to earn his own living the requisite qualifications for exercising the basic functions of government? Can economic

drones be of assistance in shaping the destinies of the people?

Study of pauperism in past epochs indicates that if relief is forthcoming that is comparable with the fruits of individual initiative, the paupers may rise to as high as twenty per cent of the population. That has happened in the chariot days, the horse and buggy days, and it may now be happening in the machine age. The problems of relief are not far different today than they were two thousand years ago. It would appear that throughout the centuries under the varying civilizations that one-third of the population hovers about the starvation fringe. The economic Jukes will probably always be present. Two thousand years ago Clodius gave them free grain and the number of paupers was twenty per cent of the population. When the grain was made into bread, the number of paupers increased.

Studies of pauperism in past economic depressions in history indicate that approximately seventy-five per cent of persons who got on the relief rolls stayed there permanently. Whether anything like that will happen in the United States is impossible to predict, but it is safe to say that a substantial part of those who get on relief will not get off voluntarily.

In many states the relief vote will hold the balance of power and will be able to keep in office those politicians who are most kindly in granting relief allowances. In some states only a very small part of the qualified voters go to the polls. Seldom do more than sixty per cent of the electors of a state vote, even in a presidential election. If ten per cent of the voters of a state are on relief, in whole or part, their votes constitute a potential one-sixth of the persons exercising their franchise. It is probable that persons on relief would vote to a larger extent than other



voters. Relief recipients by their votes can reward their benefactors or elect those who may increase their stipends. The relief vote probably will enable machine politics to be carried to new heights.

It is unfortunate that the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention which met in May did not take forthright action and ask for a popular vote upon the question whether or not the State should continue to adhere to the old principle that persons who live off society do not have the necessary qualifications for electors.

Sentiment in that state, and in many states, is definitely crystalizing against any policy of giving those who take, the same rights and privileges as those who pay. Sooner or later there will be an expression of public opinion on this fundamental matter, despite the fact that the politicians would like to forget it.

However, when that time comes perhaps the pauper vote will be sufficiently large to steam roller any reform.

# Landscape Painting in America

LLOYD GOODRICH

LANDSCAPE has been one of the most characteristic forms of American painting. Religion and mythology have never taken firm root in our art, nor has our own history furnished as rich material as in older nations. The main artistic energies of America have gone into portraiture, genre and landscape — the arts of a democratic and materialistic people, but one whose deeply concealed romanticism found frequent expression in the cult of nature.

This cult of nature was late in developing. A race busy taming the wilderness and wresting a living from the sea had little time or surplus wealth for more than the bare necessities of life. The only art for which there was any demand in colonial America was portraiture. The provincial aristocrat had no desire for the higher forms of art, but he wanted himself and his family recorded for posterity. In the words of Benjamin Robert Hayden, disillusioned English exponent of the grand style: "Portraiture is always independent of art and has little or nothing to do with it. It is one of the staple manufactures of the Empire. Wherever the British settle, wherever they colonize, they carry, and will always carry, trial by jury, horse racing and portrait painting."

Least of all was there any demand for landscape, which fulfils no useful purpose, tells no story, points no moral; an art as non-utilitarian as lyric poetry or music — an expression of the artist's vision of nature and the emotions it arouses in him. This love of nature is the product of an old and settled civilization, not a pioneer one. It had little place in the hard-headed America of colonial days.

To the colonists nature was a force to be combatted rather than loved.

Few landscapes were produced in this country before the end of the eighteenth century, and most of these were views of cities, not far removed from maps and of little more esthetic value. Occasionally a portrait-painter would introduce a landscape background. A Boston merchant might be pictured against a glimpse of the sea and a distant ship, to show where his wealth came from. The Connecticut portraitist Ralph Earl had a habit of placing a sitter near a window through which could be seen a view of the local countryside, painted with a preciseness that made it as much a portrait as the rest of the picture. Several times Earl attempted pure landscapes. He was the first prominent artist to show a genuine love of nature, and the charm of his few landscapes, combining largeness of style with the spare elegance characteristic of early American painting, make one regret that he did not more often turn his talent in that direction.

The only artist of the time who could be called a professional landscape painter was the obscure and eccentric Francis Guy, who specialized in country estates, probably commissioned by the gentry as other artists were commissioned to paint portraits. His orderly views of mansions and lawns, with lively little figures of the owner and his family promenading, embodied the eighteenth-century conception of landscape as a setting for the human being. Though naive, their delicacy and vitality place Guy among the most gifted artists of his day.

Well into the first quarter of the nineteenth century portraiture held its sway, although there was a certain broadening of the subjects that artists attempted. A few of the more imaginative essayed classical or religious themes and sometimes landscape. But the young republic



gave small encouragement to such flights. Even John Trumbull, the greatest painter of scenes from the Revolution, found little support. As a young man eager to take up the career of art Trumbull had tried to win over his stern father, governor of Connecticut, by dwelling on the honors paid to artists in Greece and Rome, and had met with the tart answer, "You appear to forget, Sir, that *Connecticut is not Athens*." "How often," he wrote as a disillusioned old man, "have those few impressive words occurred to my memory!" Both Trumbull and his younger contemporary John Vanderlyn painted among the earliest and still perhaps the best views of that most spectacular of America's natural phenomena, Niagara Falls.

So far the few landscapes had been chiefly portraits of particular places. The first American to break away from this conception was Washington Allston. Of brilliant intellect and romantic temperament, Allston did the Grand Tour, lived four years in Rome under the spell of Raphael and Michelangelo, became the intimate friend of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Settling in England he produced work of great promise, Biblical and classical subjects, and landscapes based on the scenery of Switzerland and Italy modified by reminiscences of the old masters. His extraordinary *Elijah in the Wilderness* is the work of a visionary, with a strangeness and remoteness like that of Coleridge. It is also the creation of a gifted plastic artist, familiar with the great art of the world. It reveals Allston as the first American to paint landscape which was not merely the portrait of a place but possessed creative imagination.

Allston's later work did not bear out this brilliant promise. Leaving England when he was at the top of his reputation and settling in Boston, away from the stimulus

of artistic contacts, his creative instincts became atrophied. *Elijah* had taken him only three weeks to paint; in America he spent twenty-five years trying to finish his huge *Belshazzar's Feast*. Emotionally a romantic, in love with the strange and the non-human, his true bent may well have been landscape rather than the enormous neo-classic subjects that his intellect persuaded him were alone worthy.

The same story could be repeated in the cases of other artists who attempted to break away from the yoke of portrait-painting: in that of Samuel F. B. Morse, returning from his years abroad full of ambition "to be among those who shall revive the splendor of the fifteenth century," but soon discovering that his classical pictures and his landscapes were not wanted here; in that of John Vanderlyn, coming home from his triumphs at the Salon, to end as an embittered provincial portraitist. The best work of all these imaginative artists was done abroad, in the enthusiasm of their youth and under the stimulus of foreign study. Returning to America they found a civilization too bare and crude to support any but the most utilitarian and limited type of subject. To keep their bodies from starving they turned to portraiture; and in the process their imaginations starved. America of the early nineteenth century killed the higher imaginative faculty in her artists. In such an atmosphere landscape painting survived only as the occasional recreation of artists who made their living in other fields.

THE BEGINNINGS of our first native landscape school, the Hudson River school, coincided with the rise about 1830 of Jacksonian democracy, with its strongly nativist sentiment. Our colonial dependence on Europe was being replaced by a new self-confidence, though still crude and

bumptious. Westward expansion was bringing a realization of the wonders of the American continent — its vast size, its spectacular natural phenomena. At the same time there was an increase in wealth and leisure. In the eastern cities was arising a comfortable bourgeoisie whose interest in art, though still provincial, went beyond the perpetuation of their own faces. They were far enough removed from the pioneering stage to appreciate the beauties of American scenery. Like the burghers of Holland in the seventeenth century, they had a liking for landscape — possibly the city-dweller's compensation for the increasing complexity and ugliness of urban life.

The founder of this native landscape school was not native-born. Thomas Cole's boyhood was spent in England, "in the sweet indulgence of sentiment and fancy," as his biographer tells us. When he was eighteen his family came to America, settling in Ohio, where in the solitude of virgin forests he passed the impressionable years of his youth. Coming to New York in 1825, he found the ground prepared for the growth of a landscape school. Cooper was writing his novels of the American wilderness, Irving his tales of the Hudson River valley, Bryant his solemn nature poems. With all three Cole had much in common. His literary bent was strong, and he approached the American scene in a highly romantic spirit. He was enamored of the wildness of America, the solitude of her forests, the lordliness of her rivers, the grandeur of her mountains, the blazing colors of her autumn foliage, her crystal air and cold high skies. In later years Bryant wrote: "I well remember what an enthusiasm was awakened by these early works of his — the delight which was expressed at the opportunity of contemplating pictures which carried the eye over scenes of wild grandeur peculiar to our country, over our aerial mountain-tops,



with their mighty growth of forests never touched by the axe, along the banks of streams never deformed by culture, and into the depths of skies bright with the hues of our own climate; skies such as few but Cole could ever paint, and through the transparent abysses of which it seemed that you might send an arrow out of sight." Thus Cole became the first to embody in pictorial form the romantic cult of the American wilderness.

Cole's vision was colored by a Byronic imagination. Nature appealed to him only in her grandest aspects. Simple hills assumed Alpine proportions, gentle slopes became beetling crags, and a stormy and melodramatic light was cast over the face of nature. And there was a strong element of moralism. Deeply religious, he was interested in nature not only for herself but as an exemplification of Christian teachings. Several series of allegorical paintings, such as *The Departure* and *The Return*, showing a knight gaily leaving his castle in the morning and borne home in the evening dead, illustrated his melancholy theories of the vanity of worldly pleasure and power and the inevitable destruction that overtakes them. These moralities, appealing to the Victorian appetite for graveyards and weeping willows, helped to popularize landscape painting with a generation that always had to find some moral justification for art.

With all his absurdity, Cole left many pure landscapes that were large in conception, full of vigor and movement, and with a compelling dramatic quality. He was the first to paint the American wilderness with a full appreciation of its picturesqueness, and he caught some of the wild beauty of this western continent as it was a century ago.

Next to Cole as a leader of the Hudson River school was Asher B. Durand. Of French Huguenot descent, with

all the industry and sobriety of his stock, he approached nature with little of Cole's romanticism but rather in the spirit of the Dutch seventeenth-century painters, with a grave affection and an honest devotion to truth. His painstaking hand put in every detail — the lichened tree-trunks, the vine-covered rocks, the weeds and flowers in the foreground. Through all this encumbering detail is manifest a solid strength and a sober poetry.

Cole's grandiose romanticism and Durand's literal naturalism were the chief influences on the younger painters of the Hudson River school. These younger men were intimate friends, going on walking and painting trips together, loving to tramp the Catskills, the Adirondacks and the White Mountains. They knew the country as few of their predecessors had, and they were tremendously proud of its natural beauty. All of them visited Europe, staying in some cases for years, but they remained more provincially American than their predecessors like Allston and Vanderlyn, and returned home to paint the Hudson and the Catskills much as they had painted them before.

The art world of their day was comparatively small and unsophisticated. The millionaire, the dealer and the critic had not yet appeared on the scene. Little foreign art was imported, and taste was more home-made than it has ever been since. The Hudson River painters spoke a language that their audience understood. In a day when travel was difficult and the camera did not exist, they satisfied the sight-seeing instinct that has always been so strong in the American people. Their pictures fulfilled the function now taken care of by the photograph and the travel film. As a result they received more substantial support than any other similar group in our history. None starved, and some enjoyed ample incomes.

Like Cole, they believed that the nobler the subject was, the nobler the picture would be. In the typical Hudson River landscape the canvas is enormous, the subject grandiose, the viewpoint panoramic, embracing every natural feature within range of the eye. Yet so minute is the handling that one can see every leaf. They were convinced that the best way to express their sincere love of nature was to copy her literally. In this lay the great fallacy of their art. Mountains themselves are noble, but their grandeur depends on elements such as height, scale and distance that only the greatest artists have been able to translate into plastic terms. The Hudson River painters' method remained that of photographic representation instead of plastic creation. Hence the pictures that they and their audience thought most impressive now seem pretentious and dull.

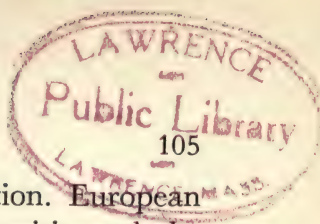
It is in their less ambitious pictures, such as some informal wood interior or glimpse of a mountain lake, that we still feel a sincerity, a direct communion with nature, a love of the leafy exuberance of the wilderness, an engaging romantic sentiment, that keep them alive today. In all their work there was a certain leisurely and spacious completeness, a sense that, in however limited and provincial a way, they were trying to follow a great tradition. They thought of the picture as a composition of objects and solid forms instead of mere effects of light and color, and in this they were closer to our ideas today than many of their successors.

The grandiose style that Cole had started reached its culmination in the years after the Civil war. It was a time of immense material expansion. Industrialization was proceeding apace, railroads were spreading their network over the country, the Far West was being opened. The first great American fortunes were being made, and



part of this raw new money was going into huge houses, hideous furniture, and paintings. The Gilded Age demanded an art that would satisfy its craving for "the biggest thing on earth." Pictures must be big in every way — big subjects, big canvases, big frames, big prices. The response to this demand was the work of Frederick E. Church, Albert Bierstadt and Thomas Moran. Their enormous paintings pictured the natural marvels of the western hemisphere — Niagara Falls, the Rocky Mountains, the volcanoes and jungles of Central and South America. We even find Church in Labrador, where his experiences were recorded by an admiring friend in a book called *After Icebergs with a Painter*. Church pursued natural phenomena with a scientist's zeal. As a writer of the time observed: "He has long been attracted by the electrical laws of the atmosphere, and has improved every opportunity to study the Aurora Borealis." The technical proficiency of all these men was astounding. Their panoramas were even more extensive than Cole's, while every detail, every phenomenon of light and atmosphere, was rendered with photographic accuracy. They represent the culmination of the spectacular side of the Hudson River school, but by this time everything in the school that was of value as art had evaporated. The tottering heights of snow-clad mountains, the tons of water pouring over Niagara, the rainbows, the miles of space, stun the mind but leave the emotions untouched. These stupendous achievements, the wonders of an uncritical generation, are supreme examples of the fallacy that a beautiful subject makes a beautiful picture.

The social changes that had helped to create the grandiose style eventually brought about its end. As wealth and leisure increased and the second generation entered the scene, the first naïve expansiveness of the



new plutocracy gave way to sophistication. European travel was now taken for granted, the critic and the dealer stood ready to give advice, and on the red damask walls of the big houses appeared the latest Salon prize-winners, in comparison with which the work of our older artists seemed provincial. American taste was ready for an American art more in accord with Continental standards.

OF THE SAME generation as the younger Hudson River painters, but in every other respect their opposite, was George Inness. Brought up in mid-century America, learning directly from nature, his early work was in the old-fashioned tight, panoramic style. But his restless temperament demanded something richer, more emotionally satisfying. Instead of the old grandiosity, he was drawn to the more intimate aspects of nature. Instead of the romantic cult of solitude and wildness, he had a sense of nature as a thing lived with, as part of man's daily environment. Instead of the cold picturesqueness of snow-capped mountains, he loved the familiar beauty of meadows and woods, farms and pastures, streams and hills, seen in sunshine or shower, at sunrise or sunset. Instead of nature as an external phenomenon, he felt her as a presence of which he was part and which was part of him. This intimate sense of nature was to be his special contribution to the art of his time.

For some years Inness struggled for self-expression, doing work which failed to satisfy him. His liberation was helped by two trips to Italy in his twenties. That ancient country, mellowed by centuries of cultivation, gave him a new conception of civilized landscape, of an underlying harmony between man and nature. A still stronger influence came from a stay in France in the middle 1850's

which brought him into contact with the Barbizon school, confirming his bent towards intimate landscape.

The Hudson River men had paid little attention to variations of light, atmosphere, weather, or time of day. Inness was much more sensitive to such effects and showed increasing subtlety in picturing them, his later work having a foretaste of impressionism. In his hands the old-fashioned copying leaf by leaf gave way to broad simplification. The browns of the old school changed into a far richer and more varied palette. He saw everything in terms of color, and as he matured color became the predominant element in his art. His latest work, concentrating entirely on effects of light and weather and color, was purely an expression of nature's changing moods.

"The true purpose of the painter," Inness once said, "is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which the scene has made upon him. A work of art is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion." As he grew older this emotionalism dominated his style. The facts of nature no longer interested him, but only her moods and their emotional meaning to him. In his best work he identified himself completely with the mood of the scene, so that the picture became both a capturing of a particular aspect of nature and an expression of personal emotion.

This emotionalism was at once the source of Inness' appeal and his greatest weakness. His emotions were not always of the most distinguished kind, often lapsing into sentimentality. There was a plethora of sunsets and sunrises and other hours which do not lend themselves to pictorial treatment. Inness might be called the Longfellow of landscape, expressing the average man's feelings about nature, sometimes fresh and stirring, sometimes banal. His emotions, concerned only with nature's light



and color and mood, did not extend to her enduring structure and forms. His work was always more remarkable for tone and color than for plastic qualities, and he can never be numbered among the few supreme landscapists who have combined all these elements. But he expressed certain moods, certain emotions, with such mastery that his work will always be valid. He remains the most many-sided and vital of our pure landscapists, and the one who exercised the widest influence. For better or worse he revolutionized the viewpoint of an entire generation.

A similar evolution was followed by Inness' younger colleagues, Alexander Wyant and Homer Martin. Wyant's early work was in the direct Hudson River tradition, but he developed a more intimate style, with a subtle sense of light and atmosphere, in a silvery key of grays and gray-greens. Reserved in sentiment and remaining close to a naturalistic viewpoint, without the emotional freedom of Inness, he embodied in a more limited way the transition from the earlier to the later style.

Homer Martin, almost entirely self-taught, spending his youth tramping the Adirondacks and the Catskills, began by painting this mountain scenery in a style close to that of the Hudson River artists. But from the first he was free from their grandiloquence and showed a sensitiveness and an austere realism that they lacked. His early pictures, with their feeling that this country was part of the painter's blood, of his unconscious mind, were a more intense expression of the wilderness than the work of Cole and his followers. Martin was extremely independent, not easily influenced, and his development was slow but consistent. Not until he was almost thirty did he move to New York; not until forty did he go abroad. A

contemplative temperament, his conceptions took a long time to mature, and his best work was done from images that had remained long in his mind. As he developed and had wider artistic contacts, his early literalism changed to a more intimate and poetic style.

The keynote of his art was solitude. One of his friends said, "Martin's landscapes look as if no one but God and himself had seen the places." He loved the lonely places of the earth — the mountains, the sand dunes of the Great Lakes, the bare New England coast. The country in his pictures was austere, its contours low and wide, with a sense of great space. The light was brooding, not brilliant but omnipresent. The prevailing mood was a serene melancholy. His method was more objective than Inness', without the latter's easy emotionalism, but his art was equally the expression of personal emotion, more reserved but more penetrating. He had a feeling for the bare backbone of the earth, and his hills and rocks and trees seem planted for eternity. Much thought went into the composition of his pictures. His sense of design, though limited by a naturalistic viewpoint, was authentic — a rare characteristic in American art at this time. His color, sombre but with a subdued richness and luminosity, was used musically, and his mature works were compositions in which form and color played their parts in a total harmony.

At no time in his life was Martin successful financially; his art was too serious, too lacking in the spectacular or pretty. His last years were marked by poverty, neglect, and the progressive failing of his eyesight. But to these years belong his greatest pictures, painted no longer from nature but from memory. He left behind a body of work which within a somewhat restricted emotional range was the most distinguished of any of our pure landscapists.

INNNESS, Wyant and Martin liberated landscape from outworn conventions, made it the expression of personal viewpoints, raised it technically to the level of European practice. By this time America was beginning to come of age artistically. Increasing wealth, leisure and sophistication were producing a more settled culture, more sure of itself. Although the plutocracy gave its largest rewards to artists who embodied its ideals, there was a broader scope for individualism than ever before. Landscape was now generally accepted as an art form, and a highly popular one, perhaps because it offered to artists and public an escape from the realities of modern industrial civilization into what seemed a simpler and purer world. A large number of artists practised it, including many whose chief work lay in other fields.

In one of the most original of them, Winslow Homer, we meet a new note — that of naturalism. Owing little to the art of others, Homer was essentially a simple, powerful character, drawing his inspiration directly from reality. A great wanderer and sportsman, he hated cities, had little feeling for the individual human being, loved the aspects of nature that were least touched by man — the ocean, the forests, the mountains. By this time the wilderness that Cole had celebrated was fast disappearing, and Homer's preference for it was a deliberate turning of his back on civilization, and a return to that primordial wildness that was dying out of the modern world. In this he was the last great interpreter of the American wilderness. But whereas Cole had looked at nature like a clergyman, Homer looked at it like a hunter or a fisherman. He does not try to impress us with cold eloquence, but takes us right into the heart of the wilderness, shows it to us close up, with the vividness of an art fresh out of reality — as fresh as one of his speckled



trout pulled out of the dark icy waters of a northern lake.

Homer's method was objective. He was not trying to express his own emotions, as Inness was, but to let nature speak through him. Her softer moods attracted him less than her power. In his later marines, his greatest works in oil, his dominant theme was the play of natural forces — the mass and movement of waves, the solidity of rocks, the long rhythm of combers emerging out of the gray immensity of the ocean, the menace of fog and storm. These marines embody the power of the sea and its vast loneliness as no other modern painter has done. In place of subjective emotions they give us the force and freshness and vitality of nature herself.

At the opposite extreme from Homer's naturalism was the imaginative landscape of Albert Ryder. Living like a hermit amid the bustle and noise of New York, Ryder painted a world that had no direct relation to actuality. In all his fantasies nature played a leading part. In *Macbeth and the Witches* the unearthly heath was more than a mere setting for the drama, it was the chief actor, the figures being little more than embodiments of the spirit of the place. These were landscapes of the subconscious mind, unrelated to any particular place, but corresponding to our deepest unconscious images.

Memory must have played a large part in his art. One recognizes reminiscences of his childhood in the old whaling port of New Bedford — the sea, the ships, the moors of Martha's Vineyard — all transformed by the magic of his mind into something rich and strange. The sea, which has always meant so much to New England, haunted this latter-day New Englander. In his favorite image of a lonely boat sailing moonlit waters, Ryder expressed something about the sea that not even Homer had — not the sea in any specific time or weather, but the

sea as it lives in the mind of man, a symbol of space and eternity. This element of symbolism gave his art a meaning and a universality that set it apart from his time.

With all his remoteness from reality there was great truth of observation in his work. In long walks at night he "soaked in the moonlight," as he put it, that later appeared in his pictures. His skies with their strange cloud shapes were carefully observed, and few have painted the color of night and moonlight so accurately. These tiny nocturnes have a sense of infinite space. The world Ryder created possessed physical properties of solidity and depth that gave his dream landscapes an intense, haunting reality.

Ryder himself said: "The artist should fear to become the slave of detail. He should strive to express his thought and not the surface of it. What avails a storm-cloud accurate in form and color if the storm is not therein?" He used the elements of nature far more freely than any American of his time, making them obey the rhythms of his instinctive plastic sense. He was never guilty of the Hudson River painters' fallacy of literal representation, or of Inness' fallacy of pure emotionalism; with him subject, emotion and form were one. His pictures possessed qualities of color, sculptural form and, above all, design, that place them among the enduring plastic creations.

Ryder's art was remote from the dominating spirit of his time; in the current catchword, it was an art of escape. But the distance which America had progressed artistically was measured by the fact that although society withheld its rewards, he was able to survive. That faculty of imagination which had been starved out of the earlier American artists found an expression, on a smaller and more private scale but with greater intensity, in the art of America's first pure imaginative painter.

THE ARTISTS we have been considering were all more or less closely identified with this country. But meanwhile a new cosmopolitanism had developed. Paris had become the Mecca of American art students, many of whom remained abroad most of their lives. Of this new internationalism the most complete representative was Whistler, whose entire career was spent in Paris and London. From his friends Courbet and Degas he imbibed the naturalism of mid-century France, the doctrine that one should paint only the life around one. But in his case naturalism was modified by an innate estheticism. In his extreme refinement he remained typical of one side of the American temperament. These two tendencies, naturalism and estheticism, he reconciled by painting the life around him, but by painting it in a highly selective style. He was a realist in his subjects, an esthete in his treatment of them.

To him the ordinary aspects of nature were unbearably crude. In his Ten O'Clock lecture he said: "The sun blazes, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes." From the hideousness of the commonplace Whistler withdrew into a twilight world where a merciful veil hid crude details, reduced color to a few tender nuances, and purified nature of all but an exquisite essence.

Whistler's philosophy is summed up in these sentences from the Ten O'Clock: "Nature contains the elements, in form and color, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. But the artist is born to pick, and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful." True words, which very much



needed to be said in Victorian England. But they did not go far enough. With all his horror of raw nature, Whistler's vision remained essentially naturalistic. He selected, he simplified, he re-arranged; but he took no such creative liberties with nature as Ryder did. The beauty he aimed at was the beauty of decoration — harmony of line, tone, color, pattern; and in this he showed a perfection of taste that amounted to genius. Beyond this he did not go, for he had little comprehension of form in the round. His pictures were exquisite patterns, sometimes revealing a sense of space reminiscent of Guardi, but never achieving vital creative design. His art, limited to the refined selection and delicate representation of nature, stopped short of qualities of the first rank. But within its limitations everything in it was pure, was essential. Whistler purified painting of much that had nothing to do with art. He took a further step in the progressive elimination of one naturalistic element after another, that marked the course of nineteenth century painting, until it reached the abstractionism of the early twentieth century.

Whistler's influence in the English-speaking world was enormous, especially in America. He and Monet were the dominant influences on an entire generation. They combined to produce that characteristic product of the 1890's and 1900's, American impressionism. For in the meantime impressionism had been born in France. "Light is the principal person in a picture," said Manet. Sunlight and atmosphere and outdoor color were becoming the new subjects of painting.

In America there had already been experiments in the same direction, independent of French influence. About 1867 John LaFarge painted *Paradise Valley*, of which he later said: "I undertook a combination of a large variety

of problems which were not in the line of my fellow artists here, nor did I know of anyone in Europe who at that time undertook them. . . . I had to choose a special moment of the day and a special kind of weather at a special time of the year." The light that flooded this picture was a remarkable foretaste of impressionism. LaFarge's teacher William Morris Hunt had long been telling his pupils, "Go out into the sunshine, and try to get some of its color and light. Then come back here and see how black we are all painting."

But the French impressionist movement, though fully developed by 1870, had no direct influence in this country until fifteen or twenty years later. There had been a similar lag in the Barbizon influence here, and indeed in most foreign movements of the nineteenth century. All the future American impressionists went through academicism before discovering the new school. The earliest, Theodore Robinson, had gone to Paris in 1877, but it was not until he returned there in 1884 that he discovered Monet and moved to Giverny, working under the master's direct influence. A dependence on the older painter is obvious in his delicate and sensitive art, but it retained a sense of nature seen directly, with a fresh, clear eye. His innovations were just beginning to receive recognition in America when he died at the untimely age of forty-four.

American impressionism did not have firm roots in naturalism, as did that of France. The movement did not originate here and by the time it reached us it had been much transformed. The influence of Monet's love of open air and sunlight and pure color was modified by Whistler's twilight estheticism. The product of these two influences was a poetic and decorative art far removed from realism. The American impressionists were men of refinement rather than power, and their special contribu-

tion was a delicate lyricism. With John Twachtman, for example, the new style was modified by a sensitive and wayward temperament, loving the evanescent and fluid in nature — flowing water with its shifting colors, the tender hues of early spring, snow with its creation of a subtle gray and white world. His highly personal art with its affinities to music was one of the most original products of the movement. Similarly, Alden Weir adapted impressionism to his own viewpoint, avoiding the full brilliancy of the new school, retaining a muted, silvery tonality closer to Whistler than to Monet. The most orthodox member of the school was the youngest, Childe Hassam, the only one who habitually painted the full effect of sunlight and used a pure palette and divided tones. But even his work retained a distinctively native flavor, representing a New England version of impressionism.

All these men were poetic rather than structural artists. Impressionism had opened up to them a new world of light and color and sensuous beauty, which absorbed them to the exclusion of almost everything else. Objects themselves were of less importance than the light that fell on them, the air that bathed them, their hues in the color scheme. The form and design of the landscape were neglected. Subjects became even more informal than with Inness and Martin — intimate corners of nature, whose chief charm lay in the patterns of light and color they presented.

The old cult of the wilderness, the old interest in the spectacular side of American scenery, were things of the past. The favorite landscape ground of the impressionists was the long-settled East, with its trim farms and pastures, seaside resorts and pleasant old villages. Even this, the most cultivated countryside in America, they



idealized, shunning the signs of urbanism and suburbanism that were spreading over the landscape — railways, trolley-cars, billboards, dump-heaps, the remarkable houses of the 'nineties, and all such characteristic features of the American landscape, so dear to the artists of today. The element of satire that is so strong in our present-day outlook on the American scene was completely absent. In this idealization, this avoidance of the characteristic traces that man has left on nature, they were continuing the romantic tradition of the Hudson River painters, of Inness and Martin and Winslow Homer. It remained for a later generation to look with franker and more realistic eyes on the American land and what man has made of it.

But as we look back on their achievements, we see that they brought painting out into the sunlight, cleansed it of much that was stale and old-fashioned, and introduced, for the first time in American art, an element of paganism, however tentative and virginal. By the end of the century the love of outdoors and sunlight and color, and the enjoyment of the sensuous beauty of the world that was the essence of impressionism, had become the dominant spirit of a whole generation.

Thus the century had seen an evolution from landscape as portraiture of particular places, to landscape as glorified illustration, to landscape as expression of mood, to landscape as light and color. In its broad outlines it had been an evolution from literal representation towards an art in which the elements of nature were used by the artist as subjective expression. The two extremes between which the artists of the century had gravitated were literal naturalism and pure emotionalism. Few of them had succeeded in combining the expression of personal emotion with enduring structural qualities. The best had approached this: some of the early painters like Earl, All-

ston and Morse; Inness occasionally, Martin and Homer frequently, Ryder almost invariably, Whistler in a limited but pure way. But this is a high standard, attained by only a few of the world's greatest landscape painters, who have had the genius to fuse emotional content and plastic form into that higher synthesis — the work of art which lives not only by its subject, mood and color, but by its creative design. Now that America has reached artistic maturity, we may see this type of art appear more frequently. Perhaps, as Walt Whitman said in his old age, "The strongest and the sweetest songs yet remain to be sung."

## Behold Our Land

RUSSELL LORD

OUR BRAGS and legends in respect to the land are still of the pioneer order.

You find this so in our West, especially. The soil there is so deep, they will tell you, that roots reach through and clinch in China. It is so rich that hired men sent out to measure especially promising cornstalks have to climb them, and are never heard from again. Of course it gets dry out there, they say, so dry sometimes that the cattle starve down and climb through the holes in the chicken wire, and hide among the chickens, and that's annoying; but just the same, it's a great country: "Watch us grow, friend, watch us grow!"

When the dust blows out West they tell of seeing gophers a hundred feet in the air, burrowing; and they say that you're a tenderfoot until you can taste the difference between Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Kansas, and the Dakotas.

In sober truth we are giants and masters of destruction, we Americans. Every soiled stream and dust storm in the United States today advances the spectacle of one farm, county, and State moving into another or out to sea at a rate for which there is no known precedent, over a country as a whole. Given one of the richest and most beautiful lands on Earth to tend, we have taken shamefully poor care of it.

This is natural. A genuine reverence for the body of a country, and an abiding zeal to defend it against defacement and waste, rarely develop in the early years of its occupation and culture.

Land and sea, plain and mountain, cloud and stream,



desert, arctic cap — all Earth is of one body and alive. Sunshine is the pumping heartbeat. Water is Earth's blood, circulating, bearing food in solution, breaking down dead tissue, building seed, and bringing it to life. Rock is Earth's skeleton. Soil is her skin, her lungs, her entrails, and her womb. This may sound a little abrupt, but Americans are old enough now to be told about the soil. . . .

Here is a vast and fruitful land, raised from the sea, ground into soil, clad with a robe of plants that clasps and protects it for millions of years on end. Suddenly this body of land is thrown open to land-hungry men and women from the East. With a rush and a roar we take it and beat upon it hungrily, wave by wave. First the Atlantic plain and the Piedmont plateau are taken, then the Allegheny headland and the Land of Western Waters. The prairie and all the vast central valley are taken, and the Great Plains, and the West Coast. Finally the rough, high intermountain country back from the western shore is taken — and this land becomes with a shocking abruptness a land of limited opportunity, at base.

All this happens fast. There is plenty of action in the story, once white men come to this virgin shore. Our exploration and exploitation of one new strip of West after another has proceeded with a kaleidoscopic and frantic haste. Here where I live, barely eight miles straight in from the head of Chesapeake Bay, was the West of farmers, merchants, sawmill operators, and their helpers at the shoreline three hundred years ago. This stretch of smoothly merging hills has a red-clay base, good for grass and trees; and trees stood thick and high here then to guard this soil. It was a hundred years or more before people from the coastal plain hacked their way even this far back and made farms. They were small farms, with

small houses, in the main. No slave quarters, nothing manorial; that sort of thing came later. The records, and the eldest surviving structures of this first frontier of northern Maryland, testify that it was a poor man's frontier. Here men came who didn't have grants from the Crown, or who didn't like saying "Sir" to a boss; or who were just restless. Here, as Turner says, the Old World "cake of custom" — already restiffening at the shoreline — was broken, for a while; and "freedom of opportunity" was reopened when this rich, red soil was broken some two hundred years ago.

It is one of the peculiarities of pioneering that the very conditions from which frontiersmen flee soon overtake them, and either enfold them as respectable and stratified members of a commercial society or drive them on. These nearest foothills of the upper Piedmont did not remain a West for long. Early in the nineteenth century some of the bolder and more restless of Harford Countians, with a bellyful of rule by banks and the landed gentry, removed to the "Western Waters" in the far meadowland of Kentucky; and after that, for them and for all pioneers, the march was westward, and again westward, to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, to the last "free" land.

Historians do not agree just when our last good piece of ground, free or nearly so, was taken; when, as the saying goes, the frontier closed. The year 1890, commonly advanced, is certainly too early. As a farm-paper reporter I have been on farms or ranches that were picked up for nothing, or next to nothing, as late as 1926, and some people were making a living there, then. The last fringes of our farm frontier were not closed by governmental edict until 1934. But from 1890 on, many warnings were issued, along with homesteads; and the fact was sinking in that most of the remaining free land, parcelled out, as it

was, in small farms on dryland ranges, was simply a grudging governmental invitation to economic suicide.

The last great surge of farms was the wheat rush upon the high plains from the humid middle country (and up from the west coast also), to provision the World war. In settled Iowa they tell of a farmer who decided to break "the cake of custom" and join that rush. He and his wife packed the wagons. Their little daughter went about the old farm and the old house, sold now, telling everything goodbye. She went to her dismantled bedroom, to the old kitchen, to the old springhouse, to the swing on the tree she loved, to the barn where she had kept and cared for her pony. And everywhere she said: "Goodbye, God! We're going to Montana."

That is how they tell it in Iowa. What the little girl really said, Montana claims, was this: "Good! By God, we're going to Montana."

Our last farmland frontiers in Montana and elsewhere went to smash in the post-War collapse that hit far western agriculture along with drought in the early nineteen-twenties. By the time the depression reached the East and became general, in 1929, it was plain that free adjustments and recoveries could no longer be made with the old American elasticity.

That was the first major depression we had to stand and face without new country "back of yonder" to surge upon and possess. Act One of that moving and lusty drama, *The American Dream*, had ended. The curtain was down. In the great chastisement of 1929 and the early 'thirties the consciousness of this was driven home, with a cruel intensity, to all sorts and conditions of men.

All this was to have been expected. Any new land worth possessing fills up fast; and the changed situation soon is felt not only by farming people at the ground-line,



but by all the others who live from that soil. The pinch is felt by city laborers and clerks, by doormen, bishops, and butchers, by housewives with swank addresses examining their bills, by housewives from tenements pinching out pennies over baby-carriages at curbside pushcart markets. Larger tradesmen and bankers feel the difference, too. So do statesmen and politicians, storekeepers and travelling salesmen, doctors, musicians, entertainers, writers, publishers, great and small, and all the people and the families who depend on them.

The pinch they feel is spiritual as well as material. There is a slackening, a lack of faith in the pioneer dream that everyone may be rich, free, and powerful. The feeling of insecurity, the lack of "confidence," which accompanies all panics or spells of depression, turns inward and bites the more deeply and permanently into the hearts of a people cut off in the course of their growth from the heroic emergency-exit of fresh soil-frontiers.

Strangely, yet naturally, when a people come to this pass, those who seem farthest from the soil in distance and in thought are the first to think of it as a soft old mother with open arms. The truth is, Earth is hard, and she gets harder when, by Man's misuse, she is racked and worn.

There will be in good times and bad — there is now — a considerable surging around from place to place. There will be many stout reassertions of the grand old pioneer impulse to walk out on civilization when civilization isn't working, and get away from it all. It may be that farmers of hurt lands at the far fringes — the Minnesota and Wisconsin cut-over country, for instance, or the overplowed rim of Aroostook in extreme northeastern Maine, or the New Mexican dryland cotton frontier west of the Texas Panhandle — it may be that recent settlers there

and elsewhere will develop conservative techniques, a permanent agriculture, a permanent settlement. If they do, it will be pioneering, all right; but almost exactly the opposite of pioneering in the old sense.

“**A**LWAYS the land was of the same beauty,” Columbus wrote in a prospectus, while returning to report to the court of Spain, “and the fields very green and full of an infinity of fruits as red as scarlet, and everywhere there was the perfume of flowers, and the singing of birds, very sweet.” Even the pigeons, he wrote, “had their crops full of flowers which smelt sweeter than orange blossoms.” And: “In all these regions gold is found among the roots of trees, along the banks, and among the rocks and stones left by torrents.”

The history of North America in its present era of white occupation started as a gold rush. It became a soil rush as soon as the English gained ascendancy. The Spaniards sought gold and slaves and converts and fabulous lost cities. The French were pre-eminently trappers and traders, not farmers. “Are you ignorant,” Duquesne demanded of the Iroquois, “of the difference between the King of England and the King of France? See the forts that our king has established. You can still hunt under their very walls. . . . The English, on the contrary, are no sooner in possession of a place than the game is driven off. The forest falls before them as they advance and the soil is laid bare.”

“Of all the circumstances which have combined to make this a nation different from all others,” Henry A. Wallace, the present Secretary of Agriculture, said, . . . “rich soil, and plenty of it, free or nearly so to all comers, stands first. The colonial and after that the pioneer institutions which we now inherit are deeply rooted in

the idea of a practically limitless and inexhaustible soil." "Our great gift of soil," Wallace called it; and added: "A whole history of civilized man might be written in terms of population pressing upon soil resources."

It would be a somewhat violent history, with whole peoples, under pressure, cleaving the boundary lines and property rights which as individuals they respect for their own protection; and justifying the mass invasion by arguments thought up afterwards. First waves of conquest on undeveloped lands have sometimes advanced with herds, plows, and other peaceful implements of progress, but more usually the military have been out in front, hacking and blasting away to effect a change of title.

The American conquest was both peaceful and violent, according to local circumstances. Native opposition was generally so feeble that the traders and frontiersmen, carrying their own guns, could handle it; but professional soldiers proved increasingly helpful as the march moved west. In 1704 Connecticut paid "out of the publik treasure the sum of five pounds for every man's scalp of the enemy killed in this Colonie." The Colony of Massachusetts paid on a sliding scale, according to whether the scalp was that of an Indian man, woman, or child, and whether it was taken by professional, semi-professional, or purely amateur soldiers. Westward, the land itself generally proved bounty enough. There is hard, historical meaning in that rollicking refrain of the old wild western he-man narratives: "Another redskin bit the dust."

Our settlers and pioneers wrested this land from the Indians because they wanted it and needed it. They had many justifications. In the old countries of Europe times were hard. Economic pressure and class distinction reduced able and ambitious people to humble situations and insecurity. A land of the free where a man could



stand up again, make his own way, look the world in the eye, became a need not only material, but spiritual. The pressure of religious persecution served to heighten spiritual impulses to live and worship in freedom, and served to sanctify the right of man to earth-room in a brave New World. As for property rights, the Indians seemed to have practically no sense of property or its responsibilities. According to Erl Bates, a Quaker historian of the Iroquois, their first recorded words to the invading whites were: "Welcome! The Great Spirit made a big country. We are all children of the Great Spirit. There is room here for all."

Antiquarians figure that there must have been somewhere between half a million and a million Indians here in the North America the white man found. In white hands, the United States has been made to support a population of 127,500,000, or about forty to the square mile. That is close to the world average. But parts of the Nile valley are being made to support one thousand persons to the square mile. Each square mile of China, counting in all the washed-out land and the deserts and mountains, supports 299. Germany supports 364 to the square mile; Holland, 659; Belgium, 701; England and Wales, 685. These are estimates of Dr. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University. Of the world at large he writes:

Upwards of 2074 millions of human beings are right now [in the spring of 1936] struggling with such powers as within them be, and by such methods as they can devise, to get a living on this inexpansile earth. Many are making heavy weather of it. . . . Forty persons for each square mile of land in the world — good land, poor land, and utterly impossible land — is a sobering thought, if really grasped.

Upon usable soil in endurable climates the pressure of

demand increases constantly. Without entering here into moral judgments it is pertinent to note that Japan, which now has troops in Manchuria and China, sustains at home, upon the soil of Japan, proper, a population of 462 living persons to the square mile. Italy, now occupying Ethiopia, sustains on each square mile at home 356 persons.

A square mile of land, as western Americans know, is a section, or 640 acres. Forty persons to a section, the world average, equals ten persons to a quarter-section, 160 acres; or sixteen acres of land apiece. This may seem earth-room and elbow-room enough for all, until you break down the figures and try to get at the amount of yielding soil (apart from the polar caps, the mountaintops, the deserts, the swamps, jungles, and all the waste places of sterile soil or forbidding climate) on the face of the earth.

To do this requires estimations admittedly bold and rough. Astronomers announce to the last decimal-place the mass and density of other planets; but the apparently unique soil supply by which we live on this one has so recently become an object of concern and measurement that men do well to guess within a million square miles of its usable extent.

Since the last great War, with its world-wide reapportionment of new dependencies, territories, and deficit areas, there has been an awakened interest in land and soil. The League of Nations has published statistics of the Earth's surface, as follows: in all, 196,950,000 square miles; of land, 57,510,000 square miles; of sea, 139,440,000 square miles.

A million square miles is more than four times the area of France, or about three and a half times the area of Texas. If M is taken to represent a million square miles

of the earth's surface, the proportions of ocean area, all land, and our land appear as follows: Sea, 139 M; Land, 58 M; United States, 2 M.

Land is scarce. Usable soil is even scarcer. About 52 of earth's 58 million square miles of land lie out from under the polar caps. Climatic factors make 22 of that 52 million square miles plainly unfit for crops, with a large additional area of dubious use. That whittles the 52 million down to thirty million, and requires a guess on how much of this thirty million square miles of earth might be made ultimately arable under need. He guesses one-third: ten million square miles, about half of it in the temperate zone, and half in the tropics.

Now, of the two million square miles in the continental United States, Bennett figures that certainly no more than 953,125 square miles (or 610,000,000 acres), can ever be farmed, even under the utmost pressure. Call it a million square miles, and the proportions of all land, land agriculturally usable, and *our* share, stand roughly thus: All the land in the world (exclusive of the polar caps), 52 M; ultimately arable, 10 M; our share, 1 M.

At the end of the sixteenth century, a hundred years or so after Columbus, all of America was still the West; and Europe was western-mad. In England especially the idea of a New World, boundless space, boundless wealth, beyond the Atlantic, became the constant theme of writers and a fad of the people. Marlow wrote in his poetic drama, *Faust*: "I'll have them fly the India for gold; ransack the ocean for orient pearl; and search all corners of the new-found world for princely fruits and pleasant delicacies. From Venice shall they drag huge argosies, and from America the golden fleece." Drayton scorned "loy'tring hinds who lurk at home with shame," and described Virginia, which he had never seen, as blessed



with "the fruitfulest soil on earth." With the Crown pushing expansion, the poets of England piped a tune remarkably resembling some of the loftier compositions of modern realtors.

The story of our western surge across this continent has been told time and again. I intend not to retrace the march of occupation in detail, but only to suggest the worth of the soil taken, and the situation now.

The first harvests of the Atlantic shore were taken in shoal-water; then hunters and trappers pressed into the wilderness. "Fish and fures was then our refuge," wrote Captain John Smith, of the first frightful years at Jamestown. Within five years, however, the Virginians had turned principally to clearing land and to planting tobacco under a one-crop, clean-culture plan that ever since has been removing American topsoil, and converting its soluble constituents into smoke and ashes the world over.

The heaviest initial killing, to the north, ashore, was not of topsoil or of woodland, but of wild life. Among the fashionables, male and female, of seventeenth-century Europe, marten fur and beaver hats were in brisk demand. Fishermen became fur traders, the fur traders became settlers. The Appalachians held the New England fur traffic within a fairly narrow shelf of exploitation. Less navigable rivers to the south did the same. But far in-reaching watercourses of Canada led French hunters and traders to follow the ever-retreating "beaver frontier" across the continent.

The line of frontier farming was pushed inland rather more slowly. Before farms could be established there had to be a vast and energetic killing of trees. Greater than anywhere else in the temperate zones of the world, the virgin forests of North America covered nearly half of

the continent. The redwood and the sequoia, the black walnut and the sugar maple, the tulip tree and the sassafras, the magnolia and the tamarack, the osage orange, the locust, and the hickory, were new trees to the white settlers. Oak, elm, and maple were more familiar forms. If the familiar definition of a weed — a plant out of place — be accepted, most of the trees, from the standpoint of farm-minded frontiersmen, scratching for a living, were weeds. Beautiful or not, that forest wall was a barrier of mainly useless plants opposing the march of the plow. "To the pioneer," remarks Frederick Jackson Turner of Wisconsin, a historian who understood frontier farming, and its rude compulsions, "the forest was no friendly resource for posterity, no object of careful economy. He waged a hand-to-hand war upon it, cutting and burning a little space to let in the light upon a dozen acres of hard-won soil, and year after year expanding the clearing into new woodlands against the stubborn resistance of primeval trunks and matted roots. He made war against the rank fertility of the soil. While new worlds of virgin land lay ever just beyond, it was idle to expect the pioneer to stay his hand and turn to scientific farming. Indeed, as [Secretary of Agriculture] Wilson has said, the pioneer would have raised wheat that no one wanted to eat, corn to store on the farm, and cotton not worth picking."

The settler who loved trees had to kill and burn them, notwithstanding. "Root, hog, or die!" Or root, hog, *and* die. Scorn of pioneer prodigality may be somewhat tempered by the fact that hardship and illness killed half of the hundred men and women of Plymouth Colony during the first winter after they landed. By 1625 in Virginia fewer than two thousand white persons were living. More than twice that many had died.

With a tobacco trade established in the coastal South, things went better. Tobacco was a crop native to that soil. Taken up by the courtly Raleigh and others, it aroused a fad, then a habitual market overseas and proved a godsend to the struggling colonists. A mixed godsend; for tobacco is not easy or pleasant to grow, and it draws hard on soil. It may reasonably be imagined that most of the Virginia and Maryland colonists who planted tobacco on their clearings did not want to do so. Even smokers who grow it find it a hard crop to love. But if there is a demanding market for tobacco, and your region becomes a tobacco region, you grow it. You have little or no choice. "Root, hog, or die!"

Economic and ecologic circumstances have combined and clashed in the past to lay out the great crop-belts of this country, and to stretch and shift them constantly. The man in the woods, and the man on the land, seem generally, in the light of the record, to have had little choice or sway as to systems and methods. "Root, hog, or die!" is a saying born in backwoods clearings. "Fight your own battles and kill your own snakes" is another, implying sturdy independence, and freedom. But freedom of choice as to agricultural and forestry systems and ways proves upon examination to have been largely illusory. The lines of the battle, the weapons, and the immediate strategy were imposed by circumstances.

The pioneers had little use or market outlet for all that magnificent timber they toiled to fell. They needed some wood, of course, for their habitations, forts, and fires. Later they had some need of wood for shipbuilding, in places; and of wood-products, charcoal and potash, for developing industries. But wood was not their main need. Their main need was space to farm. So down came the wilderness and the greater part of it was offered up in



smoke, a vast initial sacrifice to progress. This sacrifice was accomplished with an incredible speed and energy. The electrical violence of the American climate seemed to have entered into the veins of these new inhabitants. Hardship, greed, and wonder made them heedless of discomfort, cruelty, and danger; and they performed miracles of back-breaking toil and plunder. With a poet's lament for beauty and peace departed, but with shrewd recognition that the process of occupation and removal was compelled, Frank Ernest Hill writes:

Even the lumber companies, coming later, and bent on selling timber, found it profitable to take only the best and destroy the remainder. . . .

Sunless forest, boatmen's song on broad rivers, sky black with pigeons or plain with buffalo, slug of axe by clearing, howling savages and shrieks of murdered women, cornfield and paintless town that grew as if enraged — this was a physical pageant almost as fantastic as the crusades.

Foresters figure that nine-tenths of the original timber stand in the United States was stricken down, or burned, or both, during the march of occupation. Only a tenth of virgin timber remains standing. All other woodland is replacement growth.

Across the South, particularly, along the line of the march of tobacco and cotton, are millions of acres of second-growth scrub pine. Much of this piney-woods land still is burned each spring. The flames freshen the grass, the woods-farmers say, and kill rattlers. Oklahoma experiments of the Soil Conservation Service show that twenty-eight times as much rain and ten times as much soil runs off a burned forest floor as runs off an adjacent forest floor which has not been burned. The Forest Service estimates that forty million acres of land in the United States are still burned over every year.

A slashing pioneer rotation — virgin woodland, wasteland, scrubby woodland — wrought a sorrowful transformation on the coastal plain and foothills, and then on the wooded slopes of the Alleghenies, as the march on the soil moved west.

When men came to the Piedmont less than two centuries ago they settled near the streams. These streams flowed clear and quietly; the upland forests were quite different from the forests of the southern Piedmont today. The principal trees of the uplands were oak, hickory, and chestnut. Trees were large, and spaced so widely apart that wagons could pass easily between them. There was little underbrush in the woods; the forest floor was a carpet of grass and peavine. Sandy and clay loams lay over the region to the depth of seven to fifteen inches, held down by the binding roots of plants. There was plenty of wild turkey, deer and partridge for the hunting, and wild fruit everywhere.

The original forests of the Piedmont have disappeared, to be replaced in part by patches of scrubby oak and underbrush, or by short-leaf pine, and many of the fertile bottomlands have been covered by an overwash of sterile sand and gravel. Much of the original soil has been removed down to, or near to, the red clay subsoil.

"We were spoiled," said an aged resident of the region. "Even in my time, when I was young, you just couldn't look at this ground and believe there was any bottom to it," the old man said. Frontier songs and sayings that remain current in the present century account in part for the sort of farming, mining, hunting, lumbering, water grabs, and power disposals that have done the harm: "The sky's the limit." "Whole hog or none." "You can't tell me nothin' about farming; I've wore out two good farms, and am working on my third. . . ." "When

you can see the smoke of your neighbor's chimney, it's time to move. . . ." And the song:

Come along; make no delay;  
Come from every nation, every way.  
Our lands are rich and broad enough.  
Don't be alarmed,  
For Uncle Sam is rich enough  
To give us all a farm!

Our bumptious, prodigal days are nearly ended. Voices from the soil sing a different tune. . . .

No one who talks or corresponds with a considerable number of Americans nowadays can fail to detect a widespread restlessness under physical restrictions relatively new in our history, a cramped feeling, a sense of being denied earth-room and an equal chance. Land hunger seems as keen as ever; but relatively little rewarding soil remains easily accessible for it to feed upon.

Now, this may seem strange on a soil which still supports only about forty residents to the square mile. Parts of the Nile valley support a thousand to the square mile. But American standards are set to a different stride and aim. To the people of old or elderly lands, for centuries accustomed to overcrowding and mass penury, the amount of usable American soil per capita and the degree of opportunity still open to those who really want to stay there and farm it may seem miraculous. But recognized limits to our soil supply are a new thing in the United States; we chafe under them; we fear and dislike them; and there is reason that we should. For it may be said without exaggeration that, after only a few centuries of occupation, with a population relatively sparse in most places, and with prospect of a stationary population by 1950, the people of the United States have already



(in the light of their traditional attitudes and expectations) felt a shortage of soil.

It is not yet a physical shortage in terms of produce. Worn and hurt as much of it is, our farmland still produces in a normal year more than we can eat or wear — or pay for — and find paying markets for abroad. If greater harvests seemed to pay, at the moment, American soil could still be whipped or coaxed to roll them forth. But “American soil” has always meant far more than that to us and to the world. It is not so much of grain and meat that we think when that phrase, American soil, rings forth, as of a new hope on Earth.

FINDINGS of the 1935 census *showed an increase of more than half a million in the number of farms in the United States since 1930*. The exact increase was 523,702 farms in those five years. With the figures came a map, locating the new holdings; and the dots on the map bore startling resemblance to population maps of the United States in the eighteenth century, just before the tide of western migration burst over the eastern mountain rim.

These new farms are little patches, for the most part; from two or three acres up to fifty. The greatest increases show in two areas — New England and the southern Appalachian hill and mountain country from Pennsylvania down through Birmingham, Alabama. It is almost as if another great wave of western migration were gathering and starting. But this time many of the pioneers are squatting on leavings of second-, third-, and fifth-rate land.

The figures indicate that many of these new farmers are on poor old farms of inadequate acreage, now split up. In cold reason it sounds hopeless: a retreat from Machine Age standards, an inflow of shabby and desperate

competitors into farming; and so on. But we are dealing here, perhaps, with human valuations which go beyond cold reason. It is something to think about: A half million more American families since 1930, out there striving for the security, the meaning, the dignity, the joy, which inhere, along with all the tribulations, in a piece of land.

In his weekly radio talk on the Farm and Home Hour, "Most of these new farmers are industrial refugees, part-time farmers," the Secretary of Agriculture said. "Here have come home, unemployed, and often penniless, the families of factory workers, miners, lumber workers, and others — unskilled, skilled, and highly trained workers, college graduates, teachers, and others — to reoccupy the abandoned cabins, shacks, or old farmhouses of their fathers or grandfathers — or the abandoned premises of persons not known to them. Here this return to the land, this search for escape from unemployment, idleness, and charity, has a special tragic significance which rings true through most of the increase of a half million farms. The new farms and the reoccupied farms are for the most part on poor land — land which is of low productivity — which is, for the most part, hilly, eroded, worn out, or grown up to weeds and brush — stubborn to the touch of the men and their families, who usually have little in the way of equipment to carry on their unequal struggle with nature."

Progress kept striding to the farthest corners of this great country, mechanizing, specializing, industrializing, suburbanizing everything; marking new lines of march, piping the tune. Even then the cards were stacked against a general return to pioneer handicraft agriculture — "the back-to-the-backhouse movement," one modern commercial farmer called it contemptuously, in the course of the discussion. Even then, it was plain that —

short of a complete collapse of what we call civilization — our problems, rural and urban, must be faced now on a basis of vastly increasing complexity, and not on a basis of escape.

In the last great panic, not safely past, we discovered a used soil, with new occupants unwelcomed on the whole by farming people who had to have more land, and work it harder, to live. Even so, we had our usual back-to-the-cabin movement, in person and in spirit. "The land! That is where our roots are!" cried Henry Ford in a series of advertisements paid for as a contribution to the public welfare. From Washington came report of extra clerks to handle homestead applications and a growing urge for more reclamation. Bolton Hall, the author of *Three Acres and Liberty*, was heard again, as after the panic of 1907, earnestly insisting that "a space twenty by forty feet, less than a fiftieth of the available area of an acre, has supplied a family of six with many more vegetables than they could consume." And hardly a week went by but some new leader of public opinion discovered the space between cities as a God-given dump for the unemployed.

In Fargo, North Dakota at the height of the 1933 wheat harvest I was panhandled twice in a block. In New York, on lower Fifth avenue, I met an ex-doorman, born in the Bronx and never west of Albany. A decent man of thirty-six, unmarried, he had borrowed a friend's room so that he could shave that morning, and was begging for fifty cents: "Enough to feed me and get me out of town." He had been a private chauffeur before he became a doorman, and was determined to hitch-hike his way out to the big wheat farms and be a tractor hand. I tried to tell him how things were out there, and to dissuade him, but "if I stay here a day longer I'll go nuts," he said; and headed for the Jersey ferries, west.



"Get Back to Earth," Hearst's *New York American* urged in bold-faced type, with reference directly thereunder to the real-estate advertisements. Bernarr MacFadden's *Graphic*, 'ere it perished, came out for a return to pioneer virtues and self-sufficiency. The march back home proceeded to a various inner music, as profound and cleansing as the psalm beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd," and as noisily self-deceptive as a mammy song.

Familiar faces were missing from around Greenwich Village. "Buy an abandoned farm," cried a realtor's card in the *Wall Street Journal*, "and live on trout and applejack until the upturn." Not a serious prospect, then, but interested, I answered that ad. The agent, himself a refugee in a crumbling Connecticut farmstead on lean, eroded meadows choked with brush, had been — and I hope is again — a well paid coach to vice-presidents of big financial concerns. He had sold quite a few abandoned farms to fellow refugees from the city. With a brave and airy candor he showed me the rest of his list, stopping at some of the places he had sold to leave store orders — often he paid for them, himself — for "my clients." He delivered not trout and applejack, but store bread and canned salmon: That was the staple of those refugees.

In another part of Connecticut I was shown a farm that two artisans — the husband a commercial artist; the wife a jewelry designer — had bought as a base of subsistence until the art and jewelry business picked up. It was worse than any city slum — a cold, bare, sagging house, three rumpled cots, a few kitchen chairs, filth piling up, a sick child; complete demoralization, hopelessness. The well had gone dry. There was no garden, no tools, no strength, no skill to work one if there had been one. There was no firewood. For light they had two can-

dles. They were brave, able, civilized workers but utterly helpless under primitive, "frontier" conditions.

Traveling, I saw more ordered manifestations of the earth spirit. Out from Memphis, at the head of the Mississippi-Arkansas delta, where live on the richest land of this continent, if not in the world, a poor and driven people, ruled by cotton — out from Memphis, in the same week of 1933 that cotton dipped under five cents a pound, I saw seventy-one unemployed outcasts of general mismanagement driven benevolently in a straggling line down the rows of an eleven-acre field. This field represented the latest and most monumental planting of the associated municipal relief agencies, and the first extension of their activities out beyond vacant lots into the hinterland. It was clay soil, yellow and clodded. The men had been put to breaking the clods by hand. Machinery was available, but men were cheaper. The entire field was to be put in truck crops, and the yield prorated to the workers and other deserving poor.

"My help," said the stout, benevolent, rural foreman, "ain't worth hell-room. They hate it. You have to watch them like a hawk. But it'll take some of them off the hands of the Red Cross this winter, if we get some rain." Two trucks drove up, one with store cakes and bologna, the other with chocolate-coated bricks of ice-cream. "Donated," said the foreman. "You ought to stay for lunch. You ought to see them go for it. Some of them walk ten miles here to work. I'm not supposed to let them sneak any of the food home with them. But they do."

All the time, and now, actual farm migrants, up against it, shift from one place to another at a rate which makes precise count impossible. Month after month farms which probably ought never to have been cleared, and which had been given over in despair by experienced farmers

accustomed to frontier conditions, are being reoccupied by newcomers. Some are farmers who have failed elsewhere. Some are inexperienced city people. And they all expect to make a living. I do not deny that the occasional new pioneer on worn land may come out of it a better man and happier. (I feel far sorrier for the women.) Last winter in Idaho and Oregon I saw penniless refugees from the Dust Bowl trying to get started again. The land there is still rich. The best of it sells for as much as five hundred dollars an acre. I was told of one Dust Bowl migrant, a man with a wife and three children. When he first came, he bought a nickel sack of tobacco and shoplifted a bag of flour from the store. The Sheriff, notified, trailed him home, saw him enter his tent, propped against a truck, saw his three little girls tear open the flour sack and claw into it hungrily, eating the flour raw. The Sheriff took up a collection and got this pioneer some day-work. That was two years ago. The family is established and has more than a hundred dollars in the bank there now.

To occupy a new strip of country — country, perhaps, which ought never to have been broken for farming, endows with a certain glamor the utmost hardship. But now that we have no fresh new soil to surge upon and take, surging is harder to romanticize. We are simply a people in a mess, milling around. And the only feeling we seem, in the mass, to have developed, so far, about this soil, is a ragtime, or swing, nostalgia for primitive agricultural scenes and pursuits, accompanied with a contemptuous conviction that the soil and the people thereof are there in good times and bad as a sort of spacious accessory to urbanism, a mere convenience.

I do not imagine that our present confusion is different, except, perhaps, in a sort of stepped-up intensity, than



peoples, for the most part civilized, have faced before. Whether the game of civilization is worth the candle, or the dynamo, is always an open question; but for any generation grown up, academic. Maybe we would be better off without candles, or dynamos. But if you have had them by the time you get to be thirty, or forty, or fifty, and are thus of the ruling generation, you are used to them, and in the old sense, softened by them. You would miss them, and be in many important ways lost without such gadgets. So we drive on.

The point I want to reassert is that pioneering has not ended, but that our simple and brutal concept of pioneering must be changed. Farming, like most occupations, has become not an escape from business, but a vexed and intricate business in itself. Farmers now are trying to maintain a car-and-bathroom standard, in the face of diminished foreign markets, and with a reduced productive equipment — torn soil. There can be no more oldtime pioneering. Things are different now. The overextended farmer of the flat, black soil of Iowa who lost his equity and hit out with a few tools and his family for the brush of cut-over Michigan, Minnesota, or Wisconsin is not, as he desperately imagines, pioneering as Grandad did. He is squatting on land his grandfather wouldn't look at. He is hoping on that thin ground to cut back into a business which since his grandfather's time has become overcrowded, highly specialized, and as savagely competitive as almost any other business you could name. He is being forced back toward breeding his own help, as Grandad did, instead of buying from Standard Oil at the filling-station, or bringing help in on a wire.

Some will say, and they may be right, that this is a healthy reversal, or at least a necessary reaction from

bridge clubs and lap dogs, toward which in the boom days even farm wives on \$400-an-acre Iowa land were progressing. We are a people given to pioneer excesses. But the Park Avenue sort of excessiveness is, on the whole, less punishing than the economic circumstances of old-time pioneering.

There are still parts of this country where sparse grass is being plowed under, where men and their families crouch in sod-house dugouts waiting for oldtime pioneer opportunities to come again. They may get a momentary break. Given another war, and some rain, you and I will live to see money and machines, and men and women and children, pour in there on that gray and beaten land, and beat it again, disastrously.

We are still a free people, in this particular. Some of the very driest, roughest, or most punished land, of course, has been bought and withdrawn from cultivation by the Government; but on most of our beaten and distressed areas any citizen still has the right to go in and hammer any piece of ground again, if he can find the means, and has a mind to. If a cycle of rainfall revisits the Great Plains, and if wheat lifts strongly above a dollar a bushel; or if cotton goes well above ten cents a pound, you may read and hear again heroic accounts of another great wave of American pioneering. Do not take much stock in it.

# The Underground Railroad

HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER

FROM nebulous myth to turbulent fact, from an obscure trickle of private humanitarianism to a powerful interstate organization that helped the deluge of civil war — this is the almost legendary chapter that the Underground Railroad wrote into American history. An elusive and shadowy system of escape for runaway slaves, the Railroad was shrouded in such secrecy that today many of its methods can only be surmised, little documentary evidence of its existence can be found, and our knowledge of this singular institution is derived chiefly from the reminiscences of the men who actually ran it.

The physical property of the Underground Railroad was a strategic line of farms running zigzag northward from the slave states to the Canadian border. Its personnel comprised hundreds of men and women, both white and black, who did not believe in slavery, and who were willing to say so with their lives and property. Drastic laws made the Road illegal in the north. But its agents were generally Quakers or Calvinists who set "God's law" above the law of the land and who were linked by a common desire to put into the Constitution what they conceived had been omitted — universal freedom for mankind.

Long before the crisis that led to the war between the states became acute, such men and women, motivated by an almost mystical fervor, had taken to helping fugitive slaves gain their freedom. One of them would establish a "station" in a hay loft or corn crib. Not far away — perhaps a night's journey — was another Abo-



litionist with an abandoned barn, willing to give clothes, food, and lodging to the escaping slaves who, in increasing numbers, were fleeing by night toward Canada with only the north star as a guide. Thus the fugitive Negro would be spirited across a hostile terrain, hiding out in the Underground stations during daylight hours.

By 1815 regular stations were lending assistance in Ohio; the organization had grown into a widespread institution by 1840. But it was after the passage of the second Fugitive Slave law in 1850 that the greatest work of the Underground was accomplished. Between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand passengers made the journey to freedom on it during the next ten years. The District of Columbia alone complained that in this period the number of its slaves had been reduced from 4694 to 640 by "underground railroads and felonious abductions."

Gradually the scattered stations had become integrated in a far-flung but intangible web. It is known that three thousand persons were engaged in its operations. Money was raised in the north; agents were recruited. The Railroad assumed the aspects of a secret service, in which rigid discipline was maintained and no latitude allowed for failures. Codes came into use; agents were never permitted to forget that their work was illegal, that all evidence must be destroyed, and nothing put into writing that could lead to conviction, for the courts allowed little delay between arrests and imprisonment.

The "conductors" of the Railroad — the field agents who penetrated the deep south and whispered that miraculous word "freedom" into the slave's ear — were selected for daring and resourcefulness. For example, there was John Hansen, peddler of lace and cheap jewelry, whose real name was J. T. Hanover. He seemed

a nice young man, and when he presented the lady of the southern mansion house with a piece of lace and asked permission to show his trinkets to the slaves, she raised no objection. Then nothing more would be seen of him for several weeks, until his rounds brought him back to the plantation.

Hansen was an outspoken advocate of slavery; and obviously his livelihood depended on trade with the big houses. It occurred to nobody to link him with the escape of several slaves some time between his recurring visits. Yet had his mail been opened, his peddler's business would have seemed complex indeed. "Dear Sir," one of his letters read, "by tomorrow's mail you will receive two volumes of *Irrepressible Conflict*, bound in black. After perusal, please forward and oblige." Or again, "Uncle Tom says if the roads are not too bad you can look for those fleeces of wool by tomorrow. Send them on to test the market."

Best integrated of the Underground systems was the Anti-Slavery League, centering its operations in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, where the traffic assumed enormous proportions. Generously subsidized by Abolitionists, the League could afford to shift its agents and cover the ground thoroughly. Some of the conductors, like Hansen, were peddlers; others posed as school-teachers, map-makers, musicians, geologists — any guise that would create a plausible opportunity for mingling with the southern population and examining the topography of the region. Rial Cheadle of North Dakota made frequent trips to Virginia, displaying the traits of an imbecile. He was never suspected, in spite of the fact that after his visits numerous slaves would be missing. Levi Coffin, sometimes called the "President" of the Underground, once conducted twenty-eight fugitives

from Cincinnati to Cumminsville by arranging a long and solemn funeral procession.

When a conductor had become thoroughly familiar with the trails in forest and swamp, the backroads, the streams and caves, he would cautiously select as an ally a Negro whom he believed to be intelligent and trustworthy. The conductor then would casually question him about his desire for freedom. The Negro, in turn, would be equally cautious. The mere *thought* of freedom spelled danger for the slave, conjuring up visions of pursuit by dogs and armed men, the whipping post, and possibly death. But when an agreement was finally reached, it covered not only the Negro but as many of his comrades as he cared to enlist. He would travel long distances at night, confer with other slaves, and return to his cabin by dawn with no ripple to break the serene surface of plantation life.

Once two or three slaves were ready to take the risk a meeting place was arranged for a moonless night. Another Underground agent was there to act as guide. He led his charges through woods, fields and the beds of streams. If the party was unable to reach shelter by dawn, he hid them in caves. He knew which riverbanks offered concealment, which hayricks were farthest from a farmhouse. And if the worst came, he was prepared to arm his fugitives with an extra pistol or two and shoot it out on the spot.

Meanwhile the original agent remained in the neighborhood of the plantation. To obviate suspicion, he would turn up at the big house and, being told of the slaves' escape, would sympathize with the master and perhaps offer false clues for pursuit.

Once the Ohio river had been crossed, usually in a skiff previously hidden at an appointed place, the most



difficult half of the adventure had ended. Yet because of the Fugitive Slave laws the runaways were still in danger. They traveled by night from one Underground station to another, and were offered daytime sanctuary in attics, secret rooms, and barn lofts. Some of the stations were elaborate and dramatic affairs. The house of one Joseph Morris, in Ohio, for instance, had a complicated and ingenious network of false walls, a cellar with secret chambers large enough to hide dozens of refugees, and two tunnels from the cellar to the barn and corn crib.

Fleeing Negroes used all manner of disguises: men put on women's clothes, and women dressed as boys. Occasionally a Negress, her face covered by a mourning veil, her hands concealed in gloves, was put into white railway coaches. Special market wagons were built with false bottoms, to hold the runaways while farm produce was spread above them. Railway passes, forged or genuine, and tickets marked for recognition by Abolitionist trainmen, were distributed. Slaves were even boxed up and entrusted to an express office, which knew nothing of the strange human freight it forwarded north. One Negro was known to have been shipped north in a casket. There were holes for air but he was nearly dead when the "remains" reached friends.

Canada was customarily the Negro's objective, for there he was safe from extradition. Pursuers who crossed the Canadian border were actually shot down. Nevertheless, even in Canada the fugitives' plight was desperate. Unaccustomed to making their own way, unused to the rigors of northern climate, many of them met poverty and disease. The Canadians, however, did much to help them; they were willing to absorb the fugitives into their national life, to share their work, and to give

them aid in establishing farms. Since the slaves' training had been primarily agricultural, they became good farmers. Levi Coffin made frequent trips to Canada, visiting the colonies, advising the Negroes, and assisting in their rehabilitation.

As the years drew closer to the climax of civil war, the fate of the escaped slave grew harsher; in 1850 the last Anti-Fugitive law removed every vestige of safety for free Negroes in the United States. A runaway who had escaped and lived in the north for years could be seized, tried before a Federal commissioner, and an owner's claim could be established without difficulty. The law allowed the commissioner ten dollars for every decision against a Negro but only five dollars if in his favor. The law further provided that the commissioner might surrender a fugitive to the person who claimed him, whether he had ever seen the claimant before or not; that the Negro could not testify in his own behalf; that all citizens must assist slave-hunters; and that fine and imprisonment confronted anyone who prevented recapture or who gave shelter to fugitives. Thomas Garrett, a Delaware Quaker and a leader in the Underground operations, paid eight thousand dollars in fines, but had the grim satisfaction of aiding some three thousand slaves to make their escape from southern masters.

The funds for all such passionate if illegal activities came from a comparatively small number of Abolitionists. As feeling increased in the north, contributions were made to the Anti-Slavery League for the purchase of farms in southern states. On these farms fugitives working their way northward were given shelter and passed off as slaves to lull suspicion. Occasionally such farms became suspect: sheriffs and plantation owners would descend upon them, but while the posse searched the

house and outbuildings, runaway slaves would be crawling through tunnels, actual underground passages, to the safety of the woods.

Many of the farms were seized, but new ones were immediately purchased; communication between the depots was intensified, and the stream of fugitives increased. Ohio, because of its strategic location and its many Quaker and New England settlers, was the center of greatest activity. There were twenty stations along the Ohio river, and there were 1,543 operators in the state. At Lake Erie the road operated a line of boats to Canada.

As the number of escaping slaves grew, large rewards for their capture were posted, and the business became so profitable that shiftless bands made a living at slave-catching. They gathered at strategic points, such as the bridge over the Raritan river where four roads converged on Jersey City, the most important Underground transfer center in the east. But conductors were also there who could swing a hickory club and whisk a black man away from his would-be captors. The New York slave-hunters watched all incoming barges and ferries, singling out the frightened faces of fugitives. But the ever-faithful conductors were present there too; always it was nip and tuck between escape and recapture, often with broken heads and bullet wounds after the fracas was over.

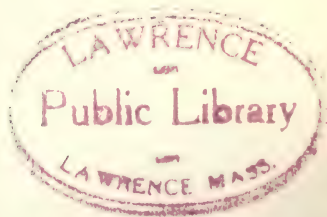
Inevitably, the Underground was exploited by enterprising scoundrels, some of whom would demand a fee from the slaves for running them north, then abandon them to the slave-hunters. There was also a small but lucrative business in transporting female slaves, preferably octoroons, for prostitution. One conductor refused a bribe of three thousand dollars to engage in this traffic. There is little doubt that many of these women ended their brief taste of freedom in a brothel.



As the great convulsion of war came close, bloodshed along the border states increased. Both North and South began to realize that it was impossible to enforce the Fugitive Slave laws. With each new tooth put into them, enforcement became more arduous, less successful. In fact, it was the federal government's inability to enforce the laws that constituted a chief factor in Secession.

In 1861, war ran like burning fire down the country. Yet even after hostilities began, the formal work of the Railroad was continued for a year, the condition of certain slaves being more desperate at that time than before. As the war spread further south, many slaveholders fled, taking only their able-bodied Negroes and leaving the old and infirm to shift for themselves. The Union armies, moving into evacuated territory, found despair and starvation.

The survivors were transported up the rivers northward; at Cincinnati Underground agents and colored people took the refugees into their homes or tried to organize relief for them. Schools were set up. Beds, clothing, and provisions were gathered. General U. S. Grant, then commanding in the west, authorized free transportation, through Underground Railroad, for those who could be assigned to camps and colonies. And thus at last the Railroad, shedding its anonymity, came out into the open as the Aid Commission, and began an ambitious and fruitful program of rehabilitation.



## The Spinning Hero — Sam Slater

ROGER BURLINGAME

**I** MET A MAN one day who seemed to know his American history well. He talked with great intelligence about the Louisiana Purchase, Burr's treason, the Tippecanoe campaign, the Mexican war, the Oregon question, the Missouri Compromise and the Army of the Cumberland and he told me several things I did not know about Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. He said that American history was unique in the world and that if more Americans knew it, the nation today would be better off.

"How can we handle the future," he asked, "if we know nothing about the past?"

He went on about the present chaos and the alarming prospect ahead.

"Here we are," he said, "with all this great tradition, almost the oldest nation in the world politically and ahead of everyone else industrially and yet if we can't adjust this labor mess, we'll be no better off than totalitarian Europe."

"Industrially," I said, for the word had unexpectedly stirred me.

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" he asked, belligerently, as if I had meant to contradict him. "We have better factories, better production, better distribution and a higher standard of living for labor."

I told him I thought that was also a good tradition.

"But you haven't said anything about industry before," I added. "If all this is so, the United States must have a remarkable industrial history."

He looked at me a moment without speaking.

"That's not in my line," he said.

I began, then, to ask questions of my other educated friends and found that industrial history was not in anybody's line. I found people who could talk glibly about John Marshall and the origin of the Supreme Court and others who knew all about the Alabama Incident or the Dred Scott Decision but no one could tell me how factories started or who started them or why we had a high standard of living or where the trade unions came from. One person with a broad background said: "There was an industrial revolution — you know, the spinning jenny and all that." I did not know and neither, obviously, did he.

The more I thought about it, the more it seemed that a nation which led the world industrially, must have an exciting industrial history. Yet there is no museum of industry like the great Deutsches Museum in Munich. Very little industrial history seems to be taught in the schools. Nevertheless, I ran some of it down. I came across a number of names: William Almy, Moses Brown, Francis Cabot Lowell, Cyrus McCormick and Hiram Sibley. I went back, finally, to the very beginning and there, suddenly, I came upon what seemed to me a great event and a great hero; a great story and a great tradition. There seemed to me to be genius in it and romance and something that was profoundly American — something that we have lost, perhaps, but that might strengthen us if we knew that it had once been there.

The event was the industrial revolution and the hero was Samuel Slater who brought it to America.

I have not been able to find a bust of Samuel Slater in any American hall of fame. He should be in all of them — at least in every center where industry prospers



— and he should be flanked by his friends and partners, Almy and Brown of Providence. When I found Slater at last in a book about cotton, I knew what my friend had meant by “the spinning jenny and all that” and I discovered that “industrial revolution” was an orderly process which began with spinning and went on for a hundred years in England and which completely changed character when it crossed the ocean.

Samuel Slater was born in 1768 in a little town named Belper in Derbyshire, England. His father was a farmer, but farming was going into the discard in England which was one of the reasons the industrial revolution began there. In the same town lived Jedediah Strutt, the partner of Richard Arkwright.

Arkwright is a name which appears for an instant in all the history books and then vanishes forever. The history books say he was an inventor. He is supposed to have invented the “water frame” and other machines for making yarn into thread — improvements in Hargreaves’ spinning jenny. The chances are that Arkwright did not invent these things but adapted them from the inventions of others. At any rate he improved them and manufactured them, put them into a factory and then made an invention greater than all of them which was the “factory system.”

Until then, English spinners and other artisans had worked at home. A master spinner had gone about to the homes and collected the spun thread. In the spinning homes, the spinners arranged their own hours, went for a walk in the garden when they were tired, kept a cow, raised their own vegetables and were helped in the spinning by their families. They got three more or less square meals a day because their wives cooked them.

Arkwright’s idea was to get all these people together

in one place to run machines and so produce more thread with less skilled labor. By dividing the work and organizing a severe discipline he got enormous production. These groups of machines and workers were then called factories and the industrial revolution descended upon England. It was one of the darkest periods in English history.

It took almost no skill to run these simple machines. So the whole family went into the factory, children and all. Thus the homes disappeared. No one was left to cook and keep house. So, too, vanished the spinning master and his personal relations with the spinners. The factory became an impersonal monster to which there was no human appeal. Hours were dictated by the "system" and they were long; there were no walks in the garden, no vegetables and no cows. When competition came, hours increased, rules were more severe, wages went down. Men and women lived in cellars and hovels, children were thrown together in factory dormitories without regard to age or sex. When the industrial revolution got well under way workers became animals, starved, wasted away from disease and died by thousands. But that is English history. This is the story of Samuel Slater and America.

The factory system was only just starting as Samuel grew up. Richard Arkwright had, as yet, no idea what it would come to. When his partner, Strutt, saw what a head the Slater boy had for mathematics and mechanics he persuaded his father to let him come into the Belper factory and learn the machines. So Samuel Slater was apprenticed at fourteen.

He was a gentle, well-mannered, disciplined and quiet lad with a genius in him that no one guessed. He had a photostatic mind. When he saw a machine, every detail

of it seemed to register on some sensitive mental plate that could be filed away for future use. He was a spinner in Strutt's works but he was useful in many ways for he could repair any machine. He spent his Sundays inventing improvements on the machines and methods. He worked sixteen hours a day and became the best man Strutt had. Strutt made him an overseer and, if he had stayed on, he might have become the superintendent of an English textile mill.

But underneath the quietness and docility of this young man was an independent mind and a restless ambition. He felt his power even if he did not understand it. The consciousness grew in him that England was too small for him and too old; he was aware that industry was spreading over the north counties, moving beyond textiles to coal and iron and that soon it would be dominated by harsh masters, inhuman from greed, robbed of their souls by the "system." And he had some doubts, too, of the future of cotton in that system. Wool was the dominant textile stuff in England and Slater was dedicated to cotton. (The Yankee, Eli Whitney, who would soon alter the cotton world was still an undergraduate at Yale.)

At the end of his teens, when this doubt and this restlessness were at full flood in him, he came, one day upon a newspaper from Philadelphia. America, it seemed, was tired of importing cloth. There was a movement there to start American factories. But no one in America knew anything about factories beyond the rumors which had come from England and there were no machines there. Prizes were offered to a man who could make machines like the English ones for carding and spinning cotton.

There was reason for the American ignorance and Samuel Slater knew it.



By that time the American War of Independence had been fought and won by the colonists. One of the causes of that war was an industrial one. England had been jealous of her colonies. They had not behaved as colonies should. The formula was that colonies sold raw materials to the mother country and the mother manufactured goods from them which the colonists were expected to buy from her. So when England found that the colonies were making their own hats, nails and stockings, she knew that they were competing with her instead of coöperating according to the colonial scheme, and Parliament passed laws to stop the competition.

When the thirteen American upstarts rebelled against this and other tyrannies and finally tore themselves away, the danger to English industry increased and Parliament passed new laws to replace the tyranny which could no longer be enforced. One of these was that no plan, design, model or specifications of an English machine should be taken out of England; another forbade mechanic, artisan or skilled worker to emigrate under severe penalty.

Slater knew these things but, in his mind, the pull of the Pennsylvania prizes was too strong for any law. Over there in that wide, new land there was endless opportunity. England no longer needed his genius. Arkwright had done the job there. There was no Arkwright in America and the people were crying for forbidden machines.

Even at nineteen, Samuel Slater was not hot-headed or impulsive. His ambition was a quiet, smooth-running dynamo. His apprenticeship with Strutt still had a year to run. Such contracts were often broken by impulsive or rebellious boys. Samuel finished his term but he spent the last months of it laying his secret plans. Then, when the term was finished, he left.

He said nothing to anyone. He put on farmers' clothes and went alone to London. He took nothing with him that might betray him except, meticulously concealed, his indenture to Strutt, his only credential. He took no sketch, no specifications of any machine. Under a false name he took passage to New York.

He arrived, after a long, hard voyage early in 1789. He got a job in what was called a spinning mill in New York. It was a makeshift. He knew at once that there was no future there. But being a curious lad, he went exploring the waterfront in the evenings. There he met a ship captain whose ship took passengers and goods to and from Rhode Island. They talked together and the captain liked him. Slater told him about industrial England and cotton textiles.

So the captain told him of two Providence men who had been trying for years to make spinning profitable in New England. They were William Almy and Moses Brown. They were at the end of their rope. They had spent thousands of dollars on machines they thought were built on the English plan. Again and again the machines had failed and unless they could get authentic Arkwright devices these persistent men would have to abandon their dream.

"Will you take Mr. Brown a letter from me?" said Slater.

So the young man wrote and the captain delivered the letter.

"I flatter myself," it said, "that I can give the greatest satisfaction in making machinery."

Whether the captain told Samuel about the American tradition of the Spinning School does not appear in the record. It is a tradition modern Americans should know.

What industry there was in America had begun with

a charitable motive. The spinning school had begun in the earliest colonial times as a scheme for keeping people busy. There were always poor in every community; indolent people, defectives, delinquents, children, invalids to be occupied and clothed. For them the spinning school was started.

As far back as 1646 we find a "spinning house" in Jamestown designed to occupy surplus ineffectuals. The next was in Boston in 1653, "a house and materials to improve the children and youth who want (lack) employment in several manufactures." These became a fashion in Boston; they were supported first by contributions, then by philanthropic societies. Gradually they acquired a civic motive as well as a benevolent one and, in 1751, we find a Society for Encouraging Industry and Employing the Poor. The War of Independence brought a patriotic impetus when the supply of imported cloth was cut off. Then, indeed, the spinning school became a necessity. The schools enlarged and multiplied. When the war was over, men here and there began to see a commercial promise in the manufacture of cloth for sale.

Moses Brown and William Almy were two such men. But the captain had told Slater the truth. The makeshift spinning jennies were good enough for the charitable or patriotic "schools" and "houses" but they would never put a real mill on a commercial basis. Also there was a technical matter which made them incapable of competing with English industry. Arkwright machines would spin a cotton warp as well as a weft for fabric. American machines would not spin a thread strong enough for the warp. So linen warp was still used here and this made the cloth expensive.

So Moses Brown must have thought the hand of God was aiding him when he got the letter from the young



stranger in New York that the captain delivered. The captain vouched for the boy. Yes, the boy had actually come straight from an Arkwright mill in England. He had his indenture to prove it. Moses Brown lost no time in answering. "If thou wilt come and do it," said his gentle Quakerish reply, "thou shalt have all the profits made of them (the machines) over and above the interest of the money they cost, and the wear and tear of them."

Brown could have had no inkling of the genius behind Slater's offer. The boy — he was just of age — came to Pawtucket, took one look at the clumsy devices of Almy and Brown and shook his head. He then constructed a complete Arkwright equipment entirely from memory. It was one of the most remarkable feats in the whole history of technology.

This was the beginning of the textile industry in America. It was also the beginning of the industrial revolution. But here, having crossed the ocean, that revolution changed its course.

In America, Slater found no guilds of artisans, no workhouses overflowing with paupers on which to impose the factory system. Instead, he found a part-religious, part-philanthropic, part-patriotic tradition in the making of textiles. He must impose the Arkwright factory system on the institution of the spinning school. Almy and Brown were religious and benevolent men; they were also stern moralists and there would be no terror and no degradation in Pawtucket.

The children and girls for the mill would be farmers' children, not orphans from a workhouse; they would be cared for as their own parents would care for them, not starved and wilted. Hours would be limited to normal fatigue, not stretched to the snapping-point of human endurance. Supervisors would guard the workers' bodies

and protect their individuality. Instead of being forced to the will of the nearest superintendent, the conduct of girls would be scrupulously watched and guided. Decent boarding houses would take the place of packed, promiscuous dormitories. Education and religion would not be interrupted. These people were used to fresh air; they should have it in the factories. And places to wash and places to rest and places to keep their clothes.

Slater saw that this was the way of the spinning school and that the Yankees would tolerate no other. So he adapted the Arkwright machinery and the Arkwright organization of labor to the American tradition. It worked. In two years, the mill produced so much yarn that the cotton gave out and it was not until Eli Whitney gave the cotton gin to the South that the mill could run again at full capacity. In twenty years textile mills had sprung up through Rhode Island and Massachusetts and they kept the pattern.

The heritage passed to Francis Cabot Lowell and the town he founded and which bore his name became the center of textile manufacture in New England. There were fewer children there; more grown girls.

When Charles Dickens came to Lowell in 1841, he could scarcely believe what he found and his *Notes* reflect the difficulty he felt in making his English readers believe it.

I happened to arrive at the first factory, just as the dinner hour was over and the girls were returning to their work. They were all well dressed . . . and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. . . . They were healthy in appearance and had the manners and deportment of young women: not of degraded brutes of burden. . . . The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some there were green plants trained to shade the glass; in all, there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort as the nature of the occupation would possibly admit of.

He was especially impressed by the hospital, the "joint stock" piano and, most of all by a magazine, *The Lowell Offering* "written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills." He wrote an intense paragraph trying to convince Englishmen that these things were normal and proper. At the end of the story, he remembered Manchester. "The contrast would be a strong one, for it would be between the Good and Evil, the living light and deepest shadow."

And what happened then? How was it possible that, twenty years later, southern preachers were pointing to the "white slavery" of New England industrial towns?

The answer is in the hard conquest of a continent. In the full tide of the western immigration, the call of the land drew away the eastern labor. By this time American industry in the east was in mid-career and there was no stopping it. It had become essential to the growth of the nation. The industrialists did the only thing left to them and turned to Europe for immigrant labor.

The workers came bringing the old world standards. They were habituated to oppression and a starvation wage. To the employers they seemed so alien as to be hardly human and it was easy to exploit them. Thus, at last, the two revolutions met and the course of industry in America became orthodox.

Yet rapid as the change seems to the skimmer of history, it was, in fact, curiously slow, especially in parts of New England. An aged veteran of a brass works in the Naugatuck valley told me that, as late as the 'seventies, the camaraderie between boss and worker, the personal touch, the persistence of individualism, the genial, gentle social life of the community would be scarcely credible to a modern industrialist.

Relief came, of course, both in Europe and America



from the organization of labor. The spinningschool way of social understanding from the top down seems to have withdrawn into a remote mythology. Some capitalists say that the unions killed it.

But is it, in fact dead? In every generation of employers we see sporadic efforts towards organized welfare. Is this individual humanitarianism, is it mere policy, or is it, in some subtle way, traceable back to Almy, Brown and Slater? Angry captains of industry tell us that if the unions are given an inch they will take a yard, that generosity simply stimulates the modern worker to exploit his boss. Perhaps the spinning school tradition, in a backhanded way is actually responsible for American unrest in new contrast with quiescent England; it is conceivable that Americanized workers have somehow felt the legend and are vaguely conscious that because of it, America is different from the rest of the world.

It is a pity to let Samuel Slater drop into the limbo of forgotten heroes. If my historical friend would include him and Almy and Brown and Lowell in the book which he is undoubtedly going to write it might be of more value in our precarious future than any new light he may throw on the Missouri Compromise or the genesis of the Supreme Court.

## Neither Rich, nor Beautiful

JEROME BEATTY

**A**LTHOUGH the world is rather well dotted with Princesses, few of them have a life story as exciting as Rome's recently deceased Princess Jane di San Faustino, once of Bernardsville, New Jersey, and New York city. Born Jane Campbell, she went to Rome forty-four years ago and without much money — but with a wealth of ingenuity and charm — became the ringmaster of society in the Eternal City. By her death this June, the career of the most colorful Princess ever heard of, came to an end at the ripe age of seventy-five.

Before the depression took most of her income she ruled from an antique Roman palace. Then proving that you don't have to be rich to be popular, she moved to a five room flat that she rented for seventy-five dollars a month. But people came to her just the same. Nobility, royalty itself. Nearly every afternoon in her modest salon, sipping good but inexpensive wine, playing bridge and backgammon, could be found the former King of Spain, Prince Christopher of Greece, and Count Joseph Visconti, intimate friend of the King and Queen of Italy. When American multi-millionaires arrived in Rome, they set out forthwith to call upon Princess Jane and, if possible, to charm her, for unless she found them interesting they were nobodies.

White-haired, tall and slender she stood among her guests like an aged queen — a queen charged with thoroughbred vitality. She dressed simply, always in pure white or dead black; her hat usually was a peaked black Mary Stuart hood, with trailing veil. Her only jewels were a diamond comb (which she never wore) a pearl

necklace and an iron wedding ring which took the place of the gold ring that, like all Italian wives, she gave to Italy. She never smoked and for fifteen years did not taste alcohol.

When Princess Jane spoke, it was like firecrackers exploding. She interrupted kings and ambassadors, took charge of the conversation in any group she entered, and leapt nimbly from subject to subject like Eliza crossing the ice, abandoning a topic instantly when the talk began to be dull. She loved to say "Hell's bells," and startle listeners with mild profanity. She made fun of herself and of her close friends — but never behind their backs.

To those beneath her in the social scale she was always kind. Her maid and butler were with her for more than twenty-five years and rejected dozens of offers to leave her, at higher wages.

She was a Princess for forty-two years but never reached the point of taking it for granted. Somebody asked her one day, "Were you pleased when you became a Princess?"

"Pleased?" she snapped. "*Pleased!* Good lord, madame! The first time I was called 'Your Excellency' I jumped right through the ceiling!"

One afternoon in her home Princess Jane took the arm of a young American girl who seemed to be having a dull time. "Come on," she said, leading her to the small ante-room in which a bridge game was in progress in front of a fireplace, "let's watch the King of Spain play bridge."

The former King looked up from his cards and smiled.

"We won't learn anything about bridge," she told the girl, "but it's fun to look at a king."

A few minutes later a workman arrived to repair the fireplace. She had asked him to come that afternoon, and



quite in character, had forgotten that guests would be there. Most hostesses would have told the workman to come another day. Not Princess Jane.

"Come, come," she said quickly to the bridge players. "This man's time is valuable. You'll have to move your table."

So they moved back and the former King and three other titled gentlemen continued their bridge while the workman dragged in his tools and, almost under their feet, hammered iron and bricks until the job was finished.

In Rome, diplomatic and social precedent is of supreme importance, but Princess Jane couldn't be bothered with it. When she gave her first formal dinner to the diplomatic set she called in a secretary of the Italian Foreign Office to arrange the seating. When he finished she looked over the cards and said, "Good Lord! What a dull table! Nobody's sitting next to anybody he'd like to talk to." Whereupon she rearranged the cards to suit herself. It was a great party and there were no complaints. If any other hostess in Rome had dared ignore precedent she would have received frigid telephone calls next day from the insulted Embassies warning her never to commit such a sin again, else the diplomats wouldn't come to her dinners any more. But they kept on coming to Princess Jane's.

She was the first in Rome to provide bridge and backgammon for her guests. Tradition had it that gambling should take place only in clubs. She seldom played herself but liked to make side bets. Her bridge was rather bad and she scolded any player at her table who made an error, including herself or her opponents. Ely Culbertson often played bridge there at five cents a point, and gossip is that her titled guests could match him.

Princess Jane loved Roman history and was astonished

one day to learn that an American diplomat didn't know that Michelangelo had painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. She organized a series of lectures for the new residents of Rome, particularly Americans, and made the meetings important social events for several winters, because she sponsored them.

Jane Campbell was born in New Jersey in 1863. Her family was not in "society," but her mother knew Ward McAllister, the New York social leader. When she was eighteen Jane had made up her mind that she was to be like Mrs. Astor and teased her father until he moved to New York city. She quickly became popular with the younger set; but though often a bridesmaid she was never a bride. Not pretty, she was much too clever and dominating, and at the age of twenty-four was not yet engaged. Her ambition to become a social leader and to secure a rich husband was unfulfilled in New York.

So Jane went to Rome to visit her aunt, and discovered that Roman society was so formal that nobody ever had a good time at a party. Quite soundly, Jane believed that a few sparkling parties of the kind she gave in New York might impress Rome, and establish her as a public benefactor.

When her father died she went to Rome to begin her campaign at the age of thirty-one. Her mother was afraid of Italians and always carried a pot of pepper to throw in the coachman's eyes if he attacked her. In Rome were more than a dozen wives of American millionaires who had tried to climb into Italian society and failed. Jane had an income that probably was less than twenty thousand dollars a year. This will buy a lot of potatoes but won't go far if you're trying to impress Italian aristocrats.

She didn't try to act like a great lady. She was just herself, Jane Campbell, an American. The millionaires who

wanted to break into Roman society were too stupid to realize that a witty and lovable nature will make more friends than a five thousand dollar orchestra and a ton of terrapin.

Almost at once she met Dr. Axel Munthe who, years later, wrote *The Story of San Michele*. They were close companions and he had a profound effect upon her life. She spent many hours each day with him in the squalid slums of Rome, where she saw hundreds of children dying of tuberculosis, mothers bearing children in filth, men whose typhus sickbeds were the earthen floor, and families whose week's food was a handful of breadcrusts.

She had guessed that there were poor people in this world, but never dreamed that such horrors existed. She gave them clothing, sold jewels to buy them food, helped Dr. Munthe nurse them. Then realizing that her desultory charities were not very effective she went to the Italian Red Cross and asked what she could do, particularly for tubercular children. They told her Rome needed a sanatorium where poor children with tuberculosis could have proper food and be entirely cured. For ten thousand dollars a good start could be made. She threw herself into the job of whipping Roman society into taking part in a charity bazaar. She gave charity balls and card parties. She collected thousand lire notes from dinner partners and raised twelve thousand five hundred dollars with which the Red Cross bought a house and garden for the children. Eighty children now go to school in a spic and span sanatorium where they have proper food, exercise and medical care. The home is called "The Italian Red Cross Prophylactic Colony of the Princess Jane di San Faustino." Before her death the Princess raised more than two hundred thousand dollars for it, and the Red Cross gave her a gold medal.



In 1913, after the earthquake of Avezzano which drove thousands of homeless refugees into Rome, she housed and fed in her apartment more than a hundred men, women and children through the winter. During the War she directed a soup kitchen and put most of Rome's society girls to work in it.

Meanwhile she had completely conquered Roman society. She could afford to give only small parties but they were the talk of Rome because instead of letting her guests stand around bored, she kept things bouncing. Prince d'Avella once told her, "You have no conventions; we have been governed by them for centuries. It is because we never know what you are going to do that you have us at your feet."

Her daring made Rome gasp. At a painfully formal British Embassy costume ball the guests were to come dressed as their ancestors. The sons and daughters of the great families of Italy dug beautiful Renaissance costumes out of their attics and arrived in solemn splendor. Jane came as a sea monster. She was in long green scaly robes and on her head was a dragon-like mask with electric eyes that flashed when she pushed a button. She went around saying "Boo!" to royalty.

When she was thirty-three she met Prince Carlo di San Faustino, handsome, athletic and pursued by many; he was four years younger than Jane. Short of a spirited polo pony, he never had met anything like her. Three weeks later he proposed and she accepted just as soon as she could get her breath.

The Prince's family tried to prevent the match with this practically penniless American. The engagement was on and off half a dozen times; at last Jane arranged for them to meet in Switzerland and they were married.

She immediately set out to carry on the social tradi-

tion of the Prince's family — in an American manner. The first thing for a bride to do was to give a big party. The rule was to serve only cakes, ice cream and lemonade. She wanted champagne. Charles forbade it; he said she was disgracing the family name.

So the Prince and Princess at once went into the first of hundreds of quarrels that were to electrify their lives. The polo pony was never to be broken. Charles went to bed and wouldn't get up. He sent word to her that he was dying. And the party was only a few hours away! Charles had the key to the wine cellar. The Princess had no money, so she sold one of her gold chains and bought champagne.

The guests arrived. The furious bridegroom stayed in bed, and the Princess, at her first big party, received her guests alone, explaining through clenched teeth that her dear Charles suddenly had been taken ill. The guests stayed just long enough to drink up all the champagne! Some of them were indignant at the antics of this "wild Indian from America." But they all came to her next party.

Princess Jane never lost her New Jersey ideas. She never had lovers, which made a good many Italians lift their eyebrows in shocked disapproval. Most of her quarrels with Charles were about his women friends. In Italy, when a man has a mistress, his wife is no more concerned than an American woman is about her husband's secretary. Until the end, the Italian point of view was beyond Jane's conception; she truly loved Charles — the father of her son and daughter. When she was fifty-one she was overwhelmed with a desire to see Charles' mistress. She learned that he was to dine with her and she threw a shawl over her head, and drove to the Colonna restaurant. It was a rainy night and she stood outside on

the pavement for an hour staring at the beautiful girl, through the window, noting bitterly that Charles was gayer than she ever had seen him. She went home and cried herself to sleep.

Italian wives who heard about the episode were dumbfounded. They thought her social and moral upbringing must have been quite improper. Some called her "Crazy Jane."

When Princess Jane was fifty-six her husband died in a hospital. His mistress telephoned the Princess and asked permission to see the body before it was brought home to lie in state. She sent her maid to take the girl there quickly before Charles' family would arrive at the hospital and keep her out. The Italians were dumbfounded at that, too.

"I'm a sentimentalist," was the only explanation she ever gave.

Then, always eager to turn a serious situation into a light one, she chuckled, "That's why I have trouble remembering the names of married people, but never forget the names of those with whom they're in love."

Italy was good to Princess Jane; it gave her a position that she probably would never have attained in America. But America always was home to her. A short time before her death she said quietly to some close American friends, "When I die I want Americans, none but Americans around me." Then, seemingly ashamed of her softness, she turned it into a joke. "Because," she added, smiling, "I never would be able to die in Italian. I'd get the wrong verb forms in my farewell speech and instead of saying something heroic, it would only be silly."



## Metropolis and Utopia

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

AMONG American critics, whether of the arts in America or of the national society, Lewis Mumford occupies a unique and extraordinary place. There are sociologists who regard the arts as something like solitaire or a passion for mountain climbing — all very well in its way, but having nothing to do with the statistics which exhibit the mortality rate among the lower-income groups in seven selected industrial counties. There are “critics” who regard society as a kind of painted background for literature, music, or what not, as a necessary and rather uninteresting storehouse which chiefly exists to provide the artist with something to work with. Mr. Mumford has fallen into neither extreme. Gifted with a strong, if highly individual, esthetic sense, he has never looked upon the economist as a dull fellow because he is interested in bank deposits; and, highly sensitized to social values, he has never thought of the arts as a kind of immortal nightclub in which to pass a few idle hours away from one’s job. Unlike most sociologists, he is gifted with a sensitive literary style; unlike many persons endowed with a sensitive literary style, he has a profound respect for the brute facts of modern civilization.

The literary career of this extraordinary man has been marked by a series of intuitions which in turn have led him to study the actual fact in order to justify the intuition. A book like *Sticks and Stones* (1924) was, in an unfavorable sense, a collection of brilliant guesses. Mr. Mumford felt the need for a study of the interaction of

*The Culture of Cities.* By Lewis Mumford. Harcourt, Brace. \$5.00.

civilization and architecture in the United States, and set himself to study it with a blithe and fine ignorance of the difficulties of the subject. The result was a book which is, in all probability, wrong in paragraph after paragraph, but which, in its totality, was and is one of the most illuminating analyses of culture in the republic since Bryce or De Tocqueville. The illumination comes from a certain fearlessness of imaginative insight — a capacity, reminiscent of Blake, to see the transient and accepted fact in the new and strange light of eternity.

Or — not to pause on *The Golden Day*, a study of the classic period of American letters — take *The Brown Decades*, a volume which Mr. Mumford now finds “exasperatingly superficial.” Superficial it may be, but it is not exasperating, precisely because it is superficial. That is to say, Mr. Mumford chose to examine an epoch in American development which has been condemned on every hand — the epoch popularly known as the President Grant period, when, it is a commonplace to remark, esthetic taste and social responsibility were never lower. Without defending the Moorish alcove or the tortured wooden balconies of summer homes on the Maine coast, Mr. Mumford calmly pointed out that these were but transient phenomena; that an immense quantity of good and solid work was done in a period supposed to be dedicated to gimcrackery, with the result that he is almost the only critic to see that the American Dark Ages were not as dark as they are generally supposed to be. The information was there for anybody; but it took a special kind of transforming imagination to find out its significance.

Latterly Mr. Mumford has become a touch more sociological and a touch less esthetic. He is, in truth, by way of becoming a specialist on the culture of cities. It is a transformation at once to be hailed and to be deplored.

Its virtue lies in the patent advantage of harnessing an imagination, a capacity for synthesizing disparate bodies of material, to the problem of keeping the megalopolis of today socially sane. What is lost is the divine touch of the amateur. One can be overburdened by information. I have not (unfortunately) read *Technics and Civilization* (1934), but there are traces in *The Culture of Cities* that the imaginative insight is being obfuscated by the knowledge of the specialist. The style lacks the lift and tingling energy of the earlier volumes; and if the study is masterly and thorough, it is hard reading. Diffusion is taking the place of insight; and though the book is a specialist's study with the virtues of mastery and completeness, its encyclopedic quality is a burden. *Sticks and Stones* was a pamphlet touched with genius; *The Culture of Cities* is a massive tome, thorough, worthy, excellent, but making such demands upon the attention of the lay reader as half to defeat its purpose.

This vast study, with its five hundred pages of text, its exhaustive bibliography, its fascinating illustrations, falls into two grand divisions. The first is a history of the city in western Europe, at least from mediaeval times; the second is a discussion of the city of the future. Mr. Mumford only touches upon the cities of the ancient world, and not at all upon the cities of the Orient, partly, I suppose, because exact information is hard to come by, and partly because he thought the information would be superfluous in a book already crowded to the gunwales with its weight of learning. Having complained about the bulk of the book, I cannot consistently wish it huger; but, as a mere layman, I suggest that some of the conclusions about the life-span and ecology of cities herein set forth might be greatly modified if other than European and American cities were included in the scope of the argument.



For Mr. Mumford, at least, the four principal types of cities are the mediaeval town, the baroque city, the industrial center, and the metropolis, which, in its hugest size, is the megalopolis — New York, London, Berlin, Chicago. He finds a surprising number of things to say in favor of the mediaeval town, which, even if its sanitation was as good as he says it was, he is inclined, like many moderns since Cobbett and Carlyle, to view with nostalgia. Thence the descent is rapid through the baroque cities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the hideousness of the industrial center and the horrors of the metropolis. Macaulay's imaginative picture of the New Zealander brooding over the ruins of London bridge is pale beside Mr. Mumford's picture of dissolution and decay in our overgrown megalopolitan centers. Whether the owls will make their nests in the empty windows of the Empire State building is not clear; certain it is, to him at least, that the easy theory: all cities must perpetually expand, means in time: all cities must in fact die. It is to the arresting of this death that the remainder of the book is devoted.

The arrest is to come through regional planning; and the book departs on a vast digressive arc to discuss the history and significance of regional planning, of which the Tennessee Valley is, within limits, a modern prototype in the United States. Mr. Mumford paints an engaging picture, thoughtfully conceived, of regional planning, made possible by electric power lines, automobiles, a renewed sense of the necessity of light, air, and contact with wild nature, industry decentralized and scattered efficiently over the landscape. What he is to do with the old metropolitan areas is not always clear; apparently, in years of depression, an enlightened municipality is to buy up mortgaged land, tear down buildings, and pro-

vide recreation spots for the proletariat. Mr. Mumford is severe upon the vast paper structure of capitalistic enterprise which has brought these monstrosities into being; he is poetically vague about the practical details of unscrambling the Brobdingnagian omelet.

In one sense it does not matter that, except for his denunciation of free capitalism and his demand for collective action, he provides no blue print for reform. Central Park was in its genesis the wild dream of a poet, and Blake's indignant cry for Jerusalem built in England's green and pleasant land has its practical result in the occasional garden cities of the modern world. The intensity of Mr. Mumford's conviction, the plausibility of his social and economic analysis, intended to convince the reader that things are irresistibly moving in the direction of regionalism, are sufficient. Possibly *Technics and Civilization* offers the practical program. Mr. Mumford believes that, with inevitable hitches, we are headed for a new "biotechnic civilization," and probably he is right. He has convinced me that regionalism, in his sense of the word, is a solution to the problem. If I raise one or two doubts, it is not because regional planning is undesirable, but because I am puzzled about certain phases of the argument.

Mr. Mumford's indictment of the megalopolis is one of the severest ever penned. Take, for example, this single paragraph on urban transportation:

The cost of all the necessary transportation systems in a big city is equally massive: certain factors elude exact calculation. The initial capital cost, particularly for the underground systems, with their difficult tunneling and boring, is necessarily high: but this is only a part of the total expenses. Year by year one must add the cost of coal consumed in hauling around live human bodies: above all, one must add on the human cost, the physiological wear and tear, the psychological boredom and

harassment and depression brought about by this daily shuttling between dormitory and workhouse. Consider the number of man-hours reckoned in multiples of a million stupidly expended in the daily transportation of the human body: minutes and hours which, at the peak of traffic, cannot be utilized in achieving the trivial anesthesia of the daily newspaper. Add to this the depression of the uncomfortable journey, the exposure to infectious diseases in the overcrowded car, the disturbance to the gastro-intestinal functions caused by the strain and anxiety of having to reach the office or factory on time.

The penalties of life in New York could not be more compellingly put.

But when Mr. Mumford goes on to say that the "metropolitan world . . . is a world where flesh and blood is less real than paper and ink and celluloid," when he indicts the metropolitan art museum as a chaos, a department store of history, when he describes the city as a mass hopelessly expanding or contracting around a common center which it is helpless to leave, when he accuses it of "shapelessness," "aimless inconsecutive streets," a "wild jumble of structures," when he says "there is a special name for power when it is concentrated on such a scale: it is called impotence," it seems to me that the zeal of his house has eaten him up.

New York, for example, is a vast, impersonal, headless crowd; it is also a congery of neighborhoods, villages, localities. Little business centers spring up, or are encircled; the neighborhood hall, church, theater, or club exists; personalities are rich and discoverable; there is, in short, not only the New York in which the subway is a nightmare, but also the New York of O. Henry. It is not quite true that the New Yorker takes life "vicariously" as a reader, a spectator, or a passive observer; or, if he does, he does not differ so greatly from the reader-spectator-passive-observer in Des Moines or Boulder or Lara-



mie as Mr. Mumford's depressed state of mind would have us think. I do not say that Mr. Mumford's nightmare is not an actual nightmare; I say only that he has over-colored his portrait, that possibly the megalopolis is not so ready for decay as he would have us think. And I suspect the intellectual readiness to wipe off the metropolis as a gigantic error may have some relation to regional planning. The human race is an oddly irrational species.

There is not space, unfortunately, to dwell upon Mr. Mumford's excellent argument for regionalism. His regionalism is not the local-color sort, which drives people like myself to Vermont, nor is it the yearn for crinoline and obedient niggers which distinguishes the Neo-Confederate poetry around Vanderbilt University. It is a healthy, operative regionalism, which takes full account of economic and industrial progress. He points out the meaninglessness of political boundaries and of most political organs, but he dwells also upon the possibilities latent in structures like the Port of New York Authority or the T. V. A. He does not, like William Morris, take flight from the machine, he prefers to domesticate and master it. He wants a balanced life for as many people as possible — not merely good living conditions in the ordinary sense, but opportunity to get at wild nature, to recover the lost state of being human.

But he is, as I say, vague about the Perfect Society under which these desirable changes are to operate. Is it communism? Is it socialism? Is it some new brand of government? All I can make out is that free capitalism will never bring about the happy land of Mr. Mumford's dream. He would, I think, like to rewrite the constitution, rearrange the boundaries of states, redistribute political power, and make the machinery of government correspond to the ecology of mankind. I suspect that the

dead hand of the past is going to prove exceedingly heavy, and, short of a violent upheaval, I do not myself see the way to the politics of the new regionalism.

Mr. Mumford has a lifelong and laudable faith in architecture. The new regionalism is to be bright with modern and efficient homes, or else some form of collective housing. Today, he writes, "even the finest urban dwellings of the last century are, for the greater part, obsolete." He wants a modern dwelling.

The new home is primarily a biological institution; and the house is a specialized structure devoted to the functions of reproduction, nutrition and nurture. To expand the definition a little, the dwelling house is a building arranged in such a fashion that meals may be easily prepared and served, that the processes of hygiene and sanitation may be facilitated, that rest and sleep may be enjoyed without disturbance from the outside world, that sexual intercourse may take place with privacy and a minimum of distraction at all times in the year, and that the care of the young may be carried on under favorable conditions of companionship and supervision.

This is certainly admirable, but the old Adam in <sup>us</sup> is likely to rise in revolt. Many of us are, as Mr. Mumford says, born in a hospital, married by a justice of the peace, and put out of the way in a crematorium. But tradition and human cussedness are linked in eternal union against Mr. Mumford's bright new world. I try to be just to Mr. Mumford's excellent definition of the home as a "specialized structure devoted to the functions of reproduction, nutrition and nurture." I rejoice with him that the American kitchen is already — well, the index unfortunately doesn't permit me to find the passage, but he speaks of it as a triumphant union of efficiency and esthetic taste. I want the best plumbing. I am in favor of a minimum of distraction at all times of the year with respect to sexual intercourse. But I suspect that thousands

upon thousands of Americans will have to be totally re-educated before they look upon their homes as specialized structures devoted to the functions of reproduction, nutrition and nurture. They had not looked upon them that way. Mr. Mumford will pardon me if I say, without malice, that his is merely the scientific definition of a home. And how regional planning and the best modern architecture is to overcome our stubborn attachment to the old, sentimental notion of the home as the place where, when nobody else will, they have to take you in, I am not clear.

*The Culture of Cities* is a grand book. It is built like one of those public monuments, which Mr. Mumford wants to get rid of, but I am trying to pay him a compliment. It is a book which every city manager, every regional planner, every sociologist will read. It points the way to a brighter and better distribution of civilization. It is perhaps not Mr. Mumford's fault that he cannot be more specific about the ways to these reforms. I wish he had not been quite so severe on the metropolis, and I wish he would take his notion of home-planning and apply it somewhere else than near New York city, for I think it would then acquire some doubtless regrettable but very human modifications. But I hope that in his next volume Mr. Mumford will return to the manner of his earlier writing. I think the stimulus of his packed style, his insight, his imaginative acuity is needed, and I am sorry to see these things, as it were, buried in a quasi-scientific treatise, admirable though the effort is.



## A New Classicist

LLOYD MORRIS

AMONG the rising generation of American novelists, none has given more valuable pledges to the future than Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. She has been publishing for only six years. She has produced only three books and a very few short stories. But these — each in its way almost flawless — attest the possession of superior gifts and a genuine vocation. That her work received immediate praise from the critics is not surprising. It is strong, subtle, and exquisitely fashioned. In no way spectacular or topical, it might easily have missed widespread popular success. The intervention of a book club determined otherwise. By distributing to its members her first and, more recently, her latest, books, it served a useful purpose. Few recent novels have so well merited wide circulation, or the subsequent rewards of the best-seller lists and purchase by Hollywood.

Because Mrs. Rawlings locates her stories in the hammock country of Florida — a district unfamiliar to prosperous tourists, and never before exploited in our fiction — most critics have reported her as a “regional” novelist, relating her work to that intensive study of local environment and folkways which today preoccupies many American writers. There is, of course, an obvious justice in this interpretation. But it is also misleading, and tends to obscure the major import of this author’s work.

It was not a critic of this generation who asserted that only three subjects exist for literature: man’s relation to the world of nature, to his fellows, and to his God. But, although temporarily out of fashion, the formula has

*The Yearling.* By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Scribner’s. \$2.50.

seldom been improved, and from time to time writers emerge whose perception of life brings their work within its terms. Of these, Mrs. Rawlings is clearly an example. Few other contemporary American novelists exhibit so marked a detachment from the problems, the currents of opinion, the pressures and tensions which characterize American life today. So complete is her detachment from the specifically contemporary and the transient as, occasionally, to perplex her readers. It would be easy, for instance, to accept *The Yearling* as a story of today; nothing in the first half of the book contradicts this assumption; only one passage of dialogue, revealing that two middle-aged characters are Civil war veterans, identifies the period of the story as the past. In the case of so intelligent and meticulous a craftsman as Mrs. Rawlings, it is absurd to suppose that this detachment, and the rigorous exclusions which it imposes, are purely accidental. They are obviously dictated by a personal perception of life, by a concern for ultimate rather than relative values, and by an intention to present experience in its most simple and enduring forms.

To make this point is merely to suggest that Mrs. Rawlings is essentially a classicist, writing at a moment when the dominant accent of our fiction is romantic. Her work more closely resembles Miss Cather's *My Antonia*, or Mrs. Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, than it does the novels of Ernest Hemingway or Erskine Caldwell. But, although a classicist in her perception of life, she is a romantic in her literary endowment. Sensibility is its most impressive element, and imparts to Mrs. Rawlings's writing certain qualities more familiar in poetry than prose fiction. The sheer expressiveness of her prose will be noted by every reader. In passage after passage of her novels, a casual gesture or fleeting look is charged with

meanings which her characters — by turns so eloquent and so reticent — cannot utter. Or a mood, a motive, a subtle complex of feelings and impulses, may be communicated by a minute modulation of light or color that transforms the landscape. And only a sensibility more than normally acute could register, with the astonishing rightness of Mrs. Rawlings's dialogue, the cadences and inflections of an idiom which sometimes rises to primitive poetry, and sometimes sinks to an inarticulate growl. This sensibility and this expressiveness are, in short, a kind of medium or instrument. For with them Mrs. Rawlings makes comprehensible and convincing a world that might otherwise seem part illusion, and part nostalgic memory.

The world which Mrs. Rawlings has chosen to portray has its topographical counterpart in reality. It is the wild jungle of inland Florida, sparsely populated by the Crackers, and bordered by the groves of those who grow oranges for northern markets. But although *South Moon Under* and, in less measure, *Golden Apples* may have justified a belief that she was primarily concerned with its local peculiarities, her use of it in *The Yearling* proves that this is not the case. For, in this latest and certainly finest of her three novels, she has written a universal parable. And in it, the world of Florida's hammock country is merely an archetype of all worlds in which man's spirit can emerge victorious or vanquished from the incessant conflict which is his life.

In choosing a subject at once so significant and so simple, Mrs. Rawlings reveals herself the mature artist, disciplined to complete awareness of her limitations and her resources. The minor blemishes which appeared in her two earlier novels, and which occurred only when she forced her talents to uncongenial tasks, are entirely



absent from *The Yearling*. Within the terms of its intention, this is as nearly a perfect work of art as American fiction can display.

The story portrays the life of the Baxters, a family inhabiting an "island" or clearing in the depths of a forest which isolates them from their nearest neighbors, as well as from the world at large. All the action of the book passes within the clearing, the surrounding forest, the Forrester clearing, and the tiny river settlement where infrequent trading takes place. Penny Baxter, a little man though a mighty hunter, his stout wife Ory, and their twelve-year-old boy, Jody, are the protagonists. Their lives touch those of the Forresters, a wild and roistering family living on a distant "island," and those of the Huttos, and Boyles the storekeeper, who dwell in the river settlement. But, for the most part, they live to and for themselves, in a world quite literally of their own making which, but for their unremitting vigilance, would succumb to the encroachments of the jungle and the depredations of wild animals. They are proud, self-reliant, hard-working, and their life is an unending struggle with the conflicting purposes of nature.

One year of their experience is crystallized in the story, and its meaning made explicit at the end. Into that year Mrs. Rawlings has compressed the irreducible events which collectively furnish a common denominator for all human existence. Childhood and adolescence, the stern business of getting a livelihood, courtship and mating, the rearing of the young, the incidence of age, the passing of the torch, and finally death: all these are encompassed within four seasons of the Baxters' life. During that year, Jody passes from adolescence into manhood, Penny from vigorous maturity into age and decay. During it, likewise, the fortunes of the Baxters prosper and wane, flood

devastates the hammock country, old Slewfoot the wily bear is pursued and finally slain in a passage that vividly recalls Ahab's pursuit of Moby Dick. And during it, we have been admitted to what is probably the most tender and beautiful love story recorded by American fiction: the love of Jody for Flag, the pet fawn which he captured in the forest, brought home and tamed because Penny overruled Ory's objections, and was finally condemned to slaughter because Flag, true to his natural instincts, twice ate the Baxter crops.

The meaning, the true import of this novel is incarnated by the story of Jody and Flag. Oddly enough, the equivalent symbols have been recently employed, and to much the same effect, by another American novelist. They were used by John Steinbeck in *Of Mice and Men*, as admirable a novel in its way as *The Yearling*. In it, the companionship of Lennie, the idiot, assuaged the intolerable loneliness of George; and that of his ailing dog, the misery of Candy's old age: Lennie dies by George's hand, and old Candy is compelled to connive in the slaughter of his pet. Mr. Steinbeck's purpose was not Mrs. Rawlings's, yet the symbols by virtue of their universal relevance made his story a reading of all life. Mrs. Rawlings's intention was to offer precisely this reading of life, and she therefore makes its significance explicit in the closing pages of her novel. Flag has been slaughtered, Jody has deserted his home and returned to it. Penny, broken now and bedridden, sums it all up.

I'm goin' to talk to you, man to man. You figgered I went back on you. Now there's a thing ever' man has got to know. Mebbe you know it a'ready. 'Twa'n't only me. 'Twa'n't only your yearlin' deer havin' to be destroyed. Boy, life goes back on you. . . . You've seed how things goes in the world o' men. You've knowed men to be low-down and mean. You've seed ol'

Death at his tricks. You've messed around with ol' Starvation. Ever' man wants life to be a fine thing, and a easy. 'Tis fine, boy, powerful fine, but 'taint easy. Life knocks a man down and he gits up and it knocks him down agin. I've been uneasy all my life. . . . I wanted you to frolic with your yearlin'. I knowed the lonesomeness he eased for you. But ever' man's lonesome. What's he to do then? What's he to do when he gits knocked down? Why, take it for his share and go on.

So much for the parable that lies at the heart of *The Yearling*. It is conceived strictly within the terms of a Puritan ethics, and represents a characteristically American attempt to reconcile the beauty, the pathos, and the indiscriminate cruelty of man's existence and nature's. To some readers, other aspects of Mrs. Rawlings's novel will seem more important. Docility, which is perhaps the end of all philosophy, may be only the beginning of wisdom: Mrs. Rawlings's intelligence makes no effort to carry us further. Her sensibility does. It plunges us deeply into the hearts and the perceptions of a child, a wise man, and a brave woman. It recreates for us those fundamental attitudes of the human spirit which make life endurable, and those inalienable experiences of love and beauty which enable us to live it without shame. With *The Yearling*, Mrs. Rawlings rightfully takes her place among our most accomplished writers of fiction.



## Sierra Hymns

FRED SCHUNK

**I**NTENSELY aware of all the pleasant features of this very pleasant earth, John Muir loved the mountains most of all. They were creatures with a sort of life in his opinion, "friends subject to moods, now talking, now taciturn, with whom we converse as man to man." He loved to watch the storm clouds gather on their brows, the thunder tones of avalanches down their rocky sides was as celestial music, the play of colors while the seasons painted them with leaf and flower or snow and ice formed an inexhaustible delight. "Climb the mountains," he urged, "and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves." Nor were other natural objects, the trees, animals, minerals and glaciers, neglected. He spent hours listening to the "blessed" larks or watching the spread of golden compositae across the valley floors in spring. Every mountain stream, forest, lake, bird, beast and insect seemed to call him to come and learn something of its history and relationship. We live in creation's dawn he felt. The glacial winter is not yet over. Its ice is still at work to make the world more beautiful every day. Valleys are being deepened, mountains sculptured, lakes formed, and meadows ploughed for gentian gardens. Study of our western glaciers led to a revolutionary theory of glacial action, but even more than he was a scientist he was a transcendentalist, one of those fortunate mortals, more deeply sensitive than the rest, who see

*John of the Mountains.* Journals of John Muir. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

divinity in the commonest earthly objects, and for whom nature thus has a beauty and meaning almost impossible for most of us to understand.

His journals, edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe, furnish the truest picture of this side of him. Much that is purely nature writing we have seen used before in his published work, but the records of his life's deepest moments and mystical conviction of the identity of the universe with God he kept concealed, while he yet lived, out of a decent Scotch reserve. We are already familiar with the lyrical Muir rejoicing in strongly rhythmic prose at storms and clouds and every form of "throbbing, joyful life," but in the journals we discover too a Muir who speaks with all the fervor of a prophet and even more transcendental than Thoreau. Not all the journals are gathered in this volume. Some have been printed elsewhere, while those of his European travel are omitted entirely for lack of space. But the best portions of his best years are represented. All told sixty journals were crowded with notes of lonely adventure, inspired natural description, scientific observations, and the symbolic meaning he found behind each natural fact.

Four years of college study ended, Muir set out on a long botanical excursion from Wisconsin south through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida. The journal of his experiences in the wilder portions of the South was later published as *A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf*, an important work in spite of its immaturity of style because the period it covers formed the pupal stage in the metamorphosis of his spiritual life from which he emerged an adult creature with new powers of thought and feeling. His life was intensified thereafter. The world assumed brighter colors, and the glimpse of cosmic glory he had obtained while still at college widened into a clear view.

A year later in late March of 1868 we find Muir in California attracted by stories of its wonderful flora and the famous Yosemite valley. Delaying only a day in San Francisco he set out afoot on the enchanted wanderings which in his first ten California years took him from the San Joaquin valley to the High Sierras, into Yosemite, among the Mariposa Big Trees, up Tissiack and Mount Shasta, and to every other place wild enough to attract his untamed spirit. It was the beginning of a life which he describes as like a strong butterfly's which settles not long at any place, the start of unencumbered sunlit days that never seemed to end so crowded were they with new scenes and new impressions. His journal of these years is one long record of delight. He was fairly dazed with all he had seen and done. A lively joy spills over into his writings in a riot of metaphor and exclamations of thanksgiving and elation. Enthusiastic in utterance, his style is rich and brilliant, reflecting an intense passion for every sort of wildness, and giving full expression to the happy asceticism of his daily life. No doubt had Muir lived elsewhere he would have developed along similar lines, but the western country was particularly suited to his needs and gift for large expression with the sublime grandeur of its mountain ranges, its great landscape forming glaciers, booming falls, sculptured precipices, deep canyons painted with light and shade, immense Sequoias, and perhaps even more its solitude. Something of the largeness of the scenes he witnessed was imparted to his prose, much of the harmony he so reverently sought and found in nature, and all the delight he felt in each new, noble scene.

To understand his exaltation we must remember he was not looking simply at birds or flowers or cloud-misted mountains. In every case there was something



more, something deep and overwhelming. Travel in the forest wilderness was for him the clearest way into the universe. Looked at in this way it is not hard to understand how the sight of a waterfall might leave him breathless, thrilled almost to pain. In a characteristic passage he writes, "The rocks, the sublime canyons, waters and winds, and all life structures — animals, ouzels, meadow, and grove, and all the silver stars, are words of God, and they flow smooth and ripe from his lips." Again he says, "the trees wave, and flowers bloom in our bodies as well as our souls, and every bird song, wind song, and tremendous storm song of the rocks in the heart of the mountains is our song, our very own, and sings our love." No one was ever so wildly free before, and no one was ever conscious of so many bonds — but they were all the gentle, universal ones of kinship.

All feel similar stirrings in the presence of sublimity, but with Muir, consciousness of an all pervading Being revealing Himself symbolically in the loveliness and grandeur of natural things deepened until personal identity was almost lost, and he had no existence apart from the glorious whole of nature. Bird and beast, mineral and plant formed one great unity and he was of it. All the life, joy, and eagerness of the larger creature became incorporated in him. The resurrection of spring, the health of winter, abundant overflowing summer life, the autumn jubilee, now were personal joys keenly felt. Assurance of this kind made him brave and cheerful. The hundreds of petty fears that paralyze the lives of ordinary men were lost. His own sorrows seemed unimportant or his own ill health, or even his own death, in comparison with the universal health and immortality of which he found himself so inseparably a part. John Muir returns from a hard, exhausting day on mountain, glacier, or tun-

dra, or from a nerve-tingling ride on a plunging avalanche, or after being nearly washed from a narrow ledge while watching the moonlight through a cascade — but the journal entry for that day reflects only a happy optimism and an undisturbed bliss.

Three dollars a month enabled him to live the life which he so intensely and devoutly loved. Lacking even this small pittance he tended sheep for various Irishmen, an occupation he found not at all romantic. But a few months of it provided funds for years of carefree travel and joyous independence. A sturdy body, a willingness to live on bread and tea enabled him to remain almost indefinitely in the wilderness. He rarely entered towns, and when he did his unkempt auburn hair, ragged clothes, and rapt expression made strangers stare. His outfit was meagre. He tramped with no equipment but a bag of bread, a little sack of tea, and a cup to steep it in. Two notebooks were tied to his belt, besides he carried a watch, barometer, and a few other instruments necessary for his glacial studies. But he never considered himself poor. Why should he when the sight of a cascade could make him feel "too rich and happy to know what to do?"

After ten years of this sort of life he was still enjoying himself immensely. But his friends worried. They feared he would become too rough and wild. Emerson begged him to "hurry done with mountains, come east . . . and teach young men in colleges." Muir hastened not at all. He knew how necessary the wilderness was to his well-being. Not until 1880 did he bid it a partial farewell to marry, to have children, and to manage a fruit ranch of his own. In all these he was successful. But domestic life however happy was not enough. The mountains were his source of inspiration, and away from them he could not

write at all. For six years his pen was silent. Not until the order of his life was rearranged to include months of freedom between the busy seasons were the journals and his scientific and literary work resumed.

The long silence marks a dividing point. The spiritual strain so conspicuously a portion of his early journals is less encountered in the latter ones. His life now was one of quieter enjoyment. He wrote more of the literary, social and scientific great he was meeting in his travels, and these after all, no matter how great, lack the grandeur of Sequoias as topics for a writer. Then too he was less often alone and ecstasy is not a social pleasure. Even so the July and August of his song does not lack in interest. His last years were busy ones. Six books and many articles were published after 1890. Between journeys to Alaska, Canada, Europe, and South America, he plunged into the work for which he is perhaps best known. Muir more than any man was responsible for the formation of our National Park system, and the saving of the Sequoia and redwood groves from greedy interests. He was an old man now though we are not often conscious of it for his prose remains astonishingly youthful. Working serenely to the end, he died on Christmas eve in 1914 with the proof sheets of his Alaska journey spread out on the bed before him.

Obviously Muir was not a modern. His life has none of the unease so characteristic of the temper of today. He does not doubt; he speaks of joy and faith and peace, words the modern can hardly bring himself to feel are real. Whereas the present trend is towards a greater consciousness of individuality, Muir hardly distinguished between himself and the rest of nature. He knew that only by losing personal identity is it possible to find largeness and nobility in life. Thus he could escape the pettiness



and pain and sense of futility overcoming all who seek "self-realization" only to find the individual by any impartial scale has no importance, destiny or hope.

Though he did work of enduring scientific value, his true relationship is first with men such as Wordsworth and Thoreau, next with the Christian mystics, and only last with science. He is most at home with those who knew that to save their lives they first must lose them. With Thoreau especially he has much in common. Both lived lonely lives. They did not fit their times and were shunted to one side. Sometimes it is hard to decide whether they went into the wilderness because they loved it, or because there was no other place for them to go. Both preferred poverty to any loss of freedom, and because they based their lives on an inner excitement and not on material possessions they found it possible to be happy under conditions that to others would seem appalling. They found stability and comfort in the midst of voluntary poverty, safety amid danger, assurance when they lacked both home and food. Theirs was a happiness that danger, discomfort and loneliness could not destroy. In one other respect they are alike. They fascinate us more and more. We turn almost involuntarily towards men who living lives so different from our own yet found a happiness and sense of permanence which somehow have eluded us. And in fact there is every reason why we should turn to them. A world that doubts itself and sickens with despair has much to learn from men who spoke in the affirmative, who moved through life with optimism, who gained security and peace, whose favorite adjectives were divine and blessed and serene.

## Edmund Wilson

NORMA McCARTY

IN THIS DAY of confused thinking when serious literary values are threatened by quick-fire reviews, more akin to book-blurbs than to criticism, and by sheerly leftist propaganda, it is worthwhile to give serious attention to the work and career of Edmund Wilson. Not only is he a distinguished literary critic, who has thought long and patiently about literature, but his own critical development and most recent conclusions mirror and solve many present-day dilemmas.

The present volume, *The Triple Thinkers*, is devoted to the great literary figures of the nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries: Pushkin, Flaubert, Samuel Butler, and of a slightly later period, John Jay Chapman, Henry James, A. E. Housman, and Bernard Shaw. To this task Wilson brings scholarship and imagination. He shows these writers against the backgrounds of their day, he brings out the peculiar problems of their special temperaments, he reveals how they succeeded or failed to adjust themselves to life, and demonstrates the effect on their work. Housman is seen an embittered scholar, slaving away over the texts of Manilius, denying the poet in him out of that peculiar perversity which makes so many Englishmen, like the late T. E. Lawrence, run from life and hide their light under a bushel. Shaw emerges — an artist — whose social themes have served him as anatomy served Michael Angelo. And John Jay Chapman, one of the most vitally alive figures in American letters, is shown for what he was — an artist-moralist who was somehow defeated by the incongruous and

*The Triple Thinkers*. By Edmund Wilson. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.

provincial milieu in which he lived. But these are only three of the eight writers with whom Wilson deals, and they all emerge equally vividly. We know what to think and what to feel about them. And one is grateful that Edmund Wilson is once again writing about literature. For *The Triple Thinkers* is Wilson's first book of literary criticism in seven years. Since *Axel's Castle* (1931) Wilson has been almost exclusively preoccupied by socio-economic problems. His last two books, *The American Jitters* (1932) and *Travels in Two Democracies* (1936) were respectively impressions of the American and the Russian social scenes.

But to estimate Wilson's contribution as a critic, to understand the motivations behind his work, and even his excursion into the sphere of contemporary social problems, one must go back to certain inherent qualities in Wilson's literary make-up, and beyond that to the critics of the past.

Of Puritan stock and in the American Protestant tradition, Wilson is primarily a moralist. Like Emerson, he is always preoccupied by ethics, always searching for a "better life." It is the strength and in certain respects the weakness of his work; the strength, because all the great critics of the past have been and must be concerned with ethics. They are critics of life as well as of literature. You feel this acute sense of moral values in Wilson's estimate of a man like Rimbaud. Rimbaud was the great symbolist poet, who feeling that he was living and writing in a decadent period, abandoned literature and Europe to tramp through the Orient. And Wilson summarizes his career by asking whether his destiny "in its violence, its moral interest, and its tragic completeness" was not a more noble one than that of his fellow writers who remained at home in an atmosphere of



"lethargy and defeat." It is again this same moral sense which enables him to dissect his subjects so accurately, and point out their weaknesses. Like Sainte-Beuve and Taine, Wilson views the artist (and his work — the two are inseparable) as the living organism, a natural growth whose ultimate value must depend on its perfect and healthy functioning. It is akin to the approach of a horticulturist who examines minutely a living plant in an effort to determine where and how it is blighted. Thus, in writing of Proust (*Axel's Castle*), Wilson is very conscious that he is dealing with a man who is not only physically ill, who is viewing the world from the insulated isolation of the sick-room, but who is also morally ill. He reveals Proust's emotional dependence on his mother, he shows Proust's failure ever to establish any satisfactory and enduring tie beyond the maternal one, and finally how, once this uniquely happy relationship ended with his mother's death, Proust sat down at last to pour out his frustrated and pent-up energies into his work. And much as Wilson admires Proust — he considers him one of the great minds of his day — he is careful to show the damaging effect of Proust's neuroticism on his work. He points out that in the *Temps Perdu* every character ends up badly, every human relationship, friendship, love, leads to despair, so that in Wilson's own words: "We begin to wonder whether Proust is not guilty of the mediaeval sin of *accidia*, that predilection for slothfulness and gloom," and whether he is giving us an altogether fair picture of life. Likewise, in writing of T. S. Eliot, Wilson explains the aridity, the over-intellectualism, which somewhat mar his poetry by a moral imbalance due to the warping influence of his early Puritan training.

But how has this moral-ethical tendency affected Wilson's critical development? What has it to do with his

shift from literary to social preoccupations — with his Communist sympathies? A great deal. In the late 'twenties, Wilson, like many thoughtful people, became acutely dissatisfied with certain aspects of American life. *The American Jitters* (1932) was a bitter exposé not only of the economic injustices, but of the dearth of ideals, moral standards, and ethical values in post-depression America. And in the final chapter, *The Case of the Author*, Wilson explains that though he was himself of bourgeois origin, and hence hoped for a liberal solution, as he despaired of this, he turned to Russia and pinned his hopes on the great new movement of creative thought and culture, the ideal of a classless society. Like many intellectuals in those days, he felt it was "necessary to believe something of the kind, or to accept the creed of the churches." It was at this time that Wilson abandoned the field of pure literature to campaign in essays, reviews and books for the new ideology. He ceased writing literary critiques of dead writers to urge his contemporaries to ally themselves with the cultural hope. He admonished writers that it was "bad for their theory and their art to try to adapt themselves to a system (Capitalism) which is the enemy of art — that their true solidarity is with those elements who will remodel society by the power of imagination and thought." And though (unlike many of his fellow critics) he foresaw the danger of literature becoming a propagandist tool, he felt that it was at least healthier for artists to contribute "their brains, their talents to Communist aims" than to continue "to express personal points of view, which are becoming more dreary and muddled and sterile." He pointed to Dahlberg as a promising example of the new type of classless writer who "quite outside the bourgeois picture, has found a new literary language based on the common speech." In his en-

thusiasm he even claimed "that we shan't know what morals, manners, science or art can be till we have seen them functioning in a society run for the common good."

That was in the early 'thirties. Since then Wilson has been to Russia. He has become bitterly disillusioned by the Russian experiment. He has noted with dismay the falsification of history, science, and art under Stalinist Communism. In this country he has witnessed the mushroom-growth of a school of criticism which, at its worst, "caricatures a good novel by Hemingway to glorify one about a strike." And though Wilson has not altogether abandoned the ideal of a classless society, as his perspective has shifted, this has receded to become a dim distant hope in the future. And in the realm of literature he has returned to more classical traditional ideals.

Thus his latest book, *The Triple Thinkers* is of vital significance. Not only because it expresses the mature conclusions of a fine critical mind, but because it clarifies the confusion between art and politics, which has muddled literary thought in this country for the past ten years, and points the way toward a sounder truer approach to literature in the future. In the final essay of the volume, *Marxism and Literature*, Wilson brilliantly demonstrates that literature has very little to do either with Marxism or any other social movement, and that those leftist critics who are trying to force art into the narrow and irrelevant channels of social reform are in a blind alley. For the artist is functioning on a different plane. After all, it is his business to reflect life, and the happenings of his own day, but not to change it. If he lives in an age of transition, it will be mirrored in his work, but it does not necessarily mean that "his face is set squarely in the direction of the future — the germs of



the renaissance are in Dante, and the longing for a better world are in Virgil, but neither Dante or Virgil can in any sense be described as revolutionary writers." Nor can one even identify great periods in art with great periods in social change. Actually, the artist works best in times of peace, undisturbed by social upheavals, for he is not dealing with problems of today and tomorrow but with eternal human motifs. In conclusion, Wilson makes an excellent distinction between two kinds of writing, "long-range literature which attempts to sum up wide areas and long periods of human experience, and short-range literature which preaches and pamphleteers with the view to an immediate effect."

This is good sense, and Edmund Wilson is to be congratulated as one of the few people writing today who see the present in the perspective of the past, who himself writes from the long-range point of view. And one hopes that those writers who attempt to make literature a means to an end, who join armies and carry banners, under the impression that they are saving literature and culture, will be guided by his words. It has always seemed to me odd that today, in an age of specialists, writers should have confused their profession with that of the politician, the social reformer, and the economist. After all, the pursuit of literature is in itself a serious business, and as Wilson says, there is no sense in following "a literary career under the impression that one is operating a bombing plane." Let them choose, and if they choose to be writers in the long-range sense, let them respect their craft, recognize its limitations, and remember that the truly creative writer can remake the world . . . but in words.

## Are Amateurs Hypocrites?

ALLISON DANZIG

**A**N AMATEUR, according to the commonly bruited definition of this disbelieving world, is an athlete who will readily give you his autograph but who could not possibly be persuaded to accept one on a promissory paper other than a green or yellowback I.O.U. from a Federal Reserve bank or one of its tributaries. Since an amateur is a lover (Lat. *amator*) who indulges himself in the game purely for the sake of the pleasure derived therefrom and not for pecuniary gain, this is tantamount to saying that there is no such thing as an amateur in the literal sense. Precisely so, says Paul Gallico.

Other than the gentleman or lady who appears on the tennis courts weekends with a wishy-washy backhand, or a commuter hot-footing it for the 8.13 out of Port Washington or Larchmont, "I do not know of any genuine amateurs in the United States of America," says Mr. Gallico. If there be any confusion as to whether this is a boost or a slam, or any misunderstanding of what he is driving at, he adds the clarifying clincher, "We are, by dint of long practice, the greatest nation of hypocrites on the face of the globe."

It would seem to me that Mr. Gallico is a trifle hard on his Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces. After thirteen years of close-up observation of their behaviorism in the crazy whirl of their big emotional safety-valve athletic competition, he says goodbye and good riddance to chicanery, falsehood, lying, double-dealing, chiseling, petty grafting, subterfuge, trickery, sham, cant, humbug, sophistry, perjury — in short, to "the entire subversive

*Farewell to Sport.* By Paul Gallico. Knopf. \$2.75.

scandal of amateur athletics." All the adjectives (and nouns), and more, will be found in his *Farewell to Sport*.

Paul Gallico is not the first to put the blast on amateur sport. The Amateur Athletic Union, with its far-reaching certifications of track and field, swimming and boxing, the United States Lawn Tennis association, intercollegiate football and, to a less extent, the United States Golf association, polo, basketball, baseball and hockey have been "exposed" time and again, though probably never before with the turgidity or vitriol with which the ordinarily good-natured Mr. Gallico washes his hands of football. His crony, Westbrook Pegler, and the late Bill McGeehan, for all their devastating irony in tilting pen points at sham, stuffed shirts and dumb dukes, were rank amateurs by comparison.

The public has not forgotten the Carnegie Foundation bulletin and its revelations of the proselyting and subsidizing of football players prevalent in even some of our most esteemed, ivy-covered institutions of learning. It knows all about the tennis "bum" who travels from tournament to tournament without any visible means of support, playing the year around so long as invitations and expense money are forthcoming. It has heard, too, of the star golfer holding down the job of assistant sales supervisor, who is actually on the pay roll to serve as the private coach of his boss or flatter out-of-town buyers by playing a round with them; the great miler with his own manager to book his engagements; the college basketball player who performs under assumed names around the semi-pro circuit; the pitcher or second baseman hiring himself out to the vacation resorts; and the boxer or puck chaser who finds an envelope containing a fifty-dollar bank note in his locker.

All these and many more back up Mr. Gallico's



indictment of amateur sport on the count of hypocrisy, but why pick on Uncle Sam as the glaring offender? After all, the whole headache of the amateur problem stems from England, and it started with the rigid line of demarcation the British drew to insulate the gentlemen of leisure against the contamination of the sweaty, horny-handed son of toil. The rules of the Amateur Rowing association are illuminating in this instance. In addition to the customary restriction against accepting money and playing with professionals, they proscribe any one who is or has been by trade a mechanic, laborer or artisan or who has done menial work of any kind.

The amateur-professional problem was originally a social one, designed to preserve the class distinctions which are so inflexible in Great Britain and which have been known to some degree in American sport, particularly in polo, yachting, golf and tennis. With the development of mass sports consciousness and the democratizing of tennis and golf, the problem became something entirely different. Heretofore people of leisure and large means had played informally and with little publicity for the fun and companionship of their own kind, but now sports became big business, getting pages of space in the press, drawing thousands to the box office and awakening in the rising tide of competitors from humble stations the desire to capitalize their fame and share in the big sums taken in.

Except in baseball and prizefighting, the large interest was in amateur sport, with professional golf booming later. Amateur tennis had no competition at all and neither did football, track or swimming. The controlling amateur sports bodies sought to protect their good thing, even though none of the intake accrued to any of their executive officers. Some of them made large investments

in the way of huge, permanent stadia, such as are to be found in most of the big colleges and universities and at the West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills.

The conduct of amateur sport thus became big business enterprise, with large equities to safeguard, and its directors have been no more disposed to grant any concessions that would jeopardize their prosperity than capital has been inclined in the past to give in to the demands of labor. They set up artificial restrictions that had their genesis in an outmoded social problem and which were too inelastic to be practical in a changing order where large sums of money were involved and the players were getting ideas, just as labor got ideas and kicked up against capital.

Friction and infractions of these restrictions were inevitable, and in no sport has the conflict been stronger than in tennis, which, because of the dictatorial attitude of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, has shut down hard against open tournaments and refused to give any aid or encouragement to professionalism lest it create a rival for the public's patronage of the amateur clubs. The reason for this jealousy of any encroachment by the professionals can be appreciated when it is realized that the Australian Association profited to the extent of eight thousand pounds from the tour of Donald Budge and Baron Gottfried Von Cramm this year. The gate for the British championships runs in excess of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually, and the profits are shared by the stockholders of the Wimbledon corporation.

With such large sums of money being realized from tennis, it was only natural that the players should irk under the restrictions designed to preserve their simon purity. They couldn't play for pay, a curb was put upon their journalistic activities, radio talks and screen am-

bitions and they had to toe the mark far more strictly than they thought to be reasonable considering the amount of time they were giving to the game. The upshot was that rebellion broke out in the form of an exodus to professionalism, with Vincent Richards, Tilden, Ellsworth Vines, George Lott, Lester Stofen and Frank Hunter among those walking out.

To check these defections, stripping amateur tennis of its drawing-cards, the controlling authorities have had to relax the enforcement of their restrictions and overlook infractions from time to time. In spite of the regulations limiting the amount of expense money the players may be paid and the number of tournaments in which they may receive it annually, some of the headliners are competing most of the year around and have the wherewithal to purchase expensive motor cars.

The violations and subterfuge that are "getting by" in tennis obtain in most of the other amateur sports, and England, France and Australia are tarred with the same brush. Whether they can ever be eliminated is a moot question, but it is hardly a life-and-death matter. One may declaim that amateur sport smells to high heaven with hypocrisy because athletes who are supposed to play for the fun of it are getting a small recompense, but, aside from the fact that some of them may be sacrificing their most valuable years, the system is not working any particular harm on the body politic.

Mr. Gallico may fear for the consequences of the subterfuge in undermining the young athlete's moral scruples, but the money he gets does not come easy and in many cases is indispensable for the pursuit of education. If it makes for bad citizenship, try and name instances of amateurs who have fallen upon evil ways in after years. So far as this corner is concerned, the harm



that college football has done is infinitesimal compared to the good it has accomplished in making it possible for legitimate students to get an education, who never would have had the opportunity to better themselves without their athletic ability.

The whole crux of the amateur problem lies in the fact that the definition of the species is archaic and as out of step with the times as an Old Guard G.O.P. platform. Mr. Gallico has put his finger on the rub when he declares that "The entire subversive scandal of amateur athletics would be ended if certain standards of proficiency and the amount of time devoted to the game were made the basis of determining an amateur or professional status."

In other words, athletes should not be differentiated by a yardstick that was workable when sport was in its swaddling clothes and gentlemen wanted to be protected from soiling themselves against their social inferiors. In an age when sport has become big business, and the leisure class plays second fiddle to the homespun athlete from the soil or the sandlots, such Victorianism won't do. It not only ignores fundamental human instincts, but it is a blow at fair play. If rules serve any purpose in sport, they are to make for fair play.

Lightweights are not sent against heavyweights in the ring, and it is just as unsporting to pit a tennis or golf player who gets away from business a few weeks in the summer against one who does nothing else but compete the year around. The ranking tennis amateur plays in more tournaments in a season than the average professional does in ten years. Obviously, the former has the greater opportunity to improve his game, and it is he who should be labeled the professional. It is a question of proficiency and the amount of time given to the sport,

and not a matter of money. A change in the definition in this direction would end the hypocrisy which Mr. Gallico finds so nauseous. So, fundamentally, it isn't our amateur athletes who are bad at core but an arbitrary, artificial differential which is as passé as Henry Ford's Model T.

As between amateur and professional sport, I will string along with the hypocrites. Football can't be so bad an influence considering the record of its heroes in the World war, and if Mr. Gallico can name three who have been a discredit to their alma mater after graduating in the past fifteen years, he is one up.

Mr. Gallico finds the football coach something less than admirable, with loyalties to no one except himself and ready to send an injured star into the game in no condition to protect himself from the danger of permanent disability. It would be easy enough to name coaches who have sacrificed the chance of victory rather than allow a player to court the risk of aggravating an injury, even in the face of the star's insistence that he was fit to go into the game. Further, if there is anything wrong with the principles and ethics of men like Lou Little of Columbia, Mal Stevens of N.C.U., Tuss McLaughry of Brown, Jimmy Crowley of Fordham, Ducky Pond of Yale, Tad Wieman of Princeton, Earl Blaik of Dartmouth, Carl Snavely of Cornell, Benny Friedman of City College, Harvey Harman of Rutgers, to name only a few, it is strange that never a word of criticism has been raised against them. The most convincing answer is that, to the football player, his coach is the finest influence on the campus, and when he returns in after years to his halls of learning it is his coach whom he seeks out above all others.

Those who would like to see the end of intercollegiate

football might bear in mind that it is the huge revenues from this sport that support the entire structure of college athletics, and that without them the real amateurs or dubs would have to get their exercise and recreation where they could find them and with whatever equipment they could afford.

The picture of college football and of all other amateur sport may not be entirely pleasing in all its aspects, but, taken as a whole, it hardly can be compared to the picture of professional baseball, with its world's series scandal of 1919 and the filthy vilification of Babe Ruth at bat by the Chicago Cubs in the 1932 series. Nor are the charms of professional boxing any more endearing, with its punch-drunk wrecks, its background of gangsterism and political wire-pulling and its ghastly Primo Carnera episode.

If this is sport, let's have more of the hypocrisy of amateurism, in which, at least, some effort is made to foster the amenities. In a world beset with the rise of gangsterism, with fist-shaking, ill-tempered and ill-mannered potentates making a mockery of the amenities, it is a relief to flee the front page and go out to the countryside to see a couple of hypocrites in immaculate white flannels run each other to the point of exhaustion, and then smilingly fall into each other's arms and exchange polite compliments like civilized human beings — as you and I and Paul Gallico.



## Contributors' Column

In our Spring Quarter, 1938, we published an article by *Livingston Hartley* called *Our Bonds with the British*. In our Summer Quarter, 1938, *Quincy Howe*, taking a point of view opposed to Mr. Hartley, wrote an article, *Have We Bonds with the British?* It seems only fair to allow Mr. Hartley a few words in rebuttal. He writes us as follows:

. . . I cannot regard certain portions of Mr. Howe's article as anything less than misrepresentation.

Mr. Howe holds me up persistently as an advocate of an alliance with Great Britain, as on page 248, "before the United States enters into the universal partnership with Britain that Mr. Hartley suggests," and on page 251, "In recommending a virtual Anglo-American alliance he does not so much as pause to consider whether such an alliance can achieve its objectives." Yet my article made no recommendations or suggestions whatever concerning such an alliance or any action of any sort that the United States or Great Britain should take. It was, on the contrary, limited to an objective attempt to summarize the reasons why the Anglo-American relationship "defies and refutes the oft-proved lessons of history" by remaining so harmonious.

I have, in fact, consistently opposed such an alliance, both in a recent book, *Is America Afraid?*, pages 251-254, and in articles, as unwise, for two obvious reasons, for the United States. It is natural, in these circumstances, to object strongly to being cited as an advocate of a British alliance on the basis of an article which does not advocate anything.

Similar unfounded allegations occur in connection with my sentence on page 101, "Both the United States and the British Empire are *status quo* powers with much to lose and little to gain by war," which is part of a paragraph discussing the peaceful character of the American and British governments and peoples. Removing this descriptive expression from the sentence and paragraph in which it occurs, Mr. Howe alleges on page 248, "In bracketing the United States and Great Britain as 'status quo powers,' Mr. Hartley implies that both countries have an almost equal interest in resisting almost any kind of change anywhere on earth," and below, that I "assume that Americans should intervene in European struggles which have no more bearing on their interests than the warfare in China has upon the interests of the Swiss." I am quite prepared to leave to the reader the decision as to whether this type of criticism is either fair or objective.

Omitting here all lesser issues to which exception could be taken, such as being stigmatized in the same paragraph as a conservative and a reader of the *Daily Worker*, both untrue, I cannot accept the accusation of "very fancy mathematics" and a "mathematical trick" made on pages 245 and 246 in connection with my figures on page 97 relating to foreign trade and investments. My article was concerned with the relative place now occupied by the British Empire in our foreign relations. How important our foreign trade and investments are in relation to our total national production and wealth is as clearly outside this field as would be a consideration of the economic ties between New York and California. Mr. Howe is at liberty to draw attention to these latter figures if he desires, but he has no right to condemn me for a "mathematical trick" unless he is prepared to condemn similarly most

official statistics of our Government departments relating to foreign trade.

It seems to me regrettable that a writer as prominent as Mr. Howe has not seen fit to keep his discussion of a national question of such importance upon the objective plane it merits.

Livingston Hartley

Wakefield, R. I.

July 13, 1938.

A writer on political, economic, and financial affairs, *Tompkins McIlvaine* is a well known New York lawyer. He has been active in politics and was editor of the *National Service* magazine until 1924. He brings a thorough knowledge of law and government to bear on his arguments in *Drift to Dictatorship — a Remedy*.

*Archer Jones* is a young journalist who has sagaciously examined the elusive *Pulps* — a *Mirror to Yearning*.

As a practicing New York architect, graduate of the *École des Beaux Arts*, *Harry Seckel* understands both the temperament and the works of his fellow craftsman-artist Frank Lloyd Wright. Mr. Seckel is at present writing an analytical introduction to architecture.

Though *Thomas Caldecot Chubb's* fine poem *Deep South May* appears in our Autumn Quarter, we need make no apology. Mr. Chubb's verse is known to our readers and is always more enduring than the passing season.

No one need be told that *Theodore Dreiser* is one of America's greatest novelists. In *Good and Evil* he makes a novelist-philosopher's analysis of ethics. Last summer Mr. Dreiser was one of three delegates from the United States to the World Conference of Writers for Peace, held in Paris, and more lately he has been working closely with a group of young scientists at Woods Hole.

Some interpretation of what *The Pauper Vote* means will be made at the poles in New Hampshire in November. *Cal Lewis* offers historical precedent and views somewhat with alarm. He is an experienced newspaper reporter and free-lance journalist.

Author of several books and articles in the field of American art, *Lloyd Goodrich* is also research curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art. *Landscape Painting in America* was originally written in connection with the exhibition, *A Century of American Landscape Painting*, at the Whitney Museum last season. Later given in lecture form, it has since been completely rewritten, with the addition of new material.

*Behold Our Land* is the title of a book to be published by Houghton

Mifflin this autumn. Herewith under the same title are excerpts from two chapters. *Russell Lord* wrote *Men of Earth* in 1931, and edited a book of poems, *Voices from the Fields*, last year. This latter grew out of his work as editor of a contributors' column in the *Country Home* magazine.

Having been on the editorial staffs of magazines in New York city, *Henrietta Buckmaster* is now at work on her third novel and on articles. The Underground Railroad was most active in the state of Ohio where Miss Buckmaster was born the century following.

Best known for his excellent novel, *Three Bags Full*, *Roger Burlingame* will have the first volume of a new book, *March of the Iron Men*, published by Scribner's this fall. It is a history of invention in relation to its effect on labor unions, and Mr. Burlingame's researches in that general field revealed *The Spinning Hero* — Sam Slater.

*Jerome Beatty*, veteran free-lancer, is at present encircling the globe interviewing Americans who have succeeded in foreign lands. In Rome he discovered one who was Neither Rich, Nor Beautiful, but who had had her desired day.

Among our book-reviewers are friendly and familiar names. Howard Mumford Jones is Professor of English at Harvard University; Lloyd Morris is a well known critic and writer; Fred Schunk has contributed nature studies to the *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*; Norma McCarty has written reviews for the *Nation* and the *New Republic*; and Allison Danzig reports the tennis news for the *New York Times*.



# *The* NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW



JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH, *Editor*

QUINCY HOWE—CHARLES ANGOFF, *Contributing Editors*

JOSEPH AUSLANDER, *Poetry Editor*



VOLUME 246

NUMBER 2





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## Contributor's Column

CHARLES ANGOFF's editorial and critical achievements are a matter of public record. In 1935 he resigned from the *American Mercury*, having proved to be their most successful editor. He has published two volumes of a prospective five-volume *Literary History of the American People*.

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The social theme in all its various aspects has been the motivation for VINCE HALL's writing. His stories have appeared in various magazines.

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WALKER MATHESON, a former New York and Washington newspaperman, has written for many magazines as an observer of national and international affairs. A long time a resident of the Far East, he specializes in that subject.

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Having spent a great deal of time in Hollywood working right in with the motion picture industry, FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON can speak authoritatively about it. She has had four books published.

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KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER has written us an amusing sketch of Ambassador Kennedy. His book *Heirs of the New Deal* contains many such sketches. He is a leading editorial writer and columnist of the *Washington Post* and the *Boston Transcript*.

---

QUINCY HOWE is well known to NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW readers. He has had an extensive editorial career and now heads that department at Simon and Schuster. The bête-noire of English Imperialists, Mr. Howe coined the phrase "British network." Until recently he was the editor of *The Living Age*.

---

HAROLD HINTON has criticized our country's so-called neutrality policy in previous articles. He obtained leave of absence from *The New York Times*, on which he has worked for the past eighteen years, to accompany Ambassador Kennedy to London last February as a press attaché for the Embassy. Mr. Hinton has been delegated to cover the Pan American Conference at Lima.

## CONTRIBUTOR'S COLUMN

v

A graduate of the University of Kansas, CHARLOTTE AIKEN YARBOROUGH takes time out early in the morning to do her writing. At more conventional hours of the day she does editorial work in a Manhattan publishing house.

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JOHN PELL is known for his writings on early American history. He is the former editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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The author of *Cacophony in Umbers* is a former editor of *Ken* and a staff member of *Esquire*. LAWRENCE MARTIN now free lances and has for some time taught journalism at Northwestern University.

---

A member of the American Alpine Club, EDWIN MULLER is an enthusiastic mountain climber and his hobby has more than paid for itself through his exciting stories. *Galveston Flood* brings out the author's talent for conveying nature in her most majestic and terrible aspects.

---

CATHERINE RIDGELY abandoned a Government clerkship to complete work on an M.A. in economics and to devote time to writing.

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ARTHUR STYRON lists his career as engineer, Naval officer, professor, minister and successful author. He has appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW before.

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The author of *Death in This Torrid Zone* spends a large part of every year in the work-camp in the British Honduras bush which furnishes the background for this story. MARGARET SHEDD is now writing a novel about the jungle settlement near Punta Gorda.

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There are familiar names among those who have contributed poetry. DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON has had nine of her poems transcribed in braille. FRANCES FROST has a novel, *Yoke of Stars*, coming out in January. VIRGINIA BRASIER's *Poems of Laughter* have just been published. JAMES BENÉT, recently returned from Spain, is busy revealing his experiences in verse and in magazine articles. DAVID MORTON is a professor of English at Amherst College. ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI has enjoyed wide publication.

## Books in Brief:

### The American Scene

DEMOCRACY IN THE MAKING. *The Jackson-Tyler Era.* By Hugh Russell Fraser. New York: Bobbs Merrill. 1938. 334 pages. \$3.50.

The war between special class privilege and the democratic ideal was as intense a century ago as it is today. The decade of 1834-1844 is a striking parallel to present-day events; then, as now, the lot of Chief Executive was not a happy one. The period beginning with Jackson ended with John Tyler, who was to be rated a traitor by his party, deserted by his Cabinet, and pilloried in history. Mr. Fraser adds considerably to our knowledge of that period in his account of the struggle against powerful odds to transform the United States into a political, social and economic democracy.

PUBLIC PLUNDER: A HISTORY OF GRAFT IN AMERICA. By David Loth. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. 436 pages. \$3.00.

Mr. Loth's topic is not a new one, and much of the ground he covers in his comprehensive volume has been treated by others since the turn of the century. But where predecessors have told of graft in America with excessive vehemence or pious horror, Mr. Loth, a skilled and travelled journalist, is content to tell the story of old and new rackets in entertaining, objective fashion, reserving his own social conclusions for the last chapter. The fabulous story is all the stronger for its absence of the pontific.

SHOW AND SIDE-SHOW. By Joshua Rosett. Emmaus, Pa.: Rodale Press. 1938. 321 pages. \$2.00.

In this story of a nation fighting its way out of a depression, the author lashes repeatedly at unscrupulous politicians and charlatans of local and national government.

COLONIAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Charles M. Andrews. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. 477 pages. \$4.00.

In this, the fourth volume of the present series, Professor Andrews deals with England's commercial and colonial policies, makes clear their essential features and traces their history from the beginning of



England's experience with the colonies down to the eve of the American Revolution. At that time, far more than today, England regarded her colonies as outlying parts of the mother state; their main duty was to add to her wealth, strength, and prosperity; first and last they were expected to conform to the principle that whatever value a colony furnished was for the sole advantage of the mother state.

**THIS IS MY COUNTRY.** *By Stoyan Christowe. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. 320 pages. \$2.75.*

Stoyan Christowe, born of Bulgarian parents, has written in this swift and dramatic autobiography another *Personal History*, but one far more personal than Mr. Sheean's. It is, briefly, an account of his assimilation into our modes and manners in the course of a bizarre career that saw him, at various times, laying tracks in Montana, writing book reviews in Chicago, and eventually serving as a foreign correspondent in the Balkans for an American newspaper. There he had returned, feeling himself intrinsically American in attitude, only to find that that hard-won "Americanism" was almost lost to him when once again in the latitudes of his forebears. Mr. Christowe writes simply, lucidly, and successfully resists the temptation to melodramatic tricks which would scarcely be the case in less expert hands.

### Government and Politics

**POWER: A New Social Analysis.** *By Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1938. 315 pages. \$3.00.*

"To acquire immunity to eloquence is of the utmost importance to the citizens of a democracy." Mr. Russell here is citing the only effective defence against the power of propaganda. This brilliant exposition by one of England's most intelligible philosopher-historians traces the use and misuse of power from the days of priests and kings to our era of Fascist and Communist dictatorships. There is an analysis, often surprisingly witty, of the forces which made each powerful, ranging from medieval "naked" power to the economic and propaganda forces of today. With a subject that, treated abstractedly, would have proved excessively tedious, Mr. Russell has made an absorbingly human story of the history of power.

*Continued on page 403*

# INFORMATION, Please!

*Who made Adolf Hitler a rich man?*

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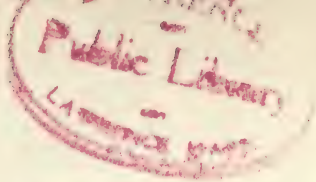
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# THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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WINTER 1938-39

NUMBER 2

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## *Quarterly Comment*

NEVER has the United States had a more golden opportunity to profit by the tragic blunders of other nations than today. And, so it would seem, never has the country been less inclined to do so. Virtually at every hand, in the conduct of our foreign relations, in our domestic administration and in our industrial and political life, there is confusion, hesitancy and diffuse, muddle-headed thinking.

That ironic situation was sharply illustrated in the November elections. As might have been expected from past history, the candidates did their strenuous utmost to confuse the major issues, in the mistaken belief that the electorate craves nothing so much as to be hoodwinked (a cynical conclusion long since exploded). At bottom the chief issue was whether we were to adopt one of the two ideologies in conflict throughout the world today. Did we want, and do we need, a Federal administration more authoritarian than now prevails, or have we already reached a degree of centralization of power that is dangerous and, in consequence, must be radically amended?

We cannot expect, and we do not necessarily desire, unanimity of opinion in a working democracy. Our strength lies in the very conflict of opinion whence, eventually, intelligent and informed opinion emerges. But by and large the elections disclosed no *reasoned* disparity of view. To judge by the election results in many



States, especially in the Middle West and on the Coast, ballots were split on grounds of whimsical likes and dislikes. So far as it is possible to judge anything so full of abracadabra as the mind of the collective voter, there was a minimum of thinking expended over the fundamental issue which was, certainly, the *trend* of government we want. There appeared to be very little pre-election contemplation by the voter — and even less, if possible, by candidates — of those examples and precedents conveniently at hand in Europe.

As was to be expected, despite warnings from a handful of men new to party politics, the doctrinaire Republican candidates concentrated in the main upon the well-worn planks of destructive criticism. The Republican candidates elected were, almost without exception, men who had borrowed certain of the New Deal's theories and objectives, adroitly suggesting various reforms that, unquestionably, are needed at many points.

But one thing cannot be denied, and potential candidates looking optimistically to 1940 will be wise to remember it. Criticism of the New Deal is not in itself sufficient to win elections. Republican leaders, as well as the party rank and file, must grow convinced of that between now and 1940 if they expect to lease the White House for four years and to dominate either or both houses of the Congress.

The fortissimo note in the November campaign, as it continues to be with the Republican opposition today, was the cry of "Dictatorship!" against Mr. Roosevelt. The President may or may not dream of a one-man rule, but in any event this country is unquestionably more than mildly prejudiced against Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler. Yet comparatively few of the electorate realize that the European equivalent of the American

groups raising the cry of "Dictator!" against Mr. Roosevelt, actively support the doctrines of the monomaniacs now ruling Italy, Germany and Russia.

Among those groups abroad, whose economic and political predilections square with those bawling "Dictator!" at the White House, are the so-called Cliveden Set in England, which urged upon Mr. Chamberlain the humiliating and costly capitulation to the German Chancellor. Another example is the "Two Hundred Families" of France, the reactionary politico-economic group that controls the vast Comité des Forges and the Bank of France. These factions, analogous to similarly powerful groups in the United States, are working toward an infinitely more dangerous form of dictatorship than any craved by Mr. Roosevelt in his most incautious dreams.

Consider the attitude of the average European in the street toward the United States. Understandably, that attitude is nine-tenths composed of envy. He may read that the shrill cry of "Dictator" has been raised against Mr. Roosevelt overseas in various sections of the country, but his desire to live and work under the democratic régime of the American "dictator" is often a real and passionate one.

Why? Few of us ever trouble to put ourselves in his shoes.

He envies us because the United States is a haven of religious and political freedom. He recognizes the profound security he and his family would sense living in a nation separated by two wide oceans from the sanguinary revolutions embittering and impoverishing the world elsewhere. He sees that Americans have no boundary disputes, that they are without the problems of racial minorities. He recognizes the incalculable advantage of

living in a country that is completely independent in the essentials of raw materials and natural resources. He sees that while his and neighboring nations are dissipating their forces — both economic and human — in desperate political and military conflict, the United States is in a position to create a leading and impregnable place in world affairs.

But here, in that advantageous land itself, there is the most casual acceptance of those values which the European cherishes. The majority of our electorate, as well as most of our office-holders, hold that our magnificent isolation is not a geographical accident, but something to which an "enlightened" people are entitled. We assume these benefits as our due. It is more confusing, more provocative, to shout "Dictator!" to flirt with the implication that our citizens are headed toward those vicious abuses of man's right to the pursuit of happiness that have resulted in thousands of suicides in the totalitarian countries. The wildest flight of imagination can hardly conceive of an American taking his life here because the "dictator" at Washington believes, say, that eventually all the public utilities should be State-owned.

Let us consider the British equivalent of those who in this country are joining the alarmist cry against Mr. Roosevelt. They are the Tories, industrial as well as social, who through Mr. Chamberlain evolved a foreign policy that clearly runs counter to the will of most Englishmen. The strength of a government lacking the support of its constituents is a questionable one, an axiom which many of us, disinterested in the repeated example of that weakness in Europe, are prone to overlook. And with what was that Chamberlain group, to use an admittedly loose label, concerned? During and since the Czechoslovakian crisis the British prime minister has



been ready with pious references to those happily vague abstractions, Justice and Democracy. Broken down into their actual components, the concerns of Mr. Chamberlain and his few associates, in and out of the Government, are not with abstractions, but with the preservation of imperial and personal possessions.

Yet how far, and for how long, will these possessions — for which public confidence and respect were sacrificed — remain secure against the real dictators? Even the least perceptive must know by now that British prestige is on the wane, that its curve downward was apparent as long ago as the Empire Conference. In the Far East, England's position is daily becoming more precarious. In the Near East matters are even worse; the Arabs in Palestine, recognizing the ineffectiveness of Britain in the September crisis in Europe, the cheapness with which she is held by Germany and Italy, are openly pro-Nazi and anti-British. Their immediate enemies are the Jews. Hitler feels similarly, and Mussolini has obediently fallen in line. Ergo, there must be something intelligent in the Nazi-Fascist conception of government.

What did England gain from the policy formulated by the Chamberlain minority? Nothing. She lost incalculably in prestige, and that quality while perhaps of only academic value in the Occident, is a substantial and tangible asset in the Orient. Mr. Chamberlain had scarcely returned home to Downing Street, with Herr Hitler's pacific and conciliatory utterances still ringing in his ears, when the Führer turned on the Jews with medieval savagery.

The authors of that supposedly pragmatic policy in England, be it noted, were members of a minority whose mental processes are almost precisely those of the group that over here cry "Dictator!" The contradiction, of

course, is that they have supported Mr. Chamberlain in his Fascist sympathies because labor and unemployment are temporarily solved under totalitarian régimes: the striker is dumped into a concentration-camp, and the jobless swell the ranks of forced-labor battalions.

If our political leaders refuse to study the European picture and recount the realities to the electorate, they might expend some small amount of energy on purely American history. This should prove measurably more educational and intelligible than muddled and rabble-rousing references to European ideologies which are generally not understood. Those frantically crying "Dictator!" could profitably reread the Bill of Rights. And for less formal reading they might turn to histories of our life in the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century.

Among other things, we are much more a nation of individualists than is commonly supposed. Visitors to these shores are disposed to conclude that we are a severely regimented people. A people who read the same plots year after year, listen subserviently to the same radio comedians week after week, advance in droves upon the corner drugstore for the same infallible dentifrice, must certainly be an inarticulate and servile mass, eager to follow the noisiest leader. That being ostensibly so, a dictatorship could conceivably be established here. There are, it appears, even a substantial number of Americans who reason and argue in this superficial way. Manifestly, the thought is often father to the wish. The most eloquent of them are those who are shrillest in their denunciation of Mr. Roosevelt as an incipient, if not an actual, dictator. We are very far from being a regimented people, but the myth of our doltish homogeneity is a stubborn one.

Our mechanical and scientific ingenuity, particularly in the field of communication, has done nothing to dispel

the legend that we are automatons. We may have our ears glued to the radio, we may listen to the same escapist hokum week after week, but for all of that we are an acutely heterogeneous people, as any intelligent tourist will attest who has spent more than a week driving across the country. A nation whose population is so dissimilar in its components would not for a moment tolerate a dictator, quite apart from any devotion it may have to the Bill of Rights. Besides, a dictator could never survive the exercise of our one attribute that may be regarded as national in character — the American sense of humor. The traditional posturing, the grimacing and teeth-gritting of a Mussolini, the pip-squeak of a Hitler — all of them apparently indispensable aids to the dictator in Europe — would be recognized here as pure Mack Sennett.

There have been a number of occasions in the last six years when Mr. Roosevelt has seemed to think: I am right — and the other 129,999,999 citizens are wrong. But to raise the cry of “dictator” against him, or to utter warnings that a totalitarian régime in this country is just around the corner, is to engage in that ancient sport of erecting a straw man for the fun of knocking him down. This is harmless enough if it is recognized as just sport.

After the Revolution, the governmental fabric of the country was conceived in conflict; even the Constitution was the product of long and bitter wrangling among individuals at Philadelphia. Our healthy quarreling, the symptom of individualism, has endured for more than one hundred and sixty years. We are the oldest democracy on the face of the globe. The United States is likely to retain that seniority long after Hitler and Mussolini become inoffensive dust.



# Mencken Twilight

[Another Forgotten Man —  
That Enfant Terrible of  
Our Era of Nonsense ]

By CHARLES ANGOFF

ONE rainy afternoon, late in 1927 or 1928, Mencken and a companion were walking down Fifth Avenue in New York City. They both noticed an elderly, gray-haired, somewhat stooped man walking in front of them in his top coat, keeping close to the sides of the buildings in order not to get too wet. Passersby paid no attention to him. Some even jostled him, without turning around to apologize. He seemed rather pathetic. Mencken asked his companion whether he knew the man. He said no. Mencken said, "He is a former candidate for President of the United States, John W. Davis. There's no one so obscure as a former presidential candidate."

A few days ago the same companion encountered a new employé of Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher. For fifteen minutes she related some office gossip. Then she said, "Oh, yes, you know, a funny thing happened. For a few days a stocky man, with his hair parted in the middle, spent a lot of time in the office, telling stale jokes to the men and girls. He talked so loud I could barely work. I'm new in the office, so I said nothing. Then I asked who the man was, and a girl told me that's Mencken. He didn't seem to know what to do with him-

self. Then he didn't show up. I think he went out of town or home somewhere, I don't know where."

The charming, gabby girl didn't know how sad she made the man she told this to. Her talk instantly recalled to his mind the time, years before, when Mencken and he saw John W. Davis trying to hide from the rain on Fifth Avenue. Her disrespect for the ghost of a former immortal, one fears, is shared by many other people. In a shockingly large number of cases, this disrespect amounts to indifference. Three years ago, even two years ago people used to ask what has happened to Mencken. Now almost nobody asks.

It is a pity, for he still can be interesting, gracious, polite, and he still can write very good English when he forgets his juvenile stylisms. His present embarrassing situation is not entirely his fault. The public must share some of the blame. When it read and listened to his every word, it put too high a value upon him. Mencken has never been a great scholar, a penetrating literary critic, a profound student of American politics or economics, or an extraordinary satirist. Basically an honest man, he knew that he was none of these things, but being human like the rest of us he did not go out of his way to set his public straight. Slippery politicians who suddenly, for no ascertainable reason, are acclaimed as progressives, do not generally run advertisements in the newspapers denying their progressivism. The same with unduly praised actresses or composers of swing music. The same with writers. The children of women, after all, are not archangels.

Mencken began life as a newspaper man, and way down he has never been anything else. He has a right to be proud of his achievements as a daily newspaper editor. The credit for the present enviable reputation of the

two *Baltimore Suns* belongs to a large extent to him. Had he stuck to them he would conceivably have won for himself a place beside Dana, Greeley, and Pulitzer. But he had ambitions, spurred on by a strange sense of inferiority. He thought that newspaper work was too lowly a field for his talents, and he never got rid of his envy of men who went to college. Though he was far better informed and a more useful citizen than the average person who has gone to college, his failure to attend an institution of higher learning, it seems, has gnawed at him all his adult life. This accounts for one of the many paradoxes about him; his ferocious onslaughts against professors in general and his unbounded glee when a professor sends him a complimentary letter or writes a favorable review of one of his books. His friendships with various professors at the Johns Hopkins University give him pleasure, not only on account of pleasant associations, but also because they salve the aforementioned feeling of inferiority. He was so thrilled by the invitation he received from a group of Harvard professors and students to lecture before them at the time of the "Hatrack" case — the article about a small-town lady of joy that got the *American Mercury* into difficulties with the New England Watch and Ward Society — that for a while he forgot his life-long convictions with regard to Bostonians, and became a vociferous lover of New England.

Mencken's ambitions and envy eventually landed him into the writing of literary criticism and scholarly works. Heaven knows he tried hard enough, but it became apparent to the discerning at once, as it has become clear to nearly everybody now, that he didn't have the necessary gifts. The smell of the city room was in everything he put between book covers. In the days of the *Smart Set* and the early days of the *Mercury* he wrote at great length



and often to the point about the harm which the traditional Puritan reticences was doing to the national letters. He was hospitable to fresh, young talent of an obvious sort at a time when the older editors had lost their alertness. Twenty, fifteen years ago he had a very good eye for the one-story man and woman. Besides, he had a good reporter's nose for the hollowness in such writers as Robert W. Chambers, James Lane Allen, and Richard Harding Davis; but he betrayed his immaturity by the violence of his attack. A good critic doesn't get furious about them. He smiles at them good-naturedly, knowing that the calendar will take care of them.

Mencken also tried his hand at analyzing European writers of the order of Conrad, Arnold Bennett, Havelock Ellis, and H. G. Wells. What he had to say, unfortunately, made little impression on anybody except the advertising department of a mail order house, and his remarks about Ellis, especially the one that he was "the most civilized man" alive, were so fulsome that they apparently offended Ellis. In the case of Arnold Bennett, Mencken said: "No writer of his time has looked into the life of his time with sharper eyes, or set forth his findings with greater charm and plausibility." The eager Baltimore newspaper man, when he wrote this large statement, must have forgotten about Marcel Proust, Thomas Mann, and Maxim Gorki.

With Wells, Mencken employed a new tactic. In an essay entitled, "The Late Mr. Wells," he said that the author of *Ann Veronica* was dead, because he had become a messiah. Wells didn't seem to mind and continued living and writing, but Mencken refused to recognize his existence. The judicious smiled, and finally Mencken decided to acknowledge that Wells was still with us. He praised to the skies *The Life of William Clissold*,

a two-volume collection of Wells's most messianic teachings, the very same ones which induced Mencken to say Wells had died many years back.

Such bad luck did Mencken have with his essays on European authors that he gave them up very early, limiting his talents to the American scene. But here, too, alas, fortune was not always kind. The breaks were with him when he championed Dreiser and Anderson, though it must not be forgotten that others had preceded Mencken in discovering these two authors. Then his old bad luck returned. He wrote exuberant pieces about Hergesheimer and Cabell, both of them in oblivion now, and he missed Thomas Wolfe and Hemingway. Meanwhile, as has been said, he had been writing at considerable length about the baneful influence of Puritanism on American literature. What he had to say about this subject contained sense, but unluckily Van Wyck Brooks had said it all years before, much more calmly and with greater learning, in *Wine of the Puritans* and *America's Coming of Age*. Mencken's essays on Puritanism displayed skill in journalistic invective but very little understanding of the nature of Puritanism. He failed to distinguish between the theological Puritanism of Seventeenth Century America and the moral Puritanism — really Victorianism — of Nineteenth Century America, and he never did attempt to explain, or even appreciate the problem involved, why "Puritan" New England in 1830–1890 produced such giants as Hawthorne, Melville, Thoreau, and Emily Dickinson. More, he did not try to reconcile our "Puritan" inhibitions with regard to literature with what he insisted was a fact, namely, our gross antinomianism in family life, sex relations, politics, and so on.

The trouble with Mencken's writings on literature does

not lie in his "errors." William Hazlitt and Sainte-Beuve made mistakes, too. The trouble with Mencken as a literary critic was that he was so obviously not at home in criticism. When he liked an author he liked him like a gushing school girl, and when he didn't like an author he called him all sorts of names, this time like an angry school girl. He had a considerable common sense and robustness of literary instinct. In other words, he knew the difference between, say, Robert W. Chambers and Dreiser, Gertrude Atherton and Willa Cather, but he was far more the moralistic critic than the aesthetic critic. He was, in the main, for or against an author depending upon the agreement of the author's general outlook on life with his own. He admired Dreiser and Anderson, not so much for the high quality of their art as for their implicit moral judgments upon the American people. Both Dreiser and Anderson depicted Americans as dull, unimaginative, ignorant men and women, and whoever did that went a long way toward winning Mencken's acclaim. Mencken never really got into the soul of an author so as to differentiate him from other authors in the same way in which Sainte-Beuve could differentiate between Balzac and Zola, and, to come down to our own time, in the same way in which Van Wyck Brooks can tell the difference between Emerson and Thoreau.

It was inevitable that Mencken should come a cropper as a literary critic. His knowledge of world literature has always been meagre. He almost never mentioned Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Flaubert, Cervantes, Corneille, Racine, and when he did one was harassed by the suspicion that he was only repeating titles and catch-phrases. Even in the field of American literature he was full of strange silences. Melville, Emily Dickinson, Thoreau — one does not remember a single thing he said about them. He did



write extensively about Mark Twain, but then *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are compulsory reading in most elementary schools.

MENCKEN'S SCHOLARLY BOOKS, alas, are as shaky as his critical works. *The American Language*, perhaps the best of them, contains a useful compendium of word lists, but its basic argument, as Van Wyck Brooks has pointed out, does not persuade. The difference between American English and English English is no greater than the difference between Maine English and Texas English. Almost nobody has spoken or written the American language except Ring Lardner, George Ade, John V. A. Weaver, and one or two others. Many people found difficulty in understanding it, which constitutes a sufficient commentary upon the place of the American language in the United States.

Mencken's writings on religion, economics, and world affairs in general have embarrassed his friends no end. The poor man seldom seems to know what he is talking about. His book on religion, *Treatise on the Gods*, is a rewrite of such authorities as Renan, Frazier, Brestead, Strauss, Tyler, Harnack, and Andrew White. Not one new idea can be found in it. He betrays little understanding of the part religion has played in the political and economic history of the world, and he never grapples with the problems of origin, influence, and duration. But what makes one wonder most about the book is its philological pretension. The impression one gets from it, as from other volumes of his, is that Mencken can read and write German, French, Latin, and Greek fluently. He really has serious troubles with them. His knowledge of Greek and Latin does not greatly exceed that of, say, the average Broadway playwright's. But

while the average Broadway playwright doesn't often quote them, Mencken does. The same with his knowledge of French. His difficulties with the German language has always seemed rather strange. A German by birth, he must have heard German in his home. Yet his familiarity with the language consists largely of pantomime. His frequent use of such words as *Polizei*, *Gemütlichkeit*, and *Weltanschauung* must be put down as mainly a gag.

These pretensions certainly involved no intent to deceive, any more than his widely publicized discovery that the American bath-tub was invented in Cincinnati or thereabout in 1911. They were stunts of an order quite common in the city room of a daily newspaper, understandable and perhaps funny, but they ceased being either when Mencken began to offer opinions about medicine. Though not a medical man, he felt free to write an introduction to a book, *Cancer: What Everyone Should Know About It*, by Dr. James A. Tobey, in which he predicted that the cure for cancer would be discovered "on some near tomorrow."

He had a habit of posing as something of an authority on a wide variety of subjects. The less he knew about them the more convinced he seemed to be of his views. Consider his writings on painting and dancing. He called both largely frauds, though he probably attended less than a dozen dance recitals in his life, and examined not many more paintings. As for music, he can read it and he plays the piano tolerably, but he wrote about it as a literary man, with long purple passages about nobility, grandeur, and so on, but with little historical knowledge or technical analysis. Musicians have smiled indulgently at his writings about their art.

It was, however, in the fields of politics and economics that Mencken was most ill at ease and most sure of him-

self, and his essays on these subjects chiefly brought about his eclipse. The Russian Revolution and the depression annoyed and exasperated him because they didn't fit his politico-economic ideas. For more than fifteen years he said that Revolutionary Russia can't last, since it clashed with "human nature." The few books on Russia he reviewed were mainly unfavorable ones. Russia was for long a nightmare to him. Friends pleaded with him to be more calm, to try to be rational, to read more, but he would dismiss their pleas with a superior shrug of the shoulders.

When the depression hit the United States he solved it quickly by denying it. "The restaurants I go to are full, the streets are teeming with automobiles, and the theatres and music halls are doing a good business." When pictures of breadlines began to appear in the newspapers, he held that "charity racketeers" were probably to blame. For a while he even denied the existence of breadlines. A friend took him to Times Square one cold winter night in 1931, and showed him a breadline. He was genuinely moved, and the subject was not discussed further. Then he gave in a bit and admitted that perhaps some people were out of work and their families starving. His comment ran something like this: "A good death-rate would be salutary. The people who die aren't worth saving anyway. A few more slaves, a few less slaves, what's the difference?"

The depression continued and Mencken decided to give it additional thought. He came out of his study with the helpful idea that depressions are inevitable, and that they go away naturally; society can't do a thing about them. His basic economic theory he often summed up in such enlightening words: "What goes up must come down, and what goes down must come up. A friend of



mine in Baltimore told me that years ago, and it's all the economic theory worth knowing."

The depression still continued, and again he decided to give it consideration. He concluded this time that taxation was largely behind it, especially the taxation necessary for public school education. Month after month he thundered in the *American Mercury* that public schools formed an unnecessary burden on the community: "The rich pay for them and the poor use them. Why the hell should people with money give a dole to the children of the poor?" The public schools have for years been "spreading the doctrine that there is no shame in mendicancy, but rather an inalienable right. . . . Urged on by demagogues, multitudes of Americans have become convinced that whatever they want and can't afford they are entitled to receive gratis, and that it is the chief duty of government to see that they get it, either out of taxpayers' pockets or at the cost of a vague class of monsters known as 'the corporations.'"

Having finished off the public schools, Mencken tackled sidewalks, subways, public parks. One day he and a friend were walking along Fifty-Seventh Street, between Fifth Avenue and Sixth Avenue in New York City, when he suddenly asked with apparent seriousness: "What sense is there in sidewalks? The rich pay for them and seldom use them; they have automobiles. The poor who don't pay for them always use them. Think of the enormous taxation upon the well-to-do that sidewalks come to!" Another time, when he had just returned from a visit to a brewery way out in Brooklyn he exclaimed, "What a horrible mess subways are! What do they need them for? Why don't the Brooklyn people stay in Brooklyn, and the Manhattan people stay in Manhattan? And who pays for them? The swine!"

For various reasons the present writer still feels so friendly toward Mencken that he concedes the possibility that his remarks about sidewalks, etc. were partly humorous in intent, though many of them can be read by all in cold print in the files of the *American Mercury* and the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. The naïveté behind them, however, cannot be denied. Mencken went to enormous pains to expose it in two volumes, *Notes on Democracy* and *Treatise on Right and Wrong* and in shorter writings. He apparently believes that there are two and only two classes of people in the world: the congenitally superior and the congenitally inferior. The first naturally amass wealth and attain position, and the second naturally sink into poverty and oblivion. Nothing can change this state of things. The good government makes laws only for the protection of the congenitally superior. Most sociological reforms are stupid, because the congenitally inferior are congenitally incapable of improvement. Reforms only make them jealous of their betters and hence cause revolutions.

Progressive sociological ideas, such as workmen's compensation and birth control laws, are thus inimical to good government. They put an added expense upon the congenitally superior, and they arouse false hopes in the congenitally inferior. Workmen who get injured in their employment deserve no better. As for birth control, Mencken in the main opposes legislation legalizing it for the reason that it would stop the congenitally inferior from propagating at their usual rate, and thus would cut down the number of slaves to do the bidding of the congenitally superior, who would then have to do some menial work themselves. That would interfere with their leisure and with the progress of the arts, for Mencken feels quite certain that all the music, painting, poetry,

sculpture and architecture of the world come only from the congenitally superior. On the same principle he is against free hospitals: "How long are we going to endure a raid on the public health, the public security and the public solvency that increases in sweep and boldness every year?"

Some artists, true enough, seem to spring from among the congenitally inferior. Beethoven, Keats, and Van Gogh, for example, were born of very humble parents. Mencken has a ready explanation for this. He has little doubt that diligent research would show that way back each had a congenitally superior grand-parent. He urges scoffers not to "forget the old *jus primae noctis*." He thinks that intelligence tests, which most of the more eminent psychologists have discarded, prove his congenitally-superior-inferior theory completely. "Wait till the tests are improved and you'll see I'm right."

MENCKEN HAS ALWAYS BEEN an exponent of free speech, free assembly and free press, and justly proud of the battles he has waged in their behalf. His rousing of the American public to the side of Dreiser, when the latter's *The Genius* suffered at the hands of the Comstocks, was highly laudable. While he has attacked people and institutions fiercely, he has accepted attacks upon himself with good public grace. He has perhaps been libeled often, but he has never resorted to the courts for redress. His principle has been: "I'll handle them in God's good time in an article or a paragraph." For this he deserves commendation. But there have been times when his defence of the Bill of Rights could have been more vigorous. The Sacco-Vanzetti case, many legal students agree, was a flagrant travesty of justice. Mencken also thought so. Yet he wrote very little in aid of the two



condemned men, and then went out of his way to denounce their radical ideas, which was ungracious and irrelevant.

Far more serious was his strange complacency toward the Nazis. Shortly after Hitler came to power he said in effect, "Hitler is an idiot, but you have to look calmly at his attitude toward the Jews. Now in Berlin, some 90% of the lawyers are Jews, while the Jews make up only about 5% of the population. Is that right? You have to be realistic."

He wrote about the Nazis very rarely, and then with an uncomfortable "judiciousness." In the last issue of the *Mercury* which he edited, December, 1933, he reviewed a batch of books on Germany under the title, *Hitlerismus*. It was amazingly quiet in tone. In all probability Mencken is not anti-Semitic, despite these and other incidents and despite the occasional statements in his works that Jews as a class have bad manners. He is simply confused, deficient in his knowledge of history and anthropology, and not always as careful as he should be in what he writes. Besides, the Hitler mess raised havoc with one of his favorite theories, that America was the most benighted land in creation, and that such phenomena as Christian Science, the Scopes monkey trial, Billy Sunday, and lynchings were possible only here. For years he argued that in a country like Germany these bizarre happenings would be inconceivable. Along came Hitler, and Mencken's writings of a life-time turned to dust. Finally, he comes of German parents. It would have been noble if he had confessed his error and lambasted Hitler with the same frequency and savagery as he lambasted Hoover and Coolidge. But he is human like the rest of us, with all the frailties of the race.

The world the past few years, one feels, has been very

strange to Mencken. He has become nervous, worrying about his health, especially about his stomach: "I suppose I'll die of some digestive disturbance." He has visited doctors frequently, generally having something cut out or something injected. He even stopped writing about the glories of the dangerous life as expounded by Nietzsche. The New Deal flabbergasted him. He looked upon it as a particularly vicious form of Communism.

When the *Mercury* was taken over by a new owner and most of the staff went on strike for better wages and working conditions, Mencken carried on an unseemly argument in the street with one of the pickets, a girl who had been his loyal secretary for ten years. When the strike came up before the Regional Labor Board, which upheld the strikers, Mencken sent the Board a most carefully worded telegram admitting that his secretary had worked for him for ten years and that he had found her efficient. The entire episode must have made him feel ashamed, for at bottom he is very kind. Shortly afterward he went to considerable trouble to help the girl.

How he has made up for his other unseemly acts of late only the good Lord knows. Years ago, in a piece on O. Henry, he referred to the short story writer as a jail-bird. That display of execrable taste may have been a slip. In the past few years, however, such slips have become frequent. He sometimes refers to people who are politically more liberal than he as Reds, in the manner of a Hearst editorial writer, and he has stooped to ridiculing Heywood Broun for his mode of attire, solely, it would seem, because Broun has interested himself in the Newspaper Guild and other "Red" movements. Perhaps Mencken's worst slip was his espousal of Governor Alf Landon for the presidency. He was so furious about Roosevelt's "Communism" that he threw overboard

the resolution of a life-time not to endorse a politician. He supported Landon openly and loudly, becoming so blinded by his bitterness against the New Deal that he predicted his candidate would win by a landslide. "A Chinaman could beat Roosevelt," he said.

THE PACE-SETTER of the twenties, as well as the epitome of all its victories, both genuine and false, his vogue, as distinguished from his influence, was of historic magnitude. Only two other American critics in the national history so far have had the vogue of Mencken. The first was Dennie in Revolutionary times, and the second was Howells at the turn of the Nineteenth Century and the first decade of the Twentieth. In the years 1918-1928 Mencken's name seemed to be on the tongue of every literate man and woman. His decline was almost coincidental with the beginning of the depression in the United States, and in the past nine years he has sunk so low in the estimation of the reading and writing public that the mere mention of his name seems to call forth an instantaneous obituary remark. To speak of Mencken seriously these days is to date oneself, at least among writing folk. In all probability he has more readers today than in his heyday, but they are a different class of readers. In 1918-1928 his public was made up of what he liked to call "the civilized minority." Today it is made up of Hearst readers, Macfadden readers — the very people he once pretended to despise.

What has happened? Has Mencken changed or has the shape of things in the United States changed? Has Mencken deteriorated or has he merely continued to be the same and diminished in size because the world has become too big for his stock of ideas and attitudes? The facts seem to indicate that there has been no substantial



change in his philosophy, but that the world crisis, manifesting itself in this country, has shown up that philosophy to be a compound of blustering intellectual naïveté and a repelling form of moral callousness toward the silent majority of misery. Basically he is the same as he was in his few days of glory. His "civilized minority" did not recognize him for his true worth because it was on an extravagant hedonistic spree, a condition not conducive to cool, sharp criticism. The crash of 1929 with its consequent despair brought on all sections of the population a more reflective mood, which in turn brought on a clearer judgment of men and issues.

Mencken must be very lonely these days. The fat Coolidge years, when Baptist-baiting and Methodist-baiting and sneering at the life of mid-West farmers appeared funny, are over. Distress has made people more selective in their reading. They are no more amused or enlightened with references to "the Hon. Mr. Green" of the American Federation of Labor, or to "the Hon. Mr. Lewis — a rough, shaggy, bellowing fellow with bushy eyebrows, the vibrissae of a tom cat, and the technique of a police sergeant dragging in a drunk." They have found such stuff tiresome. Worse, his old friends have stopped seeing him altogether or see him only at long intervals. Since the depression it has become very embarrassing to listen to Mencken. Many of his old companions and associates, who still have soft spots in their hearts for him for many kindnesses he had done and for many pleasant hours spent with him, have reasoned with him in vain so often that they have been inclined to give him up. Of late they have been especially shocked by his traveling to and from Germany on North-German-Lloyd boats and by his public remarks that Hitlerland was quiet and peaceful "like a church." Thomas Mann,

a voluntary exile, doesn't travel on Nazi boats, on principle, and he doesn't think his fatherland is so quiet. Mencken was very loud in his denunciation of Prohibition. Isn't Hitlerism, which deprives millions of people of their civil rights and persecutes helpless minorities, also worth a few resounding attacks? Does Mencken's interest in honor and decency stop at the Rhine?

One often wonders what he thinks to himself in the still, small watches of the night. One often wonders what he thinks to himself at noon, when he goes over his thousands of clippings, which he has saved diligently for some thirty years. Does he think that the whole world has gone crazy and that he alone is right? It seems unlikely, for he has often said, "Never forget that even the Pope has his blue Mondays when he has his doubts." How does he explain his loss of face among the young men and women of the country? He used to pride himself upon his special appeal to them. They know him no more.

A short time ago Mencken was made editor of the *Baltimore Evening Sun* for a period of some months. His old friends were delighted and hoped that soon he would return to the *Sun* permanently. Newspaper work is his perfect job. For forty years he has tried more ambitious tasks — literary criticism, economic thinking, political writing. Events have indicated that he was not at home in any of these fields, that he is but an amateur intellectual. Forty years is long enough for any man to find himself, and to learn the folly of trying to be what the Almighty apparently did not intend him to be. His friends wish him all the luck in the world in his return to his first love, daily journalism. They are sure he will make a brilliant record.

## A BOWERY TRIUMVIRATE:

Oscar and Reddy and Jesus

# There's A New Name Written

*By* VINCE HALL

SOMETIMES there's a difference between guys you can't tell by looking at them. They'll seem the same, but one'll be soft as gravy and the other hard. One'll be sore at the world and the other just hungry. One'll apologize for bumping a guy with pressed pants and the other'll nick him for coffee before he can get his nose in the air.

When Oscar barked at Reddy it was because the difference itched. They were a lot alike. Both came from farms, both were tall and wide and a little round-shouldered. Oscar was dark and Reddy was what his nickname implied. Reddy was handsomer, but lots of guys are handsome without it hurting any. It helps on the stem. Reddy was a little cleaner, too, because he hadn't been out as long as Oscar.

"The last chance," said Oscar. "Do we go in, or don't we?" They were in front of the Great Waters Rescue Mission.

"In here," said Oscar, "at least we'll eat. Whatever we get'll stink, but we'll eat."

"I'll go in," said Reddy. "You go back on the stem and get you somethin' decent."

"Nix," said Oscar. "The minute I turn me back you'll



crawl off in a hole somewheres. Christ! You'll starve to death that way!"

"I didn't starve before we hooked up."

"I ain't figured that out yet. Oh! my —," Oscar looked despairingly at the shabby mission and the sad derelicts dribbling in.

"All right, Reddy, one more try. You take one side and I'll take the other. If you don't make it I'll split."

"I can't ask anybody. What's the use? The words won't come out!"

"And what am I supposed to do, feed you? I ain't workin' for anybody won't even make a stab at gettin' their own!"

"Who's askin' you to? Go ahead. Get yours! I can take care of myself!"

"Yeh, you'll starve to death! You sensitive guys give me a pain in the pew! Come on!"

The reclaimed wreck at the door of the Great Waters Rescue Mission grimaced and shouted his usual welcome:

"Come in. Set down. Come in. Set down."

The men who entered were cold, hungry. They were harder to get out than in. They moved meekly to the indicated benches and huddled shoulder to shoulder from the centre aisle to the buff-tinted tin walls.

Oscar jammed through. Reddy hesitated. His stomach twisted the tail of his conscience. He went in.

The benches were narrow with no backs. Everyone leaned forward to rest. It gave them a conveniently attentive appearance. Few really listened. Most engaged in muttered conversation.

Reddy listened. It was new to him. Oscar sighed resignedly and worked over a cross-word puzzle started three weeks before.

Over the rostrum hung the banner; "Save a Soul For

Christ!" It was blue with white letters. Beneath it a little man danced and chanted the old, old story.

"Know what I was? I was a thief! I was a pickpocket! I crept out among people; honest people like you. I crept out among them and robbed them of the fruits of their labor! I was sent to jail. I was scorned by my family. I was scorned by my neighbors. I was an outcast!"

"Amen!"

"He was an outcast!"

"Hallelujah!"

Behind the speaker Reddy saw the line of forlorn-looking women rise with their emotions; sing and stamp and sink back. He was ashamed for them because the quiet church of his youth had taught him such demonstrations were indulged in only by Negroes. He looked again; they weren't Negroes.

"I was an outcast! I was a lost soul! I was scorned and spit on! But none of these things turned me from my evil ways! I was steeped in sin and I would have stayed steeped if it wasn't for the Lord Jesus Christ! Jesus came to me in my darkest night. Jesus came to me and said, 'Brother, why aren't you working in my vineyard?'

"And I want to tell you I've been working in His vineyard ever since. So let's turn now to our own special hymn — you'll find it under you where you sat down — and sing; 'Happy In The Service Of The Lord!' Everybody stand. Raise your voices in praise of Him!"

"Amen!"

"He was an outcast!"

"He was scorned!"

"Hallelujah!"

The portable organ pealed. The little man lifted his voice. The dowdy semi-circle behind him was already in full swing. The discord was not too tough to take.

A few men who liked to hear their own voices joined in. Some just mumbled. The slightly flat chorus from the platform swelled over all. Reddy, who'd been raised by tired women, wondered where these tired-looking women got the energy.

He nudged Oscar. "What's the matter with them? What're they doin' here with this bunch of stew-bums? Ain't they got husbands?"

Oscar untangled himself from a difficult word. "Take another look," he said, "and you tell me."

The song was over and the largest of the ladies took the floor. She was just big but she looked tremendous after the preceding runt. She waited for a look of astonishment to form on the faces closest to her.

"You're looking at a fallen woman; till she was saved from sin by Jesus! No! I wasn't a scarlet sister! No! I wasn't a paid woman! I didn't even have the excuse of gold or empty stomach. I was just bad! I loved my sin."

"Amen!"

"She was a fallen woman!"

"Hallelujah!"

"She loved her sin!"

"I was a fallen woman! I sold my soul for the pleasures of the flesh till Jesus picked me up. Till Jesus took me! Till Jesus took me to His bosom and said, 'Sister, where-for art thou troubled?'"

Reddy was embarrassed. "Oscar," he said, "I want out."

"Nix," said Oscar. "We're stayin' right here."

"I can't stand it!"

"You'll stand it till I eat or damn it I'll send your soul to Jesus faster than 'Salvation Sal' there can put in a good word for you!"

"I'm goin'."



"So help me — I'll brain you with this bench if you move!"

"Aw! How do you think them people up there feel hollerin' their heads off about Jesus Christ and all we're thinkin' about is our guts!"

"Forget 'em. They're all either phonies or nuts or stupes. Maybe they just like it; how do we know? We want a bowl of slum; they want a hunk of heaven. Keep your mouth shut and we'll get what we want!"

"So I say unto you, brother," the speaker blew a drop of sweat from the end of her nose, "I say unto you; 'Wherefor art thou troubled?' Where-ever-for thou art, take it to Him. He can ease your pain as He eased mine. In His bosom you'll be happy and satisfied as I am, as our dear brothers and sisters on the platform with me are!"

"Hallelujah!" chorused the brothers and sisters. "Satisfied! Amen!"

"Happy and satisfied, brother, as you will be too if you are saved. Are you saved, brother?"

"Are you saved, brother?" The platform sitters stood and advanced methodically on the audience. "Are you saved, brother?"

REDDY STIRRED uneasily as the pointing fingers neared. Oscar put his puzzle away and waited. Knots of men moved to the front of the hall. Groups drifted slowly out the door. No one bothered about their going.

"Look," said Reddy. "Some of them are going out."

"Just in for the warm, I guess," said Oscar. "Sit still."

"What the devil's it all for?"

"Soon as you get 'saved' you eat."

"Suppose you don't?"

"There ain't no 'don't,' stupid. If you stay, you're hungry; if you're hungry, you get saved, that's all."

"Are you saved, brother?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Sure am."

"You bet."

"Hallelujah, lady!"

The pointing fingers advanced steadily, in the erratic rhythm of the service. "Are you saved, brother?"

The saved were led grinning to the front near the platform.

The large woman exhorted. "'Thank God I'm saved,' brother, say it; 'Thank God I'm saved!'"

"Thank God I'm saved!" And brother huddled patiently against brother, waiting for the rest of the congregation to be saved or get out.

"— brother?"

"Saved," said Oscar. He joined the group in front.

"— brother?"

Reddy's tongue clung to his teeth, his seat to the hard bench. He was ashamed of something. His lips locked. He was surprised, bewildered, helpless. He couldn't say one easy word. He was sick in the stomach. Too many things were wrong. The service had been too upsetting. Too many people were doing things any child in his home community knew very well nobody would do.

"Brother, are you saved?" The missionary's impatient breath wetted against his face. "Brother! Answer me!"

Reddy looked for the exit but the way was barred. The workers in the vineyard were crowding in as fast as they finished their automatic stunt. The joy of battle faintly glowed on slovenly features. Nervously energetic bodies fluttered in the way of escape.

"Come, brother . . . ." The big exhorter herded her last "Thank God" into the mass and swooped down.

Reddy knew there was no escape now; and he owed it to these good people who labored for his soul and fed his body for their reward. He tried again, but no words came. They'd have to, sooner or later.

"Come, brother! You want to be happy, don't you? Come to the arms of Jesus!"

But they weren't the arms of Jesus. They were the arms of women and they reached out for him. They were the hands of women plucking at him, running lightly over his strong shoulders, touching his cheek. Where they went they left a trickle of warmth.

He was ashamed. He hunched his coat over to hide his discomfort and stood up. He moved in a feminine cluster to the platform.

"Hallelujah brother!" The little man of the mission hopped ecstatically at a distance. He couldn't get close.

Reddy began to feel a difference. He was younger than the others, except maybe Oscar, and Oscar was homely.

"'Thank God I'm saved,' brother! Say it!"

"God, I'm a bastard!" thought Reddy. "What if they could see inside my head!"

He tried to shake the strawberry-festival reaction and imagine himself inside a church.

"Say it, brother!"

Oscar looked disgusted. One of the derelicts spat pointedly. "Come on, Buddy, willya!"

Reddy mumbled.

"What's that, brother? Say it out loud. Say it so the Lord can hear you in heaven!"

In the surly concentration of the hungry, Reddy found a small voice.

"Thank God I'm saved."



"Hallelujah!" said the big sister. "That's not very loud but I can tell you it was straight from the heart!"

"Straight from the heart!"

"Amen!"

"Hallelujah!"

"Now," said the big sister, "while we pass out the meal tickets everybody sing 'There's a New Name Written Down in Glory, and It's Mine!' and sing out loud!"

Reddy would have walked blindly to the next ocean if Oscar hadn't stopped him.

"Wait a minute, mug! We gotta eat!"

"I ain't hungry any more," said Reddy.

"Well, I am!" Oscar looked at his meal ticket. "Why, them cheap punks! The joint this is on ain't fit for a pig! After all that!"

"Let's go down to the Greek's," said Reddy, "and get somethin' decent."

"What's the matter? Did you get religion or somethin'? What do we use for money?"

"This." Reddy's hard palm held a half-dollar, a quarter, two dimes and a nickel. "They give it to me, them women," he said. "God! They think I'm comin' back tomorrow night to be saved!"

Our 'Fabulous Markets' in China  
Are Really Small Potatoes

Our Stake  
*in the Orient*

WALKER  
MATHESON

**F**EARFUL LEST JAPAN is slamming and locking the "Open Door" of China against the United States, Secretary of State Cordell Hull dispatched a warning note to Tokyo in October demanding that the China market be kept accessible to American commerce.

What obviously had inspired Secretary Hull's note was the expanding Japanese military control over the ports strung along the Yellow Sea, the East China Sea and the South China Sea, which gave Japan the key to China's front doors. Already in Japan's hands were Tientsin, with its port of Taku, the entry into North China; Tsingtao, once Germany's key to the rich province of Shantung; Shanghai, the gateway to the Yangtze River and Central China, formerly dominated by the International Concession, and originally built upon a mud-bank by the British, French and Americans with the idea of sharing solely between them the entire commerce of China; and finally, Amoy and tropical Canton, portal to South China and traditionally under the thumb of Britain's Crown Colony of Hong Kong.

The note was delivered to Tokyo by Ambassador Joseph C. Grew on October 6, before the fall of Canton, but it was not made public in Washington until October

27, following immediately on the heels of a resolution adopted by the small but potent Tohokai Party in Tokyo demanding that the third Powers relinquish their concessions and other special rights and privileges in China "when a new Chinese Government is set up under Japanese guidance to govern the conquered territory." The Party's demand was based on the contention that foreign concessions in China were hotbeds of anti-Japanism, principally because they gave refuge to Chinese terrorists in the conquered areas.

Still, the Tohokai demands clearly indicated the temper of the Japanese, who have been insisting that the time has come when the principle of the "Open Door" and equal opportunity in China, on the basis of the former status of the Powers in the Far East, is no longer suitable to the present situation. In short, Japan claims that she is doing what every other Power has done in the past, but with this exception: Japan is being more open about it.

Secretary Hull's note took Japan to task, nevertheless, for actions "in contravention of the principle and condition of equality of opportunity, or the Open Door in China." In delivering the note, Ambassador Grew contended that trade was being throttled, and cited Japan's monopoly of trade in Manchukuo, despite Tokyo's assurance at the time of the conquest of China's three Eastern Provinces, that the Open Door would be maintained. (Parenthetically, the United States has never recognized the Government of Manchukuo, although a Consulate is maintained there, at Dairen, under the jurisdiction of the American Consulate General in Japan, and America's trade in Manchukuo has tripled under the new régime.)

Further, the Ambassador pointed out that steps are



being taken pointing toward similar Japanese-dominated monopolies in the recently conquered parts of China proper — a wool monopoly, a tobacco monopoly, a monopolistic Central China Telecommunications Company and the new Shanghai Inland Navigation Steamship Company. Exchange controls harassed American business, he said, demanding “discontinuance” of such practices “in the interests of relations between the United States and Japan.”

A few days later, following a joint session of the British and American Chambers of Commerce in Shanghai, W. H. Plant, President of the American Chamber, sailed for the United States to assist the Government in efforts to maintain the Open Door. Mr. Plant said he planned to lay before the Washington Administration, including President Roosevelt, “startling details of the carefully planned Japanese threat to the American commercial stake in China.”

Warning that American trade in China is doomed to extinction unless the objectives of the United States’ note to Tokyo of October 6 were achieved, Mr. Plant declared: “American trade in China is a present and future asset of American labor, agriculture, shipping, banking and foreign trade generally. American traders in China represent millions of American workers and producers on the sales front for their products.”

The declaration is age-old, yet it has been repeated so often that it has become an American creed, an unshatterable truth. The facts, however, reveal this universal American belief in a fabulous Chinese market to be a myth. Americans spend more for chewing gum in a single year than is represented in our stakes in the entire Far East! More money is spent on barbers, manicurists and hair-dressers in the United States in a year than is in-

vested in the whole Orient; in terms of national wealth, our stakes in the Far East are so small that they would not pay the Federal tax on cigarettes smoked by the nation in the course of ten months. It is less than half the book value of all the properties owned and operated by United States Steel — a single corporation!

Yet, so much is heard of the Open Door in China of late, and so little is actually known about it, that the origin of the doctrine — upon which our entire Far Eastern policy is founded — and the facts and figures of the present day are almost wholly ignored. Through a complication of controversies, suppression of documents (some of the Hay documents were buried for more than 20 years), secrecy and, above all, propaganda and censorship, the average American is led to believe that our stakes in the Orient are so great that they are worth going to war to defend.

In fact, our Far Eastern policy has more than once set us on the road to war, step by step. This policy, almost hysterical at times, has been built up to protect an infinitesimal minority, while the majority have been kept in almost total ignorance of the facts, facts that are sometimes made so intricate that they even confuse the experts themselves.

From the days of the clipper ships in the early, romantic China tea trade in the middle of the last century, up to the days of John Hay and the Open Door at the beginning of the present century, the American policy in the Orient has been founded on the assumption that American interests, real or imaginary, have been of sufficient importance to justify the spending of billions of dollars for military and naval measures for their protection. Since 1900, the United States has maintained troops and war boats in China to protect a small group

of American nationals — about as many in number as would populate an insignificant American town — and their purely personal business ventures, besides the unremunerative mission properties and the various charitable institutions which have been lavished on the land. China is the only country in the world in which the United States — together with the other Powers — has been forced to keep troops and warships on a permanent basis to support the demands for its “rights.”

And what are these rights and investments?

The “rights” represent concessions granted by China to the Powers at the point of a gun. It is true that Uncle Sam did not himself browbeat the Chinese into the present American treaty rights, but the United States was the first to follow on the heels of Great Britain, who forced China to open up ports for trade and residence in the Opium War of 1839–42. That infamous war was provoked when the Chinese attempted to halt the importation of opium from India, which was a British monopoly and a commodity used by Britain in lieu of cash payments for Chinese goods. There was no declaration of war and the only explanation given the public was that the Chinese had flouted British prestige. A number of cities were seized, sacked and destroyed.

A group of American merchants, who enjoyed a profitable rôle in the opium traffic themselves, petitioned Congress to assist Great Britain, France and Holland in a big naval demonstration. The American ship owners refrained from endorsing the opium traffic, but were among the first to dash for cargoes in the forcefully opened ports. It was a war of which Gladstone, one of England’s greatest statesmen, declared: “A war more unjust in its origins, a war more calculated to cover this country with permanent disgrace, I do not know and



have not read of. The British flag is hoisted to protect an infamous traffic; and if it was never hoisted except as it is now hoisted on the coast of China, we should recoil from its sight in horror."

The Open Door which, we now fear, Japan is slamming 100 years after it was forced open by the British, is not precisely the child of John Hay and this century, as we are prone to believe. It originated in England's efforts to make China its sole prize, another India, after the signing of the Treaty of Peking in 1842, following the Opium War. Just before sailing to the Orient in 1843, Caleb Cushing, the American envoy who signed the first trade and diplomatic treaty with China, said in an address: ". . . . I go to China, if I may so express myself, in behalf of civilization and that, if possible, the doors of three hundred millions of Asiatic laborers may be opened to America." <sup>1</sup>

Cushing concluded a treaty at Whanghia, in which was incorporated the hated extra-territoriality clause which made citizens of the United States guilty of committing crimes in China punishable only in American courts. Later, writing to President Van Buren, Cushing boasted over the superiority of the American treaty to that of the British, saying: "It does appear that (Britain) has made the arrangements (at Nanking) for her benefit only, and if other nations wish for like advantages they must apply to China and obtain them on their own account. I have information from Canton (where Chinese officials had informed missionaries and naval officers they would welcome a competitor to Britain) that the Chinese are predisposed to deal kindly with us, more so, as we only can, by the extent of our commerce, act in counterpoise to that of England, and thus save the Chi-

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Caleb Cushing*. Claude M. Fuess. Harcourt Brace and Company. 1923.

nese from that which would be extremely inconvenient for them, *viz.*, the condition of being an exclusive monopoly in the hands of England. . . .”<sup>2</sup>

Yet in this almost a century in which the United States has been a “favored nation” enjoying the Open Door in China, our commercial stake in that country is less than \$200,000,000, including mission property and non-denominational colleges and schools. This sum represents a figure smaller than our stake in the Philippines or in Japan. The total investments of American capital in the Far East, including the Philippines, China, Japan, the Netherlands Indies and British Malaya, amount only to between \$700,000,000 and \$800,000,000, with the figure of \$750,000,000 usually considered approximately right.<sup>3</sup>

*This sum comprises only about 5 per cent of the total foreign investments of the United States.*

Yet the United States seems ever more willing to go to war over it. Our potential enemy in this Pacific trade war is, of course, Japan — our third best customer in world trade and with whom we have invested more capital than we have in all of gigantic China.

Our \$750,000,000 stake in the entire Orient — of which a little more than one-fourth is invested in China proper — is less than the American people spend each year to witness college football and other sports events.

In 1935, on behalf of our Far Eastern policy, the United States spent \$601,439,792.<sup>4</sup> The following figures, compiled by Frederick V. Field<sup>5</sup> in August, 1936, are the latest available, but they indicate the staggering cost

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> The United States Department of Commerce figures for 1937, list the figures much lower, based on book value and not at the appraised value.

<sup>4</sup> *Far Eastern Survey: America's Stake in the Far East*, Vol. v, No. 18.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

of our Far Eastern policy and which in the past two years has naturally greatly increased: —

1: — Approximate cost of the Foreign Service in China, Japan and Siam — \$905,754.

This figure represents costs for legations, embassies and consulates as follows: China, including Manchuria, — \$98,582, and fourteen consulates ranging in respective costs from \$7,331 at Swatow to \$169,599 at Shanghai; Japan — embassy, \$106,452, and eight consulates, including Dairen (Manchukuo) ranging from \$7,837 at Nagoya to \$35,644 at Kobe; Siam — legation at a cost of \$19,861, and one consulate at \$11,475. Comparable data for British Malaya, French Indo-China and the Netherlands Indies not obtained.

2: — Approximate cost of the Department of State — \$71,451. Of this amount, \$65,620 represents salaries.

3: — Approximate annual cost of the Far Eastern Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce — \$12,000.

4: — Approximate annual cost of Commercial attachés' offices — \$139,100.

5: — Approximate annual cost of agricultural attachés' offices — \$34,860.

6: — Approximate annual expenditures for Army equipment and maintenance of personnel in the Far East — between \$10-\$12,000,000.

7: — Since the Japanese occupation of Manchuria in 1931, practically the entire American fleet has been stationed in the Pacific, and all major maneuvers have been carried out in the Pacific. The Navy is geared to the Pacific situation, and the American naval policy is linked to the country's Far Eastern policy. It is, therefore, logical to charge practically the entire naval budget to the cost of maintaining this policy. The naval appropriation bill for the fiscal year ending 1936 provided a sum of \$486,767,635. Including appropriations and emergency grants to the Navy, this arm of the service cost the United States taxpayers an aggregate sum of \$654,751,818, of which at least 90 per cent, or \$582,276,636 can be added to the debit column of the cost of protecting our \$200,000,000 stake in China.



New naval programs, announced for the fiscal years 1938-39, will amount to several billions. And 90 per cent of these new figures can well be added to the cost of our Far Eastern policy.<sup>6</sup>

AMERICA'S INVESTMENTS in the Far East are roughly divided at about 225 million dollars each in Japan and the Philippines; 200 million in China and 100 million in the East Indies.

In the Philippines, American investments are about equally divided between portfolio investments, or stock holdings by individuals and American financial institutions in railways, public utilities and bonds of the Philippine Commonwealth; and direct investments scattered through many industries including sugar, coconut, hemp, real estate, merchandising, lumbering and mining.

Of late, American portfolio and direct investments have been fleeing the Philippines in view of the islands' promised independence in 1942. This flight of capital is based on one of two surmises: first, that the islands might revert to internal disorder, once the hand of American authority is removed; and, secondly, the fear that the islands may not retain their independence in view of other imperialistic Powers, Britain, Germany and Japan, which have long eyed the Philippines with greed.

American investments in Japan fall chiefly into the portfolio class. Japanese dollar bonds outstanding at the end of 1936 totalled \$316,000,000, consisting of National Government issues totalling \$141,000,000; municipal issues totalling \$37,000,000, Government-guaranteed corporation issues, totalling \$46,000,000, and private cor-

<sup>6</sup> Items 1 to 5, inclusive, are legitimate expenses in the normal course of diplomatic relations, although the expenditure on commercial attachés is rather high in proportion to our trade; agricultural attachés are so much nonsense, their duties being collecting of seeds, etc. It is the Army and Navy figures that contribute to the hysteria.

poration issues valued at \$92,000,000, mostly obligations of electric power and light companies. According to the United States Department of Commerce, in arriving at an estimate for 1937 on portfolio investments in Japan, about two-thirds of these investments have been repatriated, leaving a total of about \$164,000,000 in American portfolio investments. According to the Japanese Ministry of Finance, American portfolio investments in 1936 were retired as follows: 46.5 per cent of Japanese Government bonds were repatriated, as were 56 per cent of the municipal bonds and 86.6 per cent of the private utility bond holdings.

America's direct investments in Japan, amounting only to 61,000,000, are apportioned between selling agencies for American-manufactured goods, including machinery, oil and auto fuels. These investments total about \$25,000,000, or less than one-half. The remainder is invested in the manufacturing industries, such as branch plants for the assembling of automobiles, the manufacture of electrical equipment, airplane factories, and chemical and canning industries. Both Ford and General Motors have large assembly plants in Japan, as does the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and various similar enterprises.

It was in connection with the shipment of automobiles and sewing machines from Japan to the China market that the Open Door propagandists sent up their first cries of warning to the United States that Japan was taking the Chinese market away from American motor car makers. The fact that the autos and sewing machines had merely been assembled in Japan as this was a less costly matter than assembling them in California or Michigan and shipping them direct, in space-consuming bulky crates, was ignored. Forgotten, too, was the fact

that stockholders in the United States still earned their dividends, workers still drew their pay for creating the parts and American bottoms received their earnings for transporting them.

Under Japan's drive for self-sufficiency, laws now provide that expansion in such foreign-styled industries as autos must be made by Japanese controlled companies. In other words, American investments are welcomed, but American direct investments in such firms are placed in the minority interests. This is in direct contrast to the situation prevailing in China, where the Chinese have not yet reached the stage where they are able to develop their own corporations to any great extent, leaving the larger part of all foreign investments in China entirely under the control of foreigners.

One of the smallest direct investments by American capital in Japan is in missionary property, valued at between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000, including schools, churches and hospitals.

Exclusive of missionary property and charitable institutions — valued at millions of dollars, mostly from the United States — the total *foreign* investments in China, as given by Professor C. F. Remer, foremost American authority on the subject, are \$3,242,500,000. Of this sum, direct business investments comprise 80.2 per cent of the total, with Government obligations accounting for only 19.2 per cent. These were divided, in 1931, as follows: Investments of Great Britain in China represent 36.7 per cent of the total; Japan's investments represent 35.1 per cent; Russia, 8.4 per cent; the United States, 6.1 per cent; and France, 5.1 per cent.

These figures, the last complete ones available, have since changed in certain respects. The Russian investment has been lowered by the sale to Japan of the Chi-



nese Eastern Railway in Manchukuo, which transfers \$210,000,000 from the Russian figure to the Japanese. American investments in China dropped from \$114,000,000 to \$91,000,000 in 1936, according to the latest available figures from the United States Department of Commerce.

Under the China Trade Act, American companies in China have a total capitalization of a little over \$22,000,000. Of that total, less than \$2,500,000 is held in the United States, over \$7,000,000 being held by Americans in China and the balance by Chinese and others. Loans by Chinese banks comprised a fair proportion of that balance.

On the other hand, United States portfolio investments in Chinese Government bonds are so insignificant as to be virtually nil for the reason that Chinese bonds seldom, if ever, pay dividends or are paid at all. In 1937, for example, China completely defaulted on loans, totalling \$7,000,000, held by Americans. This was in addition to previous Chinese issues so long in default as to both principal and interest that the United States Department of Commerce completely ignored them in its 1937 compilations of bonds defaulted throughout the world.

*American direct investments in China annually consist of about 40 per cent of the total in missionary and philanthropic enterprises from which no direct return is ever made or expected.*

For this reason, if for no other, the slamming of the Open Door makes very little material difference, insofar as American investments in China are concerned.

Foreign investments in China, given below in millions of dollars, show all too clearly the insignificance of the United States' stake there: —

	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>Japan</i>	<i>Russia</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>Total</i>
Shanghai.....	737.4	215	....	97.5	1,049.9
Manchukuo.....	....	760.7	51.3	....	812.0
Rest of China, including Hong Kong.....	226.0	108.9	11.4	52.7	399.0
<i>Total</i> .....	963.4	1,084.6	62.7	150.2	2,260.9

These investments are broken up into the following industrial figures, in U. S. dollars: —

	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>Japan</i>	<i>Russia</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>Total</i>
Railroads and Ship- ping .....	134.9	414.8	....	10.8	560.5
Public Utilities.....	48.2	15.6	....	35.2	99.0
Mining.....	19.3	87.5	2.1	.1	109.0
Manufacturing.....	173.4	165.6	12.8	20.5	372.3
Banking.....	115.6	73.8	....	25.3	214.7
Real Estate.....	202.3	73.0	32.5	8.5	316.3
Import-Export.....	240.8	183.0	12.2	47.7	483.7
Miscellaneous.....	28.9	71.3	3.1	2.1	105.4
<i>Total</i> .....	963.4	1,084.6	62.7	150.2	2,260.9

FROM THE ABOVE FIGURES, it is clear that Japan is now the dominant force in China, with Great Britain next and the United States a poor third. Yet, in the face of these figures, it has been suggested that the United States cling strictly to its Far Eastern policy of the Open Door and drive the now dominant Japanese interests out. This could be done, according to Philip J. Jaffe, writing in the magazine *Amerasia* for September, 1938, through the floating of a several billion dollar loan to China to "create a new industrial front."

According to this writer, when China has "resisted successfully the present invasion," the country will need new friends, and we in America "must be prepared to help." He suggests that the Government float the loan

since "private capital too often has had its fingers burned." The interest would be 5 per cent, and the public would be asked to subscribe.

This suggestion is only too typical of the American belief in the fabulous Chinese market — a dream that has pleasantly beguiled American traders for more than a century. The thought that every one of the 450,000,000 residents of China is a potential customer for a dollar watch or a stick of chewing gum — let alone the more expensive goods we have to sell — has long been dissipated in every land but the United States. The Chinese are too poor to buy, even if the goods could be transported freight-free and dumped on their doorstep; the average per capita cash income of the Chinese is less than \$10 a year.

In 1937, according to United States Trade figures, we sold China goods worth \$55,700,000 and bought \$105,000,000 in return. In the same year, we sold Japan more than \$300,000,000 worth of goods and bought \$200,000,000 worth, or more than five times as much as we sold China. American sales to Japan were more than those to all South America and China combined. Among the countries of the world, China ranked fifteenth on our purchasing list and ninth on the buying list. But American trade with China in 1937, during which Japan was accused of using repressive measures, was larger than it was in 1936 and 1935. At the same time, American exports to Manchuria were six times as large as they were before Japan closed the Open Door there.

With a small minority of American nationals in China and a handful of traders at home applying pressure on Washington to maintain the Open Door in China — and to fight to keep it open, if necessary — it is important to understand exactly what the Open Door policy is.



First and foremost, the American Open Door policy concerning China is a British invention. John Hay was the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's before he was called back to Washington, to become one of the greatest Anglophiles in American public life, and he brought the Open Door idea with him from London, where he had received "suggestions."

Toward the end of the last century, the United States took no strong diplomatic stand while China was being dismembered by Britain, France, Russia and Germany. In 1898, while the United States was busy helping to wrest Cuba and the Philippines from Spain, Britain grew anxious over sudden German and Russian encroachments in China and feared the loss of a rich trade. Britain suggested that a *status quo* be maintained, and the later American Open Door doctrine was born with this resolution being passed in the House of Commons: "That it is of vital importance for British commerce and influence that the independence of Chinese territory be maintained."

By this was meant "equality of trade," Britain already having carved out tremendous chunks of "spheres of influence." The resolution had a high moral tone that appealed to the United States, and Britain privately invited the United States to coöperate in helping Britain maintain what London now called the Open Door. The United States declined the invitation, but a year later — with the Philippines in our grasp, and a definite "destiny" in the Orient — we adopted the Open Door policy with gusto, under the persuasion of Hay, who had been well tutored in Downing Street.

Thereupon began the long series of notes from the United States that began in 1899 with John Hay and have continued up to the present with Cordell Hull

concerning the Open Door, of which Nathaniel Pfeffer, the expert on Oriental affairs, so neatly exposes: — <sup>7</sup>

“The Open Door was a device of diplomacy once; it became a myth later; it is now an anachronism and an historical curio. . . . It is one of the pretty legends of recent American history that the United States prevented the partition of China at that time.”

Here is the essence of the original Hay note of 1899: —

The principles which this Government is particularly desirous of seeing formally declared by all the great powers interested in China, and which will be eminently beneficial to the commercial interests of the whole world, are:

First. The recognition that no Power in any way will interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within any leased territory or within any so-called “sphere of interest” it may have in China.

Second. That the Chinese treaty tariff of the time shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are within said “sphere of interest” (unless they be “free ports”) no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties so leviable shall be collected by the Chinese Government.

Third. That each Power will levy no higher harbor dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such “sphere” than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality. . . .

It will be noted that the “policy” primarily is a *desire*, that it admits “spheres of influence,” and does not concern itself with equal opportunity of investments or industry. Neither does it attempt or even imply any policy to preserve the integrity of China. There are no hints of sanctions of any sort. It deals primarily with non-discrimination in tariffs and port charges. Still, Americans are prone to regard the Open Door policy as laid down by Hay as a sort of Monroe Doctrine extended to Asia — a doctrine that plainly insinuates force.

<sup>7</sup> *Asia* magazine, July, 1936.



## OUR STAKE IN THE ORIENT

In 1900, Hay sent a note to all the Powers concerned in China, further explaining the attitude of the United States: —

. . . . The policy of the Government of the United States is to SEEK a solution WHICH MAY bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly Powers by treaty and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire. [*Capitals mine.* W. M.]. . .

It is on these words of Hay, merely a State Department memorandum and nothing more, that there has been built up the general belief that the United States has a *law* that compels her to use force, if necessary, to guarantee the integrity of China against foreign invasion. Whereas the note expresses only a pious hope, and the Hay policy merely seeks agreements which may preserve the territorial entity of China, a small minority is demanding that this fallacious *law* be invoked at the present time.

Needless to say, Hay's notes greatly gratified Britain in the past, and Hull's note of last October is gratifying to Britain now. For it has been admitted in London that Britain expects to do a far greater trade in Chinese territory under Japanese rule while, at the same time, the attitude of the United States to the present situation clearly indicates that America will cut its trade to spite herself.

Meanwhile, Germany and Italy, who have recognized Manchukuo, are getting in on the ground floor in the Asiatic trade and there is some sort of tacit agreement between Japan and Britain over the Chinese market. The United States alone, morally "obligated" by an outmoded and pious policy, is seeing its stakes in the



Far East decrease while, at the same time, Washington is spending billions to defend them.

Secretary Hull's note — although not as irritating as those of Henry Stimson, his predecessor, who carried Hay's policy almost to the brink of war — probably was sent at an inopportune time, during a difficult period of transition. Commenting on the note, the *New York Journal of Commerce* says in defense of the Open Door: —

There is good reason to believe that . . . the note will strike a responsive chord among leading business men in Japan. Such forward-looking Japanese industrialists as Baron Ikeda, Japan's Minister of Finance; Yosuke Matsuoka, president of the South Manchuria Railway and Yoshisuke Aikawa, president of the far-flung Manchuria Development Corporation, have indicated from time to time that they favor a policy of full coöperation with foreign capital and enterprises in the development of Manchuria. They have stated repeatedly that Japan does not possess the financial resources to undertake this task alone, particularly now that her resources have been strained by the fighting in China.

When the Manchuria Heavy Industry Development Company was launched in 1937 to undertake a program of industrialization, it was indicated officially that the move reflected the adoption of a policy of welcoming foreign as well as Japanese capital to join in the development of the country. If this expressed policy will be implemented with concrete measures giving foreign capital equality of opportunity, the basis for one of the chief complaints of the note would be removed. . . .

But while the United States is writing notes, the other Powers are mending their trade fences. Perhaps that is the reason our stake in the Far East is so small — our moral concern for China overshadows the realities and our trade shrinks in proportion to the mounting self-assumed indignities suffered in Washington. The pen boomerangs while trade treaties go unsigned.

In Defense of That  
Battered Stepchild—

*The Movies*

## Bread and Cinemas

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

THE CRY of the Romans for bread and circuses is often cited as an indication of the lightness of their minds, but after all, isn't the phrase just another way of stating two fundamental human hungers? These needs persist in our own day, the only difference being that circuses have now given way to cinemas. The movies satisfy a deep hunger of the people. They are not an accident of our times; they are a result of our times. The entertainment of a people reflects the nature of that people. Games for the Greeks, gladiatorial combats for the Romans, bull-fighting for the Spaniards, moving pictures for the Americans. The cinema is a folk art. To a large extent it has grown out of our ways of thought, our patterns of behavior.

This is not to say that life as it appears on the screen is in any sense realistic; it is merely to say that it is unreal because what audiences ask of the screen is not reality. If the movies offer escape they are only responding to the desire for escape on the part of the eighteen million customers who seek each week to buy it at the box-office.

There is scarcely to be found one among them who is so dumb that he does not realize that the lavish settings constructed by Mr. Cedric Gibbons and Mr. William Cameron Menzies do not resemble the average American

interior, nor that the clothes worn by the stars are not the habitual costume of the ordinary office worker. Nevertheless, many a stenographer among them is working to buy herself prettier clothes, and many a young clerk has his ambition set on a house in Suburbia. So even if the Spanish hacienda with modernistic furnishings from Bullock's Wilshire would not fit into his fifty-foot lot, and she would never think of buying Patou models, they both sit happily in row five and feel vicariously closer to the ideal they are working for.

To be free from the cares of life, from the press of economic necessity, to be beautiful, to be loved — for how many do these not represent Utopia? Such elemental longings Hollywood satisfies because they are elemental. But the detractors of the screen talk as if Hollywood invented them, whereas Hollywood invents nothing but the highly ingenious machinery which presents them. Hollywood learns its psychology dime by dime from the minds of its customers. For subject matter it goes to life. If one looks below the superficial aspects of the screen one finds that, although the things found on the screen are not typical of us, they are apt to have their prototypes somewhere in our huge social structure.

Take the love of luxury for example. Perhaps this trait is unduly emphasized on the screen. But isn't it also unduly emphasized on the street? Hasn't it struck deep into our social fabric? It is in advertisements, in shops, in people's conversations, in their hearts. The moving picture must concern itself with folk materials, and it so happens that our folk materials include tabloids, high powered salesmanship, electric refrigeration, patent cigarette lighters, nail enamel, penthouses, pigskin luggage and luxury cruises. These are the stuff of life — of some lives. Therefore, they are in the movies.



There are other stuffs; basic industries, ships, airplanes, army life, deep sea diving, wheatfields, cattle ranches, dams and bridges. These, too, are in the movies. When the public became air-minded, the movies became air-minded; not before. As soon as a streamlined train was built, there was a story about a streamlined train. As soon as there was a tunnel under a river there was a story about a tunnel under a river. Folk materials, all of them.

One of the things markedly noticeable in our democracy is a passion for self improvement. Perhaps the trait is human and not merely American. In any case it accounts for such varying manifestations as Emily Post, the *Good Housekeeping* Institute, the little ten-cent volumes of Haldeman-Julius, beauty culture, garden clubs, and French lessons over the radio.

In its more serious efforts, the passion for improvement takes the form of bigger and better boulevards, bigger and better office buildings, faster automobiles, finer plumbing. Progress has been the watchword. Our eagle must soar. Nor has it been merely a matter of material progress. The urge has given us public schools, public libraries, public colleges, stadium concerts, clinics.

All of these social urges have different degrees of earnestness and permanence, but they all spring, together with the love of luxury so patent on the screen, from this passion for improvement which is part of our national temperament. It is not odd that the movies show this trait; it would be odd if they did not.

And then there is the Cinderella theme, the recurrence of which on the screen is so greatly deplored. Cinderella's was, I suppose, the first success story ever written, unless possibly the story of Joseph and his brethren. What could be more appropriate, therefore, to a democracy based, not on a landed nobility and inherited wealth, but upon

individual endeavor? The rugged individualists of the preceding generation, the Commodore Vanderbilts and the Jay Goulds, and those of our own, the Rockefellers, the Du Ponts, and the Morgans, are cut to the Cinderella pattern. Movie plots offer no more fabulous rise to fortune than the annual income tax returns. The characters on the screen do not become rich any quicker than the movie barons themselves. Bootleggers amassing immense wealth during prohibition, racketeers preying on society, were not the invention of the fertile Hollywood brain. They sprang full-armed from the police blotter.

But the movies, their critics will tell you, do not merely report these types; they glorify them. It is a question whether or not they glorify them as much as the American public does. Like the newspapers, the movies merely reflect the public's insatiable appetite for personalities. In more reticent eras it was the mark of a gentleman not to make himself conspicuous. In present day public life only the conspicuous gentleman can make his mark. His mark is usually the front page.

Successful writers must be news. They must slap each other's faces at eclectic gatherings. They must discard English grammar and invent a new, incomprehensible language. They must wear Fiesole market baskets turned upside down on their heads instead of hats. Women poets must smoke large black cigars. Famous pianists must trundle their luggage up Madison avenue in a wheelbarrow. Social reformers must protest against the overelaboration of industry by wearing only a sheet. These instances are not made up in a mild attempt to be funny. They are all facts in our believe-it-or-not civilization.

But when the moving picture takes a figure out of real life, a Jim Fisk, a Kreuger, a Barnum, a Diamond Jim, the whole industry is immediately decried for giving us

such fantastic behavior patterns. When Wall street or Newport or Reno appear on the screen they are accepted as the usual moving picture exaggeration. As a matter of fact they are apt to be greatly toned down. The moving picture shows only "through a glass darkly" how some of us behave.

But because some of us behave like that some of the time the conclusion is by no means to be drawn that all of us behave like that all of the time. The screen has no compulsion to portray the drab majority. It has in fact nothing at all to do with majorities and minorities. Doubtless a good many worthy people were overlooked by Homer and the Meistersingers because they were neither drama nor news; they were normal — and dull.

It is usually the piquant, the exotic, the extraordinary that recommends itself to those who purvey entertainment. But it may on occasion be the commonplace, the familiar, life in genre. There is really no one American behavior pattern any more than there is one American scene. Night club entertainers on Broadway do not negate corn huskers in Iowa.

Countess Alexandra Tolstoy once commented on the disappointment of her father with the phonograph which remained a mechanical toy when he expected it to become a powerful instrument for man's mental and moral development. Many people have the same sense of irritation with the moving picture because it remains for the most part a medium of entertainment, with only here and there a film that says something significant. What these people do not realize is that it is precisely by keeping largely to the entertainment type of film that the screen is being true to its business of holding up the mirror to our nature.

In the first place we are not concerted in our thinking.



Assuming that the screen is to convey a social message, what shall be the character of that message? Sacred belief to one person is anathema to another. In Russia the screen is the instrument of the government. It says what the government wants it to say, and what the people, presumably, want to hear. The best technical talent available is commandeered so that the social message may be stated in the most striking and effective way.

If our screen performs no such social function it is because the box-office has voted against it. If we wanted a socially conscious screen, if enough of us wanted it badly enough, make no mistake about it, we would get it. Trade practice in the moving picture business is very simple. It follows the law of supply and demand.

The moving picture industry shies away from propaganda, not because the American public does not want propaganda, but because it does not want it in the theatre. Expression of opinion, argument for or against a cause, is welcomed in the forum, the press or the pulpit. The motion picture has a different function to perform. It is a diversion after the day's cares; a distraction; a narcotic, if you like, but a harmless one. In the theatre few people want to be reminded of injustices or of economic inequalities, even when they are suffering under them. They do not want to be harrowed by heartbreaking conditions. The box-office proves conclusively that they want to be soothed, to dream, to be amused.

We are a young, a laughter-loving nation. We have no stomach for the heavy tragedies of older, more sophisticated races. Our youthfulness of spirit prompts us still to believe in romance, to seek the idealization of life. Hence, the "boy meets girl" formula. Our *joie de vivre* leads us to develop comedy to a high degree of art. This development is entirely in keeping with our national spirit. Perhaps

the whole situation can be reduced to the fact that we don't take our movies seriously because we don't take ourselves seriously. We are not pompous. We are constantly holding up our own faults to laughter. In what other country do you find so frank and searching self-criticism?

There have been satire and imagination of excellent quality in our screen comedies and animated cartoons. It took the intellectuals a long time to appreciate the satirical implications of Chaplin and Sennett. Importantly, and tardily, they announced their "discovery." The fans had got the point and had been laughing for years. Nowhere has there been better burlesque of the "superdramas" and "mighty epics" of the screen than in the movies themselves. The two-reel comedies ridiculed what the feature picture played "straight." The rescue, so firmly entrenched in screen tradition, went backward instead of forward by virtue of reverse cranking, and the "galloping horse" proceeded in slow motion. The acting, the mugging and teeth gnashing needed only a little exaggeration.

But it is not only in its subject matter that the screen reveals our nature. It reveals it also in its own make-up; in its energy, its restlessness, its flow. Its tempo is that of our national life. It is geared as we are geared. The moving picture is not an infant Jacob born in the old age of the arts. It is rather the first born art-child of the young and vital American spirit; the eldest in our mechanized art-family to which has since been added skyscraper architecture and the making of ships for the air.

All of these express objectively what William James expressed in words — the sense of flux. The poetry of the future may well be the anapests and dactyls of the motor driven camera and the sprocket wheels of the projector.

Imagery may be the etching of light on the silver nitrate of film, a new sort of luminism.

Call it by any name, the moving picture remains a phenomenon. It has been able to capture the attention of great masses of people in a way that no other medium of expression has ever done. To say that the public is interested in the moving pictures is to understate the case. The public is absorbed by them; almost obsessed by them. Why? Not merely because the screen is the first universal diversion available in all places and to all purses. That is only half the story. The roots of its popularity strike into a deeper soil than the purse. The lavishness and splendor of the screen should not be readily dismissed as materialism and vulgar display. It is not too unlikely to suppose that the strange expression on the mask-like face of Greta Garbo may haunt a movie fan just as the cryptic expression on the face of the Mona Lisa haunts a devotee of da Vinci. Even the bizarre clothes worn on the screen may be to the modern woman a figure on a Grecian urn, a Della Robbia frieze, a bas relief, satisfying some deep, unconscious craving for beauty.

In last analysis the strength of the screen lies in kinship. It springs from the recognition on the part of audiences that the moving picture is inherently our own. We invented it. Its life is bound up in our life. It is our contribution to our day and age. Together with air flights and skyscrapers and jazz, it is the index to our temperament: an amalgam of extravagance, generosity, prodigality, love of excitement and change, quickness to laughter, passion for self-improvement, and the odd combination of the mechanistic and idealistic attitude toward life. Our whole kaleidoscopic culture is caught on the screen.



*Presenting:*

That Resilient Envoy

MR. AMBASSADOR KENNEDY

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

It has long been a theory of mine that it is unproductive for both dictator and democratic countries to widen the division now existing between them by emphasizing their differences, which are self-apparent.

There is simply no sense, common or otherwise, in letting these differences grow into unrelenting antagonisms. After all, we have to live together in the same world. . . .

Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, in a speech on Trafalgar Day, October 19, 1938.

THESE CALLOUS WORDS spoken by the ambassador of one democratic country upon a serious occasion in another, attracted considerable attention when they were spoken. Immediately, in Washington, official denials were issued when it was suggested that Mr. Kennedy, by his tacit admission that the United States should accept the peace of Munich and all that it signified, was speaking the thoughts of his countrymen. In such as remain of our liberal newspapers he was roundly chastised. The editor of the *New York Post*, most eloquently speaking the thoughts of all democrats and liberals, said: —

“If this precious specimen of diplomatic expediency had been written in the British Foreign Office it could

not have served better to bolster the propaganda of Prime Minister Chamberlain."

Many a commentator expressed surprise that so "democratic" an ambassador could have made such an utterance as the cables reported Mr. Kennedy to be making before a distinguished audience of Britishers. Perhaps if they had trusted less to memory and more to facts they would not have been astounded. For Patrick Joseph Kennedy, handy-man of the New Deal, was not out of character when he intimated that Uncle Sam should shake the hand of Hitler. The Boston banker, it is true, chews gum, puts his feet on his desk, handles telephones like a Hollywood managing editor, plays a good game of golf, and has nine children: he is thoroughly American. It is also true that he was, as he boasts, "the first person with more than \$12 in his pocket to come out for Mr. Roosevelt." And the record shows that twice Mr. Roosevelt has called him from his comparative obscurity to head an important New Deal commission.

But those attributes do not sum up the whole man Kennedy. If one traces his career, his suggestion that, after the rape of Czechoslovakia, the United States should crawl to Germany, hat in hand, whining that by-gones be by-gones, and pleading for an extension of the Munich peace to the New World, becomes less astounding. Joe Kennedy — from the days when his father was The Nestor of Boston's old Ward Two — has always distrusted the processes of democracy and has longed for a "leader who would lead."

JOSEPH PATRICK KENNEDY is fifty years old. He was born on Webster street, East Boston, the same section of the Puritan city where his father, Patrick Joseph Kennedy, the son of an Irish immigrant, had also been born. Poli-

tics was the passion of Patrick Joseph's life, but he earned a decent living in the coal business and as part-owner of a couple of saloons. He helped organize two banks, when he was not busy serving in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, the State Senate, or as election and fire commissioner of Boston. The Kennedy family were far from poverty stricken. Patrick, a member of the so-called "board of strategy" of the old-line city Democratic machine, always had the right connections.

Young Joe and his sisters grew up in comfortable surroundings. Joe first went to a parochial school, then he attended Boston's famed Latin School. During the summers he was a candy butcher on a harbor steamer or an errand boy in one of his father's banks. He entered Harvard in the class of 1912. In his junior year he pooled his funds with some fellow-students, bought an old sight-seeing bus, and by the time graduation came along, he had netted a profit of nearly \$5,000. Everything he did after that was profitable.

Although by circumstance somewhat removed from the more baneful social influences of Harvard, Joe was not a nonentity. He played second base on the Varsity team and had the big league scouts offering him a job his last season. He was a good but not brilliant student. His ambition was to make money. Upon graduation he took a job with the State Department of Banks as an examiner, which paid him enough money to marry Miss Rose Fitzgerald, daughter of the Mayor who sang *Sweet Adeline* so well in happier days, and move to Roxbury, a slightly more select section of Boston proper than East Boston.

When he was twenty-six years old he became the youngest president of a bank in America. The bank was the Columbia Trust Company, a small, conservative



bank. It was one of the two his father had helped establish. Joe had the right connections, too. From all accounts he deserved the trust placed in him by his father and his associates. He had majored in economics, he respected the Boston banking traditions, he was sound, conservative and smart. He might have remained a bank president, but the War came along.

Joe Kennedy did not enlist, but he did his duty by his country. Charles M. Schwab, the steel-master, came to Boston looking for someone to manage the Fore River shipyards of his Bethlehem Steel Company. He selected the young bank president as assistant manager of the yards at Quincy, and Joe became boss of about 50,000 workers, not all of whom wore silk shirts. This was an important phase of his career. In the course of his shipbuilding duties he met the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Both men of action, both haters of red tape, both Harvard men, they became fast friends.

Early in 1919, when Joe was thirty-one years old, he met Galen Stone, head of the powerful financial house of Hayden-Stone Company. Stone liked his aggressive manner and hired him away from Mr. Schwab, making him manager of the Boston branch of the banking firm. He stayed there five years and learned a lot about ways to make money. With his banking, shipbuilding and investing experiences behind him he went into business for himself. He was successful, enough so, at least, to be able to raise \$1,000,000, the price it cost him to buy out the Film Booking Offices from their London backers and become one of the most important figures in the amusement business of Broadway, Boston and Hollywood. Interested with him in the deal were the Radio Corporation of America, General Electric and the Westinghouse

Manufacturing Co. There was no question about Joe's having made some pretty good connections on his own.

Within two years he was business manager for Pathé News, chairman of the board of the Keith-Albee-Orpheum, operators of 30 theatres in New York City alone, and the recognized financial genius of the amusement world. In 1928 he cleaned up a sizeable fortune in RKO stock, in one of the few (some say one of two) pools he was ever involved in. This was just when the talkie was being given its first commercial bath. Soon thereafter came the crash of 1929. Joe Kennedy seems to have escaped its consequences better than most. One journalist wrote that he "rode the market down and grew rich out of the depression." He was already rich. He had to be, to support his growing family, and maintain his large house in Bronxville, New York. Up to this time he had never actively engaged in politics. Few people knew about him or had ever heard of his name. He was still a good friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who now was Governor of New York.

Retired from business because of ill health, Joe Kennedy fretted in his Bronxville study. Mr. Hoover's stupidity and inactivity in the face of the international financial crisis angered him. He soon arrived at the conclusion that what America needed was, in his own words, a man of action; someone with the capacity to get things done; a commander who would give orders to go ahead and get his authority afterwards. In brief, what he wanted was "a leader who will lead." His choice was Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In 1932 the wealthy Mr. Kennedy gave his time, his ardent vocabulary, his tireless energy and about \$30,000 to help put his favorite man of action in the White House. Many observers thought he would be rewarded

with at least a Cabinet post. President Roosevelt's astute political advisor, the late Louis McHenry Howe, stymied that. The time had come, he said, to toss the money changers out of the temple, and to have a money-changer hanging around the White House might be embarrassing. So Joe Kennedy, fully understanding, went back to making money. He was one of the backers of an important pool which did pretty well with Somerset Importers, a liquor combination.

THE FIRST concerted Tory attack on the New Deal came with the passage of the Securities and Exchange Act. Characteristically, President Roosevelt assigned his old friend, who probably knew as much about the machinations of Wall Street as any man could after being in it so long, to head the newly created commission. The liberal press gasped. Wall Street, it said, had captured The New Deal. The *Herald Tribune* chuckled with glee.

If the statement he issued when he took the assignment were recast in the past tense it would become a statement of what he did. He said there was to be no vindictiveness, no concealed punishment, no grudges to satisfy. All the old practices were not wrong. Business was not to be viewed with suspicion. Mr. Kennedy sat not as a judge upon the sins of Wall Street. Instead he was a cheerful cop who walked his beat lightly, whistling. Like a London bobby, he carried no gun. He did not bother Mr. Richard Whitney and he did not raid the bank of Morgan. From the point of view of business he was a good administrator. He held the job early in 1935 and resigned the following September, the praises of the conservative press ringing in his ears.

Having shown that the New Deal and Big Business could lie down together, Mr. Kennedy whiled away his



time after this, writing a book telling his fellow speculators why he advocated a second term for Roosevelt. There was not a single Leftish page in the volume. It was a good account of how the New Deal was keeping the people happy and doing away with any necessity for drastic changes in the American way of life. Planned action, he said, is imperative, or else capitalism and the American scheme will be jeopardized and the American people might very well attempt more radical things than the New Dealers advocated. He called the New Deal a Christian program of social justice.

In March, 1937, President Roosevelt called his handy man back from retirement, which he had spent untangling the financial difficulties of one of the larger units of the motion picture industry. This time he was assigned to set in motion the machinery designed to revivify the American merchant marine. It was a man-sized task. He tackled it with the energy for which he is famous. His he-man, determined method of doing things was, however, not exactly the type needed to solve all the problems of this self-abused industry. If all he had had to contend with had been ships and shipping, he would have done a good administrative job. But unfortunately ships are handled by men and, in this instance, by men who were intent upon organization to end the age-long poverty of their craft.

Joe Kennedy was well equipped for the technical aspects of this administrative post. He could understand mail contracts, he had had experience as a ship builder, and the financial complexities of administering the Maritime Commission were paper matters he could handle at his busy, phone-littered desk. What he could not cope with was the human element. From the beginning he was antagonistic to the unions. He assumed that the

merchant marine could be classed with the army and navy and therefore be immune to unionization and its cash costs. Labor, under the C.I.O., was on the march when he took office. It had Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins on its side. Joe Kennedy blustered, got angry, did his best to stem the tide. He wanted to set up an arbitration board, the obvious purpose of which was to break organization of the maritime industry. Joe Kennedy was withdrawn from the bridge before he foundered the ship on a reef. That would have been embarrassing to the New Deal which is occasionally conscious of its debt to organized labor. At the height of his struggle, President Roosevelt sent him to London as Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

In his first public speech, made before some 400 ambassadors and others high in British official life, he spoke of America's middle way; he said it was not wise to assume that America would fight under no circumstances short of invasion; and said that America would travel the middle road until events showed which way to turn.

Evidently he had no difficulty in determining which course he felt America should follow. His Trafalgar Day speech, quoted at the beginning of this sketch, is his answer. Joe Kennedy, banker, speculator, admirer of strong men who act first and ask afterwards, ameliorator of business and castigator of labor, characteristically decided that Chamberlain's peace with the dictators was the right way to do things. He spoke but two paragraphs in his speech on this theme. But they left no doubt that Joe Kennedy, Ambassador to Great Britain, had learned the tradition of his office.

IN HIS PERSONAL life Joe Kennedy is a simple man. Before he went abroad that elder statesman, John F. Fitzgerald,

said that his son-in-law would make a good ambassador because "Joe is a peaceful man." He is; peace and security are the natural desires of one who has fathered nine children. The nine Kennedys are the motivation of his life. For them he has sought his riches. He is able to extend his hopes for their future into his hopes for the future of his country. Mrs. Kennedy is one of his most charming assets. Despite her nine children, she is still remarkably pretty and very youthful.

Besides his Bronxville home, he has a house on Cape Cod, another in Florida. His favorite sport is swimming, but he likes horseback riding, and recently he took up golf and surprised everyone, including himself, by making a hole-in-one at Stoke Poges last spring.

He has prodigious energy. When he has work to do he rises with the sun, takes a ride in the park before a big breakfast; then he devours the morning newspapers and gets to his office by nine o'clock. In New York he commutes from Bronxville to Rockefeller Center. He likes to entertain, especially at dinner parties, where his Irish charm is infectious. He is a moderate drinker.

In the office he works with his sleeves rolled up, dictating furiously, handling phones like a demon. He lunches on crackers and milk at his desk. His horn-rimmed glasses give him a studious look and he is well read. He likes time for meditation and play. In Washington, before they split over fiscal matters, he liked to wander with Secretary Morgenthau in the tree-shaded treasury park, sit under the trees and talk. Usually gay, seemingly carefree, he has his serious moments.

Joe Kennedy is not much of a philosopher. He likes direct action, the shortest way. He once said that one of the penalties we have to pay for living under a democracy is that we don't know exactly what we want and



another is that we cannot agree upon procedure to get it.

Perhaps he best expressed himself, on the subject he knows best, when he said: "The collaboration of business and government would be greatly facilitated if the commercial interests of the country would only get together on what they want. The trouble is that no two people agree . . . upon the faults of our economic system and the steps that should be taken to set it right. If only the business interests could agree on what they want and then come to the government in a coöperative spirit I think there would be a good chance we might get somewhere."

No theorist, no follower of any dogma, Joe Kennedy thinks there is no need for antagonism in this world. Dictatorships and democracies can live happily side by side. The haves and the have nots can be happy on the same street. All we need is a "leader who will lead" and get things done.

### You Know Then

I never have mastered the tongue to call  
The course of the heart-beats before they go,  
And never have had the heart to crawl  
Ahead of the iron interval  
Between what is and what may be so.

I never have known a thing at all  
Until it had shown all there was to show.  
I always hope for a tree to be tall,  
I always look for the tree to fall —  
Well, when it happens — then you know.

EDWARD A. RICHARDS

*An American Publicist Believes  
the President Needs a Catch-phrase*



## Our State Department in Search of A SLOGAN

*By*

QUINCY

HOWE

THE disappearance of a myth sometimes produces more confusion than the disappearance of a nation. Czechoslovakia was not the only casualty at Munich; with it went the whole conception of collective security, parallel action and quarantine on which President Roosevelt had based American foreign policy since his Chicago speech of October 5, 1937. This policy never commanded the support of a majority of Americans. Polls of public opinion showed 70 per cent of the people demanding more rigid neutrality legislation. The Ludlow Amendment proposing a popular referendum on any overseas war aroused literally unprecedented enthusiasm — not because the country was pacifistic but because it did not trust the course the President was attempting to follow. The same polls of public opinion that urged strict neutrality also endorsed the naval expansion program. People simply had reservations about the purposes for which the Navy was being built.

In a sense, of course, the Munich Agreement discredits the President, the State Department, *The New York Times* and all the champions of an interventionist foreign policy. The isolationists can say "I told you so." But the

fact that this is all the isolationists have to say leaves the President with a stronger hand than ever. If he plays his cards right he can retain the support of the interventionists and at the same time enlist the isolationists in the same crusade he began preaching at Chicago in the name of quarantine. All he need do is change a few slogans.

What happened at Munich? Germany won the Second World War without firing a shot. France became a third-rate Power. The Soviet Union ceased, momentarily, to count for anything at all in European affairs. The British Empire suffered incomparably its greatest defeat since the time of Napoleon.

These obvious consequences of Munich leap to the eye. But there is a lot of other leaping going on in other quarters. Consistent only in his devotion to increased armaments, Mr. Roosevelt now mounts guard over the Western hemisphere and prepares to leap on any Fascist who leaps in that direction. In September, however, at the height of the war crisis, Mr. Roosevelt forgot all about quarantines of war-making nations. He merely urged Hitler to continue negotiations and to avoid war. Hitler followed this advice — at the suggestion of his friend, Mussolini, who had already urged a four-Power conference before he, too, received a message from Roosevelt. None of these Presidential messages suggested what kind of conference should be held or what form the negotiations should take. When, however, the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia were excluded from Munich, the Administration protested that this was not at all the kind of conference it had in mind and a month later President Roosevelt told the New York *Herald Tribune's* Forum on Current Problems, "There can be no peace if the reign of law is to be replaced by a recurrent sanctification of sheer force. There can be no peace if national



policy adopts as a deliberate instrument the threat of war."

Mr. Roosevelt's reflections on the Munich Agreement may be sound enough but they would carry more conviction if he had not himself helped to open the door to exactly the kind of settlement to which he later objected. The trouble is that he delivered three totally different and irreconcilable declarations of foreign policy within a twelve-month period. From October, 1937, to September, 1938, he urged quarantining aggressors. During September he urged not quarantine but negotiation, even going so far as to offer this advice to the head of the most powerful of all the "war-making nations." Then, in October, 1938, repenting the results of his intervention in Europe, he decided to confine his energies to Latin America and announced that the United States was "determined to use every endeavor in order that the Western hemisphere may work out its own interrelated salvation in the light of its own interrelated experience."

To this definite commitment he added the following more general observation, "And we affirm our faith that whatever choice of way of life a people makes, that choice must not threaten the world with the disaster of war. The impact of such a disaster cannot be confined. It releases a floodtide of evil emotion fatal to civilized living. That statement applies not to the Western hemisphere alone but to the whole of Europe and Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea."

The implications of this paragraph account for the armament frenzy that has now seized the whole American press and the whole Roosevelt Administration. Scarcely a dissenting voice has been raised from any quarter; it is now the universal assumption in high places

that the collapse of collective security at the hands of the four Munich powers — Germany, Italy, France and England — means that Germany will be able to dominate Europe at least as long as France did after Versailles and may even usurp Britain's place as the mightiest imperial Power on earth. Because the apostles of collective security have suffered such a rude awakening, they now rush to the other extreme and substitute for their naïve belief in the League of Nations and internationalism an equally naïve belief in German invincibility which they mistakenly identify with "power politics."

Actually, the world of "power politics" is as old as history. On September 20, 1938, *The New York Times* stated in a leading editorial on "The End of an Epoch" that "This is the end of the whole system of collective security built up in the post-War treaties. It is the end of that system because a demonstration will have been given, in the very heart of Europe, before the eyes of the world and in a manner which leaves no possible room for doubt, that force and force alone is the determining factor in the relationship of nations." But when was force *not* the "determining factor?" How did the "whole system of collective security" come into being except as a result of the World War? The very words "post-War treaties" show that the statement contradicts itself.

THE MUNICH AGREEMENT calls, as few events in history have, for the most sober and humble stock-taking. *Of course*, it knocks collective security into a cocked hat; *of course*, too, it makes simon-pure isolationism equally fantastic. With Germany taking Rumania into camp a month after Munich; with Japan capturing Canton and Hankow; with Franco hoping to be accorded belligerent rights, Latin America has about as much bearing on

the present situation as Mars — even from the point of view of the United States. Another crisis surely threatens before 1939 has run its course — and it will not be a German bombardment of Buenos Aires or a Japanese landing party in Lower California.

Whether the Administration knows it or not, the military preparations now under way relate not to the Western hemisphere but to developments in Europe and Asia. Only an enormously increased Navy can preserve the Open Door policy. Only mass production of American fighting planes can give Great Britain and France the air force they cannot build themselves to oppose Germany.

Perhaps the next crisis will not result in war. Perhaps Germany will inflict still another diplomatic defeat on France and Britain. It is not impossible that Britain may even become the tail to Hitler's kite and that the two nations will engage in a very different kind of parallel action than *The New York Times* had in mind a year ago. All these speculations, however, leave out of account two fundamental processes that still go forward in Europe and Asia.

In the first place, the crux of the European situation is not the emergence of Germany as the foremost power on the continent. The real significance of Munich is that counter-revolution now bestrides Europe. For Europe is in the throes of one of those periodic social convulsions, similar to the Thirty Years' War and the Napoleonic era. Not only is nation set against nation; they are divided within themselves, not always along class lines. For the real issue at stake is the continental integration of Europe. Furthermore, this process goes forward during a period of general capitalist decline. Germany occupies the key position geographically and in almost every other sense.



Even the Hitler régime, though originally financed by conservative capitalists, has many anti-capitalistic attributes. Whether it possesses or can develop enough of these attributes to carry through the job of continental integration that it has begun remains to be seen.

At Munich those conservative groups inside France and Britain, corresponding to the conservative groups inside Germany that brought Hitler to power, decided to let Hitler try to organize Europe. If his plans of expansion involve the destruction of British and French capitalism or if he is replaced by a revolutionary régime — with or without war — it will not be the first time in history that a doomed social order was hoist by its own petard.

ASIA IS PASSING through a different phase — a phase that is more like some of the earlier revolutionary periods that have marked European history. In both China and India a native middle class has come into existence side by side with a native industrial system. In Japan this class has developed an industrial society that has concentrated more power in fewer hands than even the most highly industrialized nations of the west. In other words, the rapid industrialization of Asia has created a nationalist revolution similar to the various European revolutions which also went hand in hand with the spread of the factory system there. Where this may end it is impossible to foresee.

The point, however, is that if this analysis holds water, it is quite fantastic to foresee Germany calmly proceeding from conquest to conquest in Europe, the Soviet Union permanently neutralized and Japan able to administer those sections of the Far East that Germany does not take over from Great Britain. Rather does it seem proba-

ble that Germany's imperial ambitions will collide with some French or British interest or else that internal dissension, most likely in France, will upset the whole Munich settlement. As for Japan, it cannot avoid social disturbances inside China and perhaps inside its own islands.

Such calculations as these illuminate far more than any day-dreams about Latin American trade or Fascist penetration of the New World the real purpose of the Roosevelt armament program. The slogans of 1937 have been consigned to the ash can. Quarantine is quarantined. Business men vie with the President in their denunciations of Fascism. "The American way" has replaced "collective security" as the rallying-cry against dictatorship.

These slogans make a far stronger appeal to the average American than such metaphysical nonsense as "quarantine" and "parallel action." Vague references to "dictatorships versus democracies" arouse anything but vague memories of the last crusade to save the world for democracy. Yet the purpose of all those now beating the drum for big armaments is the same as the purpose of all those who were beating the drum for parallel action a year ago — in many cases, indeed, they are the same people. That purpose is to line up the United States with the British Empire and other defenders of the *status quo* against change of every description.

A year ago the interventionists took into camp an assortment of liberal internationalists, pacifists and radicals who, for different reasons, wanted to create a solid front of the democratic powers plus the Soviet Union against the anti-Communist bloc. These strange bedfellows persuaded many peaceable liberals to forget about their disapproval of big armaments. Even the labor movement

remained surprisingly passive as government funds which were sorely needed for slum clearance, public works and direct relief went into battleships and other preparations for war on distant continents.

Having taken labor and the liberals into camp, the Administration will now have no difficulty whatever persuading a large section of isolationist opinion to endorse its policies. For the bulk of isolationist opinion inclines much more to the views of William Randolph Hearst than to the views of Norman Thomas and as long as it can be convinced that the new super-armament program does not mean collective security or parallel action, it will support Mr. Roosevelt all the way. This year the isolationists are hooting at the interventionists, ridiculing Britain's democratic pretensions, scoffing at the demise of the League of Nations. But he who laughs last laughs best. A year from now the triumphant isolationists may find that they, in their turn, have been sold just as phoney a bill of goods as the interventionists were sold last year. The crusade for the *status quo* goes forward with redoubled power. Only the banners have been changed.



*Are We Isolationist?  
American Public Opinion  
Is Highly Flexible*

## Our Storm-Cellar Policy

HAROLD B. HINTON

AMERICAN isolation is one of the many imponderables in the European situation growing out of the so-called Agreement of Munich. As a matter of fact, American isolation may have contributed to the turning of the tide which started to recede at the meeting last September in the Bavarian capital — the tide of international relationships based on respect for the pledged word in dealings between countries. At this point, it is hardly profitable to speculate on the utilitarian side of the Munich gathering. All we know is that immediate conflict was avoided, and most of us are inclined to agree that a war, if war there must be, is better deferred than launched tomorrow.

For Americans, it is probably more useful just now to examine their country's rôle in the recent crisis. We are an emotional and excitable people. We tend to take sides in every quarrel, even if it is not of any direct concern to us. One has only to hark back to the days of what the Irish call "the trouble" to realize how deeply the people of this country can become sentimentally involved in a conflict not their own.

There is no reason to believe that this American tendency has grown or diminished. The events of the past

few months, starting with the annexation of Austria by the Third Reich, have displayed once again that the volatile American public is always violently partisan, whatever its elected representatives may say to the contrary. It is apparently good politics in this country to curse dictators, for example, at the dinner table, but to elect to public office men who will carefully avoid any utterances calculated to give offence to these worthies.

The only difference between the old days and the present is that we have finally convinced the rulers of Europe that we mean what our statesmen say and not what we say. No responsible negotiator in the recent European crisis, with the exception of Herr Hitler, could make any plans on the basis of support by the United States. The Führer, at least, could go ahead on the assumption that he would not have this country against him, in the event of conflict, and he knew that no conceivable set of circumstances would ever place us on his side. To that extent, American isolation played into the German hand.

It is now no secret that the French Government, and probably the British, bent every effort in the early days of September to find out from American policy-making officials what the attitude of the United States would be in the event Europe was plunged into war. Our leaders, from President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull right down the line, quite properly told diplomatic inquirers that they did not know.

Along with their understandable official reticence, our responsible officials for the past several years have given themselves to public pronouncements which have lent themselves to varying interpretations in Europe. That is to say, the plain people of Europe have been encouraged or discouraged in turn, as the speeches of Messrs. Roosevelt, Hull *et al.* took different turns. The foreign Minis-

ters and Prime Ministers who had to make decisions have done so by including us out, to borrow the immortal words of Sam Goldwyn.

But the man in the street is in a different position. He can hardly be expected to be sufficiently cognizant of the peculiar American constitutional system under which the President, the Secretary of State and other highly placed personages can make public declarations of the highest importance without in any way committing their country to a course of action. That sort of thing could not happen in any European country, with their cabinet systems. There are still unfortunates in Europe who are waiting for President Roosevelt to quarantine those aggressors he mentioned in the famous Chicago speech.

Among ourselves, we understand the nature of these trial balloons which our leaders send up from time to time. None of us seriously believed that our President was announcing a major development in foreign policy when he chose to deliver this pronouncement instead of discussing the agricultural situation in Chicago. Nor were we surprised when our Congress resolutely declined to do anything about it at its next session.

Consider how different is the position of the average, intelligent European who has only his scanty newspaper reports of American developments and an occasional radio broadcast on which to base his opinions of what is happening in the New World. Here was an American President who had just been reëlected by an enormous majority over what our European friend had been led to believe was the unanimous opposition of the omnipotent monied classes. Why should not this president, the European asked himself, point his country to a New Deal in foreign relations as well as in domestic affairs?



We know the answer, but the man-in-the-street on the other side of the Atlantic is still in the dark.

At a critical point in the developing European crisis, just before Mr. Chamberlain flew to Berchtesgaden and Godesberg, President Roosevelt struck a new note at a press conference he held on September 9 at Hyde Park. The President said, in effect, that the United States could not be counted in any "stop Hitler" movement. He was indubitably right, but the effect in Europe at that explosive moment was to strengthen Hitler's hand. His statement was given wide circulation in the German press, which had carefully abstained from recording previous declarations in the contrary sense, and the net result was not at all what he intended. There were American diplomats in Europe, working under the closest instructions from the State Department, who felt like a football player carrying the ball who is cut down from behind by one of his own team-mates.

ALL OF THIS is not intended to suggest that the rôle of the United States in the recent European situation was an important one, for it was not. Mr. Roosevelt's messages to Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini at the height of the crisis were probably on the right side, but things had moved too far and too swiftly for any American words to bear much weight. Chamberlain, Daladier, Beneš, Mussolini and, above all, Hitler, had long since made their plans on the assumption that the United States may be safely disregarded so long as it is not directly attacked. They have only to read our extant legislation, including the Neutrality Act and the Johnson Act, with an understanding of the constitutional situation which prevents the President from doing anything other than these statutes provide until Congress, in its wisdom, sees

fit to direct him toward another policy, to justify their opinion if they ever waver.

It has constantly amazed me, since my return to this country, to find many of my friends, including some high in the councils of the Administration, believing that President Roosevelt's intervention was a decisive factor in preventing the general European war that seemed so imminent in the last days of September. To the casual contemporary observer this is completely unjustified. The United States had placed itself too plainly on record in the knowledge of European chancelleries for any sudden move of its President to alter the situation. Humble Europeans may look to us to implement our highly moral declarations, but their leaders know better.

Despite the denials of our professional Anglophobes, there is probably a better popular understanding of American public opinion in Great Britain than in any other European country. After all, the common people there feel very much as ours do here. They don't want to fight unless they have to, and the only compelling reason they can now imagine would be an attack on their own country. There was no popular enthusiasm, as Mr. Chamberlain knew only too well, for the defense of Czechoslovakia.

Even so, one often hears voiced a wistful desire for a Pax Anglo-Americana. The conversational sponsors of such an arrangement quickly and apologetically admit they are indulging in wishful thinking, and acknowledge that their idea will never bear fruit. Mr. Chamberlain and his pragmatic aides do not subscribe to this kind of dreaming. They tell themselves that the theory of an *imposed* peace, such as is inherent in the idea, has been given a thorough trial during the past twenty years and has only brought the world to the verge of another general

war. What Mr. Chamberlain is now trying to do is to bring about an *agreed* peace. Whether he can succeed, considering the adversaries with whom he must seek agreement, is highly problematical, but he intends to pursue his course without the aid of the United States.

The American who believes that the threat of imminent war has been lifted by recent developments may want to ponder what his country could do to defer to a more distant date, at least, the conflict toward which most of the civilized world seems to be headed. Among other steps, he might want to consider the advisability of trying to project the policy of non-participation, which we mistakenly call neutrality, over the whole of the Western hemisphere. A New World which, with the exception of Canada, refused to have anything to do with the quarrels of the Old World, whatever their merits, might have a greater influence than the United States acting on its own.

Something of the kind was essayed, and defeated, at Buenos Aires at the end of 1936, when the twenty-one American republics met in extraordinary session at the suggestion of President Roosevelt. The occasion for the meeting was the happy circumstance that, for the first time in many years, all of the nations of the Western hemisphere were at peace.

The United States delegation proceeded to Buenos Aires armed with a more or less well delineated plan for a common neutrality policy for the Pan American Union, modeled on the Neutrality Act then in effect, which Congress was expected to strengthen at its next session. The scheme was coldly received by Argentina, Peru and other Latin American countries which were enthusiastic members of the League of Nations. Their reasoning was, at that time, quite logical. The League, on



the protection of which they counted for the preservation of their sovereignty, imposed on them certain obligations. Adherence to the proposed isolationist plan might run counter to these obligations.

The American republics are about to assemble in conference again. They are to meet at Lima on December 9 for the eighth regular conference which has been held since the Pan American Union was formed. (The meeting at Buenos Aires was not one of these. The Seventh Conference of American States met at Montevideo in 1933.)

At the forthcoming meeting, the stature of the League of Nations will not be so high as it was two years ago. There have been internal political changes, notably in Argentina, which will affect the approach of the different delegates to the problem of continental security. It is possible that, out of these different conditions, an approach to a common policy may have more chance of success than it has ever had before.

There is a proposal for an American Association of Nations, put forward by the governments of Colombia and the Dominican Republic. This plan appears to have the opposition (although it has not been officially voiced) of the large countries, notably the United States and Argentina, on the ground that it contains all of the weaknesses which caused the League of Nations to flounder. It is unlikely that this or similar schemes will get far, but their discussion at Lima may contribute to clear thinking on the problem of common concern which they are intended to solve.

IN ADDITION to this multilateral consideration of the difficulty of keeping out of war, the United States will have the opportunity of viewing the problem from more closely at hand when Congress convenes in January.

The outcome of the debates on Capitol Hill is uncertain. The only thing that is certain is that there will be plenty of debate.

The "cash and carry" clause of the Neutrality Act expires by limitation next spring. It may be taken for granted that it will not be permitted to die without discussion. Although it has never been tried out, there are many members of both houses of Congress who believe it traces the happy middle ground between extreme isolation and imminent involvement which must be the keynote of American foreign policy in time of general war. Under its provisions, all commerce with belligerents, with the exception of traffic in arms, which would be strictly prohibited, would be conducted on such a basis that all right, title and interest in any shipments to belligerent nations or their nationals would be transferred away from American citizens before the cargoes were allowed to depart from American shores.

This and other provisos of the Neutrality Act would be applicable against all belligerents alike. The Johnson Act, forbidding loans by the American government or its citizens to foreign governments, their subdivisions or agents, so long as their governments are in default on payments due the Treasury of the United States, would exercise a restraining influence on all of the major governments of the world, with the exception of Japan, during peace time, and the Neutrality Act would extend its prohibitions in time of war to all belligerents.

The Ludlow resolution, to provide for a popular referendum before Congress could declare war, except in case of actual invasion and certain other unlikely contingencies, will doubtless come up for discussion again. It must not be forgotten that this proposition once secured the signatures of an outright majority of

the members of the House of Representatives, although it never came up for an actual vote. If enacted as an amendment to the Constitution, it would form yet another unmistakable signpost guiding European statesmen to a complete disregard of the United States in making their plans.

The experienced political prognosticators are predicting that the trend in American foreign policy, as reflected by Congressional debate and enactment, will be still further in the direction of pulling in the horns. The storm cellar philosophy will have the upper hand, they reason.

Before any final votes are taken, however, the unpredictable American public will have plenty of opportunity to make itself heard. It must decide whether it wants this country to remain a negligible factor in the shaping of world events, or whether the United States should take an active part in fending off imminent evil.

If we want to take our chances in actively working for peace there are certain obvious steps that must be taken. The Neutrality Act must be modified in such a manner as to permit its prohibitions to be applied against aggressors only (with all of the inherent difficulties attached to the determination of the aggressor by whatever method adopted), leaving the country free to give moral and material aid to those nations defending themselves against unprovoked aggression. The Johnson Act would have to be made equally flexible, so that prospective victims of aggression, by our own definition, could prepare themselves against the expected onslaught. The Ludlow resolution would have to be defeated in such a decisive manner that it would not be presented again.

The United States would have to adopt the philosophy of the seasoned political campaigner:

"Don't tell 'em. Let 'em guess."



*The Barquentine By Any Other Name—*

# Telumah

A  
*Short Story*

By CHARLOTTE AIKEN YARBOROUGH

THERE WERE MEN at the helm, but there was always a triumph above their efforts in the way the *Telumah* would ride into the harbor from which she had first sailed.

On days when the southwest wind piled fog against the amethyst cliffs, and the waves of the Bay of Fundy slashed the breakwater of Saint Davids, the three masts of the barquentine tore the fog apart, and her black bow loomed toward the wharves as she skirted the sand-bar and, finding the channel, moved with a victorious easing of sail into her anchorage at the western wharf.

Her captain, whose father, the ship's first master, had lived out his life in her command, thought that these islands were a little like the *Telumah* in their graciousness.

"She is really amiable, Lora, not just obedient," he told his wife after one of his voyages to the Caribbean.

"If only you owned her," Lora said.

"Some day. Some day, you'll see," Oliver answered.

"I wonder. You love her too much. You think too much about how fine she is. You don't *plan* to own her."

Oliver waited as though he were repeating the words to himself, and then smiled.

"Wait for the right wind, Lora," he said quietly. Lora raised her shoulders dubiously, but because he would be in port but a few days and because she had not seen

him for two months, she crossed the wharf and put her hand under his arm.

"Would you like to go on board now?" he asked, enfolding her hand.

"No, not now," Lora quickly answered, but seeing disappointment in his face, she qualified her answer. "All right, if you want me to."

While the *Telumah* was anchored in the harbor, even Lora admired the sweep of her prow and the thrust of her masts, and listened attentively to the stories of her docility, of how the *Telumah* had ridden at anchor when other ships broke away rebellious in gales, or how she had come around with magical response to avoid being struck broadside by a bombardment of waves. Lora heard such accounts more often from the other officers or the crew than from the captain. Oliver was not given to talking about the vessel, but on shore scarcely a night passed without his quietly leaving his bed and crossing the road to the harbor to see how the *Telumah* was spending her night.

Sometimes after he had left the house for one of these visits, Lora would lie awake picturing the high grace of the barquentine. Once when Oliver had been gone for almost an hour, she had surprised herself by beginning to cry; but since it made her angry to be discovered crying, she had stopped and pretended to be sleeping when he had returned.

The next day at high tide she had waved to him from the wharf as she watched the *Telumah* carry him into the bay; and that night she had dreamed that she was the *Telumah*.

On this voyage occurred the first failure of the *Telumah* to respond to her signals for guidance, but such a failure as even Oliver's reticence could not keep private. When

at the end of the voyage he was supervising the port tack that would bring the schooner into the harbor channel at Saint Davids, he said to the mate, "Presently we will tell about it." The mate, eyeing with superiority the villagers grouped at the wharf, voiced his agreement so eagerly that he choked, and to hide his embarrassment he sprang sharply back to his post at one of the winches.

No fog had arisen that morning. The curving bay was as still a blue as the delphiniums in Lora's garden, or, in places, as dark and hushed a blue as the lapis lazuli earrings that Oliver had brought to Lora. The *Telumah* moved steadily over a twin ship in the water beneath her, past the echoing cave at the entrance to the harbor, into the channel between the sandbar and the shallows just beyond the wharf, and then to the sound of greetings that broke out for her more heartily than for any other ship returning to Saint Davids, she came to her anchorage and a child's voice spelled out the red letters on her bow.

When he had left the ship and was making his way toward Lora, Oliver saw the petals of color on her cheeks and the opaque shining of her black eyes and made momentary tribute to her beauty, though his lips were already moving into words that would describe what he was ardently remembering.

Motionless while people moved around her, Lora waited for Oliver. He was walking less deliberately than usual, so that she did not feel an irritating desire to force him to hurry. His tall figure, which swayed easily to balance a ship's motion, seemed to be leaning forward. His hair, so fair that it looked gray, was creased from the cap he had been wearing.

He was near now; and all the varying words that Lora had planned she forgot when she recognized the excite-



ment that had darkened the color of his eyes from light blue to a kind of green, and the abstraction that was a part even of the tenderness with which he noticed her. As he put his arm around her, Lora said, "You are ten days late."

Oliver kissed her and smiled as though he were still listening to her voice.

"Yes, dear," he said. "And she has done it this time."

"Done it?" Lora repeated hopefully. "You mean she has done something wrong?"

"Wrong — never!" he exclaimed. And Laura looked apprehensively at the three masts with their drooping sails and at the black curving side of the ship. The sudden narrowing toward the bow was the part of the barquentine that she looked at with most of the mingled admiration and fear that the *Telumah* always aroused in her. It was a steep, sheer curve.

"As for being late," Oliver was saying, "the next time we may just as likely be early."

"Who are those people on deck?" Laura asked suddenly.

"That's what I want to tell you about. If it hadn't been for the *Telumah*, these people would be pretty far under water by this time, with fathoms of Caribbean on top of them. But I want to tell you the whole story at once. Come now; I'll pilot you home."

"I'm not," Lora reminded him, "a ship."

Oliver was still laughing at her when they had crossed the road and come into her garden, where delphiniums and golden poppies faced the bay. The kittens and the little dog Ginger were crowding against Lora's feet as she opened the door of the gray house.

"You have flowers everywhere, haven't you?" Oliver was saying when a tap sounded at the door he had just

closed. He turned to open it, and when he saw who had knocked, cried eagerly, "Come in, Philip!"

The frown which had come into Lora's face at the interruption left it when she saw the stranger who stood half hesitating but wholly trusting that he would be welcomed. He was a young man, early in his twenties, dark and bright with the kind of beauty that Oliver thought of as land beauty.

"Wasn't that whole thing fine?" he asked Lora instantly. "Just think, nobody knew about our ship. And the *Telumah* balks, goes way off her course, and saves us. How do *you* think she knew about our wreck?"

"I told you she had done it this time!" Oliver exclaimed. "The only time she has ever been the least unmanageable — and we save eight men and a dog."

"A good little mongrel with yellow eyes," Philip added.

"Didn't anybody know the other ship was in trouble?" Lora asked. "Weren't there rockets?"

"All used up hours before," Philip said. "Nobody around." Then looking into the living room from the hall where they stood, he declared, "This is the nicest house I have ever seen. I never expected to see any house again. May I stay for a while?"

"You must stay — to supper," Lora assured him.

"All right, and I'll never go back to sea again."

When they walked across the road in the twilight, some time later, Oliver and Philip and Lora found the harbor still astir from the *Telumah's* adventure. The rescued dog, in a frenzy of restlessness, was running in swift radii from his master to any newcomer upon the wharf. Of Ginger he made startled interrogation, which might have grown hostile if Lora's twin brother, Fleming, had not approached and by his whistle summoned Ginger to him.

"Well, Lora," Fleming said to his sister, "are you proud of your husband's *Telumah*?"

"Nobody was surprised," Lora replied. Her inflection gave her answer the force of a question.

Fleming's eyes, the color of Lora's, but slower than hers to judge, passed from her face to Oliver, and then to Philip, whom Lora was introducing.

"The wind," Oliver said, as he closed the door, "is east by north, and we need fire and a drop of brandy."

"We also need to hear the story of the rescue," Fleming said, as he settled himself comfortably in a rush-bottomed chair beside the hearth. Philip had flung himself down on the rug and was playing with the kittens. Lora sat on a footstool beside Oliver's high-backed mahogany chair.

It was easier than Oliver had foreseen to tell these people of the storm that the *Telumah* had run into, even to tell of the sound of emptiness, that false emptiness which broke like lead across the ship's bow; for the sea was never empty; it would slip through your fingers, and the next minute it would stave in the side of a vessel. What could they care about how the night smelled? And yet he was telling them about the mustiness in the air before the storm, and then quickly of the halting motion unlike anything of the *Telumah's* before, and of her floundering. How dark was it, Fleming wondered. Darker than Lora's eyes, Oliver remembered it. It had been so dark that they had almost run down what was left of the schooner on the reef; but the dog barked. The night wasn't the kind you could launch a small boat in. The *Telumah* was off her course. But she stood by while they threw lines to the men in the capsizing dory.

"And you picked up everybody?" Fleming asked Oliver gently, crossing one leg over the other.



"Yes," Oliver said.

"They got us all," Philip said, "even the dog."

"But how could you keep the *Telumah* steady enough?" Lora demanded suddenly.

"She was quiet enough by then," Oliver explained. "The storm kept on. The *Rachel Farrington* sank while we were picking up her men."

"She sank, right enough," Philip echoed him. "Think of her, Lora, at the bottom of the Caribbean. I wonder what fish are floating through my cabin. I liked that cabin."

"But did the *Telumah* stay on her course after that?" Lora asked.

"Yes, as obedient as ever," Oliver told her. At his words Lora arose so swiftly that she caught her sleeve in the flowers on the sandalwood table beside Oliver's chair. Marigolds and water trickled down over the little dog, who whined and looked up at her with his long ears stretched slightly away from his head.

Fleming covered Lora's agitation at the same time, suggesting, as he did so, that Philip should stay with him at night.

When the tide was high the next day, the *Telumah* sailed again. A clear wind from the north blew across the August flowers and the bay toward the phantasmal wash of blue that lay over Nova Scotia. With this wind looming through her sails the *Telumah* purposefully moved out between the sandbar, now entirely covered, and the shallows, no longer visible, and passed beyond the break-water into the water that looked a shimmering dark blue to the watchers at the wharf. From his sight of Lora's face at this moment, Philip was to establish a standard for judging a woman's sadness. Loneliness in this place, that had seemed so friendly and tranquil, made him

hurry away from the wharf and the view of the departing ship, to find some more hopeful companionship than Lora's.

LATER THAT AFTERNOON Lora sat tensely forward in her chair in her brother's office and waited for Fleming to answer her question. She had seldom seen him look so uncomfortable as now.

"Lora," he said finally, "she's a good ship. You know how good a ship she is. Good timber and good workmanship in her. It would be too bad to hurt her in any way."

"It wouldn't hurt her," Lora said. "Just to have the fishing smack get in her way and have to go on the reef. It might hurt the fishing smack; but that's an old thing. I will pay you for it, Fleming. You could trust McEntire to handle the smack — you've trusted him not to tell other things, I know. He could do this. He could manage to have the smack run on the reef at Salmon River. The smack is there now; and the *Telumah* is on her way."

Fleming was silent again for so long that Lora got up and began to walk back and forth.

"I tell you, Lora: we'll make a party of three, you and Philip and I, and go visiting in the States. I'll take you to see the Rockies, too. Maybe you'll feel better after that."

Between tears and contempt Lora answered him:

"A trip won't take my mind off this trouble. I've had it too long. I can't do anything when that ship is in port. She stands out there like a judge or a saint, and I can't even think what I'd like to do. And when she has gone, Oliver has gone."

"I don't want to hurt Oliver," Fleming said reasonably. "You don't, either."

"Of course I don't," she cried, rubbing the tears from

her eyes and shivering when Fleming put his hand on hers.

"Then why do you want to get the *Telumah* into trouble?"

"I've told you why. Because then he will know that she isn't a god. If she ever does anything wrong, he'll know she's a ship, made of wood and nails and canvas, and that she doesn't thank him for all his love."

"Stop crying, Lora. Please don't cry. Do you believe that this is the only thing that will make your life bearable?"

"The only thing, Fleming."

Despite her imperative urging, her real helplessness impressed him more deeply than any consciousness he might then have of Oliver.

Lora, following his eyes as they moved upward, and trying to see what images he saw, waited until he was looking at the tree-covered hillside beyond the house. Then she asked, "When will you have McEntire ride up to Salmon River?"

Fleming answered without taking his eyes from the hillside.

"He has to ride up with the mail this evening."

PHILIP CAME from Salmon River the next day when the fog had darkened. The very sound of his horse's hoofs might have warned anyone listening that he came under no usual circumstances. And when he reined in his horse at her door and called to her before he had left the saddle, she realized that she had not foreseen all that might have happened.

"Lora!" Philip had dropped from his saddle now, and was summoning her as though she could help him disbelieve what he knew. "Lora, the *Telumah* went on the



reef at Salmon River — just to keep from running down an old fishing smack.”

Through the dry quietness of her mouth Lora whispered, “Oliver.”

“Oh, Oliver is all right. Nobody is hurt except the ship. But wasn’t it like the *Telumah* to save the other boat? You don’t think she’d be badly hurt, do you?”

Lora leaned against the door. Philip could not see Lora’s face because she stood between him and the light, but he could not help hearing the forlornness in her voice.

“Would you like to go to see your brother?” he asked, and did not understand why Lora shrank away from his suggestion, or why he found himself alone on his way toward Fleming’s house so shortly afterward.

THE *Telumah* returned to Saint Davids three nights later. Watching from the wharf, Lora could see in the ship’s entrance into the harbor nothing that would have suggested that she was disabled. The red and green lights shone as far as ever, and the fastening of the hawsers took no longer than usual. When Lora recognized Oliver descending the ladder, she set down the lantern that she was carrying, so that he would not at once see her eyes. Even in the darkness she knew, as he bent to kiss her, that he had been wounded as deeply as the *Telumah*. His face was cold, but his lips pressing against hers stirred into keen pain her remorse and her love.

When she felt Oliver’s gentle embrace slackening, and when reluctantly she came back to thought, Lora became conscious of the *Telumah* a few yards away from her. The port light made a small red stain on the wharf. In strong, delicate relief the bow curved against the nebulous night fog. Lora felt the closeness of the ship and the

intimacy of her mishap — and Oliver's, too; but since he had for years identified his life with that of his ship, he could now rely on the self-sufficiency with which one views a personal affliction. He had the hopefulness that, carried over from the habit of being well, enables a man to belittle what a doctor may decide; and so while Lora lay sleeping that night in the tall-posted bed, he roamed noiselessly through the room, counting the days that might pass before the *Telumah* could resume her voyage.

Through the open door into the living room, where embers still glowed in the hearth, his shadow leaped restlessly and aroused the dog. To prevent the growling from waking Lora, Oliver went into the other room and closed the door; then, since he was so near the front door, he walked over and opened it. A night late in August had a brittle coldness on land. He put on a long coat. The dog did not move but lay watching him curiously as he went out of the house.

Low on her port side, now almost dry in the emptying harbor, was the gouge that the reef had given the *Telumah*. Oliver knew its size, and knew how eagerly the waves might thrust themselves into the opening, widening it splinter by splinter until they could plunge through the hull. At first they would be tentative and sympathetic; but then they would signal the whole sea, whose coming would be destructive and voracious.

The ship was tilted to the starboard so that her mainmast pointed toward the dim old moon, rising late above Saint Toulis Head. Across the sky the spars and rigging stretched like bars of music. Oliver was thinking, as he walked along the wharf, of the cargo waiting for his ship in the south. Beyond the breakwater, where the waves were beginning to capture the moonlight, he imagined oranges and pomegranates and nectarines now piled high

like the dull rose-stained walls of a church he had seen in Mexico, and now spread in a circle, the pomegranates nearest the shore, and the more distant oranges a wet gold. Each piece of fruit seemed to be growing from the pieces on either side, so that the whole line trailed like a serpent with no menace in its scarlet and saffron scales. The head, which was past the unpredictable pools of moonlight, slid easily through the breakers. Whatever sound it might have made was lost under the excited murmur of the tide. From circle and loop and parabola the creature flashed away from the shore, now adding a glimmering pause to its other motions and impressing Oliver with the idea that only a restless thing could seem at peace; and as quickly recoiling from that pause and sweeping forward. Oliver could see one bright glimpse of the creature, one spot of scarlet turning purple, one pomegranate. The rest of the colors would be somewhere opposite the masts of the *Telumah*, he thought. Presently, watching above the stern of the vessel, he imagined that he saw the whole line again, but this time the fruit was green, not with the faint blooming green of unripeness, but with the etiolated green of decay.

IN THE MORNING Lora, the first to arise, found the front door open and the living room full of the smell of the sea. Her dog Ginger sat on the doorstep, half inside the room. She bent over him, burying her face in his damp curly hair, and not looking toward the harbor. On the flagstones the kittens were kicking each other with muted paws.

"We'll have some breakfast," she told them.

"And after breakfast," said Oliver, behind her, "I'll go to the Company's office to see what they say about beginning the repairs."



By noon Philip had come to await with Lora Oliver's return and to discuss with her the problem set by the arrival of money for his own departure.

"I can't go, of course, until we find out about the *Telumah*," he was declaring, when they both saw Oliver walking slowly down the road toward them.

When he had come close to the two who were waiting for him, Oliver smiled without showing any connection between the movement of his lips and the blankness of his eyes, which might have been staring at a dazzling light or into an equally dazzling darkness for too long easily to adjust themselves to an alteration.

Lora's voice, summoning an answer from Oliver, was not impatient. "What has happened, Oliver?" she asked a second time.

"It doesn't seem reasonable. It wouldn't have been expected," Oliver answered. "The gannet is a sea bird, you know."

Philip and Lora, bewildered by his air of trying to make the most of what thoughts were left to him, kept their eyes on his entreatingly.

"The captain will have a new name, as well as the ship," he said, still commenting on what he had not been able to tell them. It took one more plea from Lora to make him speak coherently.

"The Company decided this morning to rebuild the *Telumah*. She is thirty years old. They want to make a schooner out of her and let one of their youngsters handle her in the West Indies trade."

"But Oliver," Philip protested, "she wasn't so badly damaged, was she?"

"And you — they'll give you another ship?" Lora cried.

"She was — well, damaged. But not enough to have

been rebuilt," said Oliver. The fact that another ship had been offered to him did not seem important enough to state, even in reply to Lora's question.

"But why do they give her to another captain?" Philip asked.

"Her size," Oliver explained patiently. "She's not one of the largest ships. They want to use her for cargoes of fruit only. And so they'll make her into the *Gannet*."

"But they couldn't!" Lora, trying to realize this change, was shocked. "They couldn't make her over. She'd still be herself, not the *Gannet*."

Oliver smiled and moved a step away from them. "I'll go on board — some of my things . . ." He turned toward Lora, and touched her outstretched hands lightly before he walked across the road.

THE RING of the caulking hammers and the other sounds of shipbuilding were as familiar to Lora as her own thoughts. Now the familiarity of the sounds accompanying the *Telumah's* rebirth, or death, brought them oppressively near.

Oliver was living in the house with her, and sleeping, when he slept, in the tall-posted bed. He was tolerant and polite to her and to the animals if he noticed her or them, but his eyes were often apparently sightless. At the times when the sounds of the shipbuilding reached him too plainly, he would get up and leave the house. Lora, waiting for him to return when he had gone away, or to go away when he had returned, lived through her apprehension the more acutely because neither she nor Oliver could speak of what was to happen after the ship had been launched. The launching lay ahead, blocking their creation of avenues beyond it.

"Can't you talk to him?" Fleming asked Lora one

evening when he found her alone in her house. "Can't you make him talk to you? No one blames him for what happened. He has been offered another command."

"He won't take it," Lora said. She was a little calmer when Fleming was with her, because he made her feel that she was a person, and not a disintegrating series of forebodings. "He won't take it, and he won't talk — about anything. Not while — not yet."

Oliver was walking that evening on the high road above the bay toward Saint Toulis Head. When he turned to go back, he saw that a new moon had come into the sky. He could see the place in which he had imagined his waiting cargo of fruit, and he could see the masts of the *Telumah*. Until the launching, the ship was still his, he thought, and at night she looked no different. He knew, however, every detail of her change, and every detail both set her apart from him and at the same time established her first self more permanently in his possession.

He tried to think what he would do if he were to be forced to begin his life again as another person, as Philip, for instance; how he would mingle his memories and his scorn for superimposed limitations. The *Telumah*, who had so far encompassed all her hazards, would surely not be able to reconcile herself to the graceless duality that was to be inflicted upon her. Would she war with the unfamiliar *Gannet* that was to swoop down upon her? She could not merge with the *Gannet*: the two ships were separate beings.

Now having moved forward again toward the wharf, her captain examined her once more. He was conscious of her lifting prow and her masts far more than as mere visual objects. As his eyes wandered along the bow, which was pointed toward the channel, he saw the



boatswain's chair and realized that the workmen had been painting. He had not looked at the ship during the preceding day. Moving closer now, he searched for the red letters of the name. In the darkness he could not see them, and so struck a match and sheltered it with one hand while holding it high with the other.

The name *Gannet* painted in white letters on the new background of gray seemed as transitory as a bird that might rest briefly on a spar. The word was no more than a cobweb. He dropped the match, which went out as it touched the wharf.

WHEN OLIVER, standing with Lora a little apart from the others the day it was to be launched, heard a child's voice saying the name of the ship, the new name, he smiled incredulously. The young captain, approaching his first command with obvious uneasiness, saluted Oliver as he passed through the rather silent crowd. Oliver remembered his own first voyage as master, an event which seemed to have more reason and reality even at the distance of twenty years, than this phantasmal launching. But presently, after the new captain's bride had broken the bottle of wine that ran in a red stream through the drops of moisture on the bow of the ship, and when the gray flank began to move down the ways, Oliver saw that this launching was indeed taking place, and instantly his memories became invalid in a loneliness that wrenched him apart from them. How could this ship, which had been his, go to sea indifferently, independently?

The low crash of the ship sounded in the water as he asked himself this question. Lora put her hand on his arm. Once more the imperiousness of her feeling had swept her from thought. She was subdued again blindly

in her love for Oliver, for whatever person he might emerge.

Oliver drew away from her touch, not because it offended him, but because he did not notice it. Although he was not on board the ship, he was alive to the motion that he would have felt if he had been directing her. The dip of the bow, the swaying of the masts, and the slight listing, he could translate into terms of her temper and progress; and the translation started for him a new episode.

He measured the distance which the ship would have to cover before she could head to the starboard into the channel, which formed an obtuse angle with the ways. The channel ran between the sandbar on the port side and the shallows on the starboard, nearer the shore. Oliver knew to an inch the height of the tide, which was running out. He knew in how many seconds the ship must be brought around to head into her channel. He counted off the seconds through his own heartbeats. The ship was half turned, her bow pointed toward the sandbar; and still she was listing. This unsteadiness was hardly perceptible, but Oliver knew that to clear the bar, she must make double use of the remaining seconds. Fifteen minutes earlier there would have been enough water to allow her this leeway; that short a time, even, made a difference when one was dealing with a twenty-six-foot tide; but now each formation of a wave meant that both obstacles in the ship's course had been seriously drained.

The fog had pulled back from Saint Toulis Head, and the wind, now blowing from the south, brought no help to a vessel struggling into an eastern course.

So gently that she could not have been called obstinate, but determinedly, the ship seemed to pause at the

very moment at which she was lying across the channel. Beyond the breakwater Oliver saw the ridge of a wave. As this wave wheeled and broke, the ship, as if with quiet decision, touched her bow to the sandbar. The sound at first was nothing more than a wide scraping, like sandpaper rubbed not too harshly on a painted pine board. The ship seemed to be resting, with her bow lower than her stern. But the wind, using this resting bow as a pivot, swung the stern of the ship back from the channel until it touched the shallows and rose to the level of the bow.

Exactly when the ship lay even between bar and shallows, her hull unsupported, the scraping became a grinding.

Oliver knew then that this vessel would never sail. Ships broken through the hull as they hang between sandbar and shallows do not sail again, are not rebuilt again to trade in the West Indies. Instead, they lie through years, tranquil in an unused corner of the harbor, where they are washed by tides, flecked with moss and tentative fir saplings, overhung with seasons and memories, watched by men who have loved them.

Lora, not listening to the cries around her, was watching Oliver with the penitent devotion with which she would always watch him; but Oliver, smiling, without the irritation of hope, was looking steadily at the gray flank and the white canvas of the vessel resting at bow and stern while the useless channel flowed through the hull. He fixed his eyes on the bow, where even then he might have been expecting to see the ephemeral letters disappear and the ship's name, *Telumah*, rise in its place.



## Poem From Spain

JAMES BENÉT

Not the quick run and fall into the dirt  
over the bullet-buzzing ridge, nor the jump  
over the stone wall to fall  
with ringing ears, pounding heart, without hurt;

but the long lying in the hole without food,  
but the bending over the putty face on the stretcher,  
“Luck, kid! You’ll be okay now!” and the throat  
gripping at the lie.

Not the driving like hell  
with quick glances at the infested sky,  
the crash and the spray of dirt over the hood,  
and again the crash from another shell;

but the awake night with the chill in bones,  
the hot dirty gaze at the river too cold to swim,  
the plate of grease with food in it, the eyes  
crusted and sandy for sleep.

Not the fighting, the hot stuff, but then  
— it was Bill, crying tears, he didn’t know me —  
the children in the villages ask for bread,  
the women must wait for their men.

Not the death, but the wait for it, not the end  
but the ending of things;  
so we suffer the passing of tyrants. Our blood runs  
in a fast stream to wash them away.

## In Time Of Snow

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

There is no privacy in time of snow.  
Here lovers passed the clearing, two and two,  
Big prints and small, a good eight hours ago.

Here in the field are marks in threes, made new  
By night-bold rabbits underneath the moon;  
Here by the fence is where the dog slipped through

Wriggling past broken rails. These traces soon  
Will be erased. Look quickly, for the sun  
Like a stern censor, long before the noon

Will hush the news the while it is begun.  
Even the lace designs where birds' feet go  
Will be wiped out — the white swift tale be done.

Look quickly then, or you may never know;  
There is no privacy in time of snow.

## Shams

VIRGINA BRASIER

Encourage hatred in its masquerade  
(Hatred unmasked would make the heart afraid),  
Let humor blunt the deadly point of scorn;  
Shouting belie a courage too forlorn  
To hold its place alone against the mob,  
Or dare do else than smile when it would sob.  
Hunger must find an isolated bench,  
Disease be hidden by carbolic stench,  
For men take comfort in the highly-prized  
Belief that they, at least, are civilized.

For hunger is discomfoting to see  
And next-door's death is sheer indecency.  
Unpleasantness and passion well disguised,  
Then, may men revel in being civilized.

## Stripped Tree

DAVID MORTON

This basic, hard integrity of form  
Was always here, beneath the soft disguise  
That summer wore for our too flattered eyes  
Who had forgot a while the sterner norm;  
In days when airs were gentle and most warm,  
The leaves were masking this, and here bird-cries  
Obscured the waiting silence with sweet lies,  
Till summer went . . . and autumn came . . . and  
storm.



It is not merely that the tree is stripped  
Of what was never more than summer mask,  
And song is struck to silence, the stern-lipped. . . .  
Our flattered eyes, no less, are stripped for seeing  
The answer, hard and plain, to what we ask  
Of strength and grace in any tree of being.

## Go Away Spring!

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

Spring, how can you conceive Beauty  
In sight of this dismal hut,  
Where children weep,  
Women are too stunned to complain,  
And men are too discouraged to work?  
Why push up white stars among the brittle weeds,  
And hang pink bubbles on the naked branches?  
Children can not eat dogwood blossoms!  
Poverty-stolid hearts can not stir  
At sight of sprouting redbud trees!  
Go away, Spring! You are not wanted here!  
Bread is needed, not verbena and wild hyacinths!  
Your offspring does not know hunger.  
Your offspring does not need shoes.  
She can not become kindred  
To these rickets- and pellagra-stunted young ones,  
Born of Poverty and Hunger!  
They will not play with her. . . .  
Go away, Spring!  
This is no fit birthplace for Beauty!

## Cloud Over Trees

FRANCES FROST

Under black branches resonant with rain,  
under the silver argument of leaf  
and cloudy water, we have fiercely lain  
in drenched wild grass. The dark exultant grief  
of love has swollen the river of that vein  
in your leaning forehead, and your mouth bereft  
of words has tasted rain upon my mouth.

Under black boughs of evening, I have said,  
voiceless, the clay's faith and the spirit's both  
in an eternal tide came back and fled  
through my throat's pulse whereto you bent your head.  
It returns tonight with the wet wind from the south:  
I smell rain coming down the hill before  
I clench my heart and close the gusty door.

A View of the Qualifications  
of Vermont's Governor Aiken  
as Leader of the G.O.P. in 1940

## A Republican Looks Ahead

*By* JOHN PELL

**N**OW THAT the Republican Party has recorded substantial gains at the polls, the once esteemed elephant need no longer hide its trunk in shame or huddle in dark corners, but can come out into the sunlight again and give serious consideration to the problems at hand, or rather, the one problem that matters, that of selecting a candidate to nominate for the Presidency in 1940. What sort of man should he be? What qualifications should he have? Where should he come from? What views should he hold on the important issues of the day? What is the political setting in which he must perform?

In the Presidential elections of 1936, Maine and Vermont were the lone States to return Republican majorities. For this feat, both commonwealths have since been subjected to a deal of comic abuse. As another and more important result, the elephant contracted a severe case of jitters, humiliating to a political animal usually so robust and indifferent to the yelps of lesser fry in the political jungle of these United States.

Nevertheless, Republicans soberly looking toward 1940 have grounds to believe that Vermont and Maine in that year will not again enjoy the debatable distinction of the rôle of lone wolves. In the opinion of this writer, they will



more likely lead the pack. And for certain specific reasons, and because of one personality.

Of course, there is a string tied to this prediction, although I make it with confidence and in the conviction that by 1939 the nation will see a Republican Party completely reorganized and revitalized. The string, and it is a very knotty piece of political twine, is that the right man must be nominated. Not a candidate who appears competent in various ways, but a man who is overwhelmingly qualified for the arduous campaign ahead.

The question arises, then, is there such a potential candidate on the political horizon of the G.O.P.? The author (who hastens to add he is not a practising President-maker) believes that there is. He is George David Aiken, Governor of Vermont, of whom more later.

One thing that a revitalized Republican Party should recognize is that it must, and justifiably may, exploit those several political deficiencies in Mr. Roosevelt that are perceived by more than Old Guard members. Politically, there is vertical criticism of the President that comes from every party in the United States and, indeed, from many thousands of unattached, independent voters. Even the sleepest schoolboy knows today that within the Democratic Party itself — the best organized and the most dexterous political machine this country has known — there are sore-spots of dissension and camps of revolt against the autocratic rule of the President. The opposition is not indulging in hysteria when it asserts that Mr. Roosevelt is leading us toward a dictatorship, with himself as dictator. That was evident fully three years ago.

Political realism demands that the Republicans in 1940 not only exploit Mr. Roosevelt's own omissions, but also

*A REPUBLICAN LOOKS AHEAD*

the discord and friction within the Democratic Party. That may sound brutal to the layman in politics, but certainly the facile opposition cannot call that strategy a form of twentieth-century Machiavellianism. It was precisely the tactic employed by the Democratic high command in 1932, plus the genuine Machiavellianism explicit in its "Smear Hoover" campaign.

The Republican candidate in 1940 should have a successful and manifestly useful background of experience in politics. He must make a direct and intimate appeal to the small businessman, whom the New Deal has alienated, to the average economical housewife, and to skilled labor.

All of these "must" qualifications may be thought impossible to find in one individual, but it is hard for me to believe that the country is without a few Republicans who fulfill these requirements and are not, at the same time, repugnantly virtuous. The most able, and the one individual most likely to make a dramatic, persuasive appeal to the electorate in 1940, it appears to me, is Governor Aiken.

Vital and political statistics are often equally dull, and here they may be summarized. Governor Aiken was born forty-six years ago on a Vermont farm: the rural birth has political accent (today he is a tall gentleman of the "outdoor" type, with a head topped by a generous mop of gray, glasses covering rather meditative and shrewd eyes, and a mouth with a puckish cast). He attended one of those inevitable red schoolhouses, and later walked *thirty* miles (sic) a day to high school and back. I cannot find that he ever split rails for fences. . . . Seriously, in the political climate of America, such homely facts have a mystic but nonetheless powerful appeal.

At nineteen he borrowed a hundred dollars, the genesis of his fruit- and wildflower-nursery at Putney, Vermont, an enterprise covering five hundred acres, the largest of its kind in New England and yet, quite definitely, a small business by any standards. When he was twenty-nine he was defeated for a seat in the State Legislature, but was elected ten years later. George Aiken was Speaker of the House in 1933-34, lieutenant-governor in 1936-37, and in the latter year began a two-year term as Governor when he swept his State into a lonely Republican column. The foregoing is an inadequate vignette, but there may be added human details from which the full likeness emerges.

He was not elected Governor, presumably, because he loves wildflowers — although Vermonters have more whimsy than is popularly believed — but because he had a record as a successful small businessman. Moreover, the voters admired that canniness by which a hobby could be turned into a thriving little business. He has shown that he could run the State as thriftily as a Main Street banker. Last year Vermont voluntarily accepted a cut in its share of Federal relief, and that gave him the text — or pretext, if you like — for an impish telegram to Senator Byrnes, in which he remarked, carefully counting the words of the message, that “I strongly recommend that Congress legislate more Vermont practice into the Government of the United States. Can furnish able consultants if requested.” There is no record that the Washington administration acted on the offer, but it is of record that he has reduced the bonded debt of the State from more than \$9,000,000 to less than \$8,000,000. On this indebtedness the State pays the extraordinarily low rate of 2.7 per cent.

“I suppose we were a little more careful during the



boom days than some others were," he said in a recent interview. "We didn't ride so high, and we didn't go so far down."

He has lectured frequently in his State, and his platform manner is "homey" but not banal. He is not prone to kissing babies nor to pitching hay save on his own farm, but he is frankly addicted to spelling-bees. His State papers are examples of straight-thinking, but he has not the literary dullness of a Coolidge or a Hoover. An excerpt from one of his books, *Pioneering with Wild-flowers*, suggests the man's style and his simplicity.

"What a paradise of wildflowers the early pioneers must have found. And, looking at some of these flowers, I can see the pages of history turn backward and visualize those who gazed upon them for the first time.

"In the Showy Ladyslipper, I see the Jesuits of France, their canoes breasting the currents of mighty rivers, as they plunge deeper and deeper into the forests to establish the outposts of civilization in the far-flung recesses of the vast Canadian wilderness.

"The Poppy Mallow, sprawling with brilliant splashes of color on the sun-baked Western plains, represents long lines of covered wagons, creeping scarcely faster than the Poppy Mallow itself, as homeseekers risk all to follow the sunset to their promised land.

"And the Hepatica, Bloodroots, Violets and Columbine, in them is colonial New England — school-days, homemade clothes and bare feet, the bunch of flowers shyly placed on the teacher's desk, childhood games, laughter and sorrow."

Yet this Vermonter's style, when directed to politics, is considerably removed from this hearts-and-flowers school. He can write and speak forthrightly. Last autumn he completed another book, *Speaking from Vermont*, which

has just been published and which presents the point of view of a ripened liberal. Last winter, when the Republican National Committee was meeting in Chicago, he addressed an open letter to that body (Democratic editors were quick to interpret it as an Aiken bid for the 1940 nomination, and were convinced of it when, soon thereafter, he had a conference with Chairman John D. M. Hamilton). On this occasion he forgot his violets and columbine. To paraphrase:

“Gentlemen:

“The State of Vermont deserves the respect and attention of the Republican National Committee. As elected leader of the Republican Party in this one of the remaining Republican states, it is my duty to inform you that, in my judgment, neither in Vermont nor elsewhere in the Union will we, as a national party, again receive the support of a voting majority unless your body recognizes the necessity of reorganizing and becomes responsive to the enlightened opinion of the voters whom you profess to serve.

“America faces a crisis. The Democratic Party, swept into power on the wave of the depression, has now ruled our nation for several years. During this time, a large part of the vaunted liberty of our citizens, won at the cost of a century and a half of struggle and sacrifice, has been wiped away. Our children’s children have been bonded to pay the costs of inefficiency; small business has been stifled; the ranks of labor have been sundered; confusion has increased, and hope has been largely superseded by despair; for millions, centralized paternalism has supplanted self-reliance, and a virtual dictatorship over a hundred and thirty million educated and erstwhile free Americans is being seriously proposed and sought.

“Ordinarily, patriotic citizens would turn to the Re-

publican Party as a means of combating the insidious changes coming over our form of government, but they are not doing so today. They see no hope in a party offering no constructive policy or program, a party whose leaders are apparently more concerned with controlling the party machinery than with American welfare, a party so torn by internal bickering, hopeless ambitions and lack of direction, as to be in a nearly complete state of demoralization.

"After consultation with leaders of opinion in the Republican Party in this State, and with their advice and encouragement, I make three demands with reference to your organization.

"The first demand is that at the earliest opportunity the National Committee be purged of the baneful influence of the Southern Committeemen who represent no one except themselves and their allied office-holders, past and present — mostly past.

"My second demand is that the National Committee set before itself, as a major aim, the winning to the Party of the youth of the nation, and the placing upon it of the serious responsibilities of party leadership. We have become a party of old men. Unless we can become also a party of and for young men and women the Party will die — and the processes of dissolution have already begun.

"My third demand is the immediate preparation of an affirmative program. Among the points acceptable in such a program I suggest the following:

"1. Accept in general the social aims which the opposing party has had the wisdom to adopt, but has lacked the ability to put into efficient operation.

"2. Reject decisively the use of enormous expenditures and special benefits as a political expedient for attaching



agriculture, industrial groups, and other workers to our Party. We should be ashamed to try.

"3. Instead of offering a place at the feed-trough, invite the youth of the nation in all occupations and in all walks of life to work together and to produce, by the labor of head and hand, a larger volume of goods and services for more people of this nation.

"To purge the Party organization of its reactionary and unfair elements, to focus its forces on the recognition of the youth of our nation, to prepare immediately an affirmative program — that is the demand which the Republican leadership of Vermont makes on the Republican leadership of the nation.

"If that demand is not met, we must look elsewhere for an organization through which thoughtful and devoted Americans of North and South, East and West, can join together to work for the good of all."

Perhaps that stems from those unequivocal hills, the Green Mountains.

Modern Art to One  
Critic Has Increasingly  
Little Concern With Reality

## Cacophony in Umbers

LAWRENCE MARTIN

UNTIDY evidences of an art renaissance are all around us. The thousands of artists on the WPA rolls are dipping into great vats of paint and smearing miles of canvas, destined for many acres of hall. Nine months after it was published, Van Loon's book *The Arts* had sold 70,766 copies at \$3.95, which leaves out of account the tens of thousands of copies marketed to the regimented customers of the Book-of-the-Month Club. There has even been an increase in the number and earnestness of thefts of art objects, which is a kind of index in itself. And last year the greatest (that is, most wholesale) exhibit of paintings in the history of the world was held, of all places, in Chicago. Not in its palmyest days did Florence have anything like it.

These odds and ends certainly make the beginning of a case for an art renaissance. But the outlook, though dazzling, is not bright. The people still prefer chromos, Grand Rapids dining room suites, and lush-pink bridge lamps; and in the field of sculpture the great statuette issue is between Shirley Temple and Charlie McCarthy in dolls, while the rural sections still shy away from "September Morn," that most innocuous of nudes. In considering why even the educated and comfortable part

of the population have no use for art, we must award prizes for excellence in sabotage to the art experts themselves — to the art critic, the museum director, and the artist. The people might go art if the art men would go people.

A good example of the people's art critic is my friend Bwompus, who has done all he could for years to kill any interest the layman might have worked up in art. Bwompus is fanatically pro-Cezanne, Picasso, Dali, and hates almost everything else. Bwompus is supposed to report pictures, to act as go-between in art matters, bringing the people and art together. He has done no more than smear his own art prejudices over wearisome yards of newsprint.

Another good art professional is Harble-Garble, the director of our famous art institute, one of the richest art mausoleums in the world. He runs a costly art morgue, full of rare embalmings, for the Bwompuses. He is unaware that art is a continuing or current endeavor. Exhibits of modern art-in-industry coming from New York, where they showed at the Metropolitan Museum for months, are mostly left unpacked and stored in the basement.

IN AN ATTEMPT to discover what modern art was about, which has kept me busy looking at it, thinking about it, and talking to Men Who Know, I met the art sabateur of the third class — the producer himself. The studio-home of Josef Doakes, the apostle of beauty on canvas, was a headache, but the artist at least would condescend to discuss his craft and mystery. Most artists insist they do not have to justify their work on any grounds; almost all the rest maintain there is nothing to talk about. Their work is pure inspiration; and you, the



end product, the layman, the mass, the looker-on, the buyer, either get it by hunch, or don't get it.

Doakes took me into his studio and pointed out a big canvas, about eight feet long by six wide. "This is what I am working on now," he said.

I cocked my head on one side and tried to look critical and appreciative at the same time. All I could say was, "What do you call it?"

"Symphony in Umbers."

"Umbers?"

"Umbers. You know — browns."

"Oh . . . Yes."

There was a pause. The picture was all muddy — different colors of mud. It showed a large room. Along one wall, on a brown army cot, writhed a naked brown woman with a look on her features of brownish — or umbrish — agony. In the foreground a table was standing on one leg; the other three weren't long enough and were dangling loose. On the table, which was still another shade of brown, sat a bowl of brown burnt-out flowers, a glass of milk, and a silvery fish whose tail was flopped over the plate. In a far corner a kitchen chair stood on one leg. Over the wriggling nude was a long window through which you could see skyscrapers.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"About? Why, I told you. 'Symph —'"

"I mean, what's the idea? Why did you do it? What are you trying to say?"

This cross-examination went on for a long time. Finally Doakes admitted that although an artist doesn't have to say anything, still he, Doakes, had an idea in this picture. He was trying to paint Lust.

At this point I collapsed into a chair — a real chair, luckily, that stood on four legs. I wanted to yell out,

"Well why didn't you call it 'Lust' instead of 'A Symphony in Umbers?'"

I wanted to know what the skyscrapers had to do with lust, and what a fish with a floppy tail, and a glass of milk, had to do with lust; and what distorted tables and chairs had to do with lust.

The explanations were simple. The milk and the fish were there to give a spot or two of cool contrast to the warm muddiness of the scene. They just happened to be a fish and a glass of milk; might just as well have been a silver candlestick and a white cat. The skyscrapers were there because he saw them from his window. He took me to the window; there they were, just as he had painted them. The chair and the table were that way because that's the way he saw them.

The whole study, in short, was an artistic exercise, with little meaning for anyone but the artist. He had distributed some paint tubes around a theme. Gertrude Stein had done that in literature. And literature had long ago abandoned Gertrude and her friends.

CAN WE AGREE that the purpose of art is to invest the activities and the environment and the dreams of men — of *men*, and not of a clique — with significant beauty? Can we agree that the artist is a special person, gifted in a peculiar way, who feels significance as beauty, and whose rôle it is to transmit it, communicate it, to men not so sensitive and not so gifted? Can we agree that the artist should communicate the vision of a man, not of an artist, because he is to speak to men and not to specialists?

If we agree there, then we may agree here: that too much of the art activity of our time is of no public interest because it has nothing to say to us laymen, that we can use or understand.

What do we find at the average no-jury art exhibit? Some old-fashioned pictorial canvases of recognizable sand dunes; some realistic stuff; some pseudo-Maxfield Parrishes; nice photographic portraits of mother, granny, an old fisherman, a steel worker, etc.; a lot of nudes; landscapes with cows and without them — all good old safe and sane brushwork.

Then there are the puzzle pictures, ultra modernist. They too will have to do with granny, nudes, landscape with cow. But the granny pictures will show granny as if just hit by a truck, the nude will be seen out of focus from all sides at once, and the scenics will be cow permeating landscape plus landscape permeated by cow.

And there are paintings whose chief contribution is the way the paint is laid on from twisted tubes; and nightmare jobs containing a jumble of nuts and bolts, dolls, fruit, a ghost, a broken baby carriage, the works of a watch, and a seedy dawn, all together comprising a weird cosmic symbol of something.

The chief lesson to us, the laymen, from these exhibits is not æsthetic but moral and sociological. It is that the age in which we live has no *Zeitgeist*, no *Weltanschauung*, no spiritual solidarity. That is not the artist's fault, of course, but the fact has proved a blessing for shallow art, for private art. It *is* the artist's fault that he has chosen to move in that direction. The artist, the art director, the art critic still live in the ivory tower. They talk to themselves and among themselves. They have nothing to say to you and me.

When the New York Public Library opened its print show of "Artists of Aloofness — ?" Frank Weitenkampf, its director, made the following explanation:

What was in mind was the artist living not only in the solitude of his thoughts, a thing we expect of any great personality in art,



but in a world quite different from general experience or expression. In many cases such aloofness . . . is only partial or apparent, the result of an artist's withdrawal from the world of intellectual small change, in a peculiar mental or emotional attitude, or with other qualities of remoteness from our own time in thought or expression.

That statement is typical of the attitude of art men of our time. Instead of seeing something seriously wrong with such an attitude, they are proud of it. It is the pride of the snob. No man lives alone in the "solitude of his thoughts," whether he is an artist or a carpenter. The man who can do that is a madman. Perhaps we have a truth here — that there are more madmen in painting than there are in any other form of art expression. Painters seem to delight in divorcing themselves from the realities of the world. They have escaped to preoccupation with expression rather than with communication. Art should aim to communicate, not merely to express. The artist's business is to say something *through* paint, or whatever his medium — mosaic, soap, butter, sound — and not to play with colors, expressing only his inward uniqueness. If he is to express himself, it should be the self he has in common with other mortals who are not artists.

It is ridiculous to hold that art is something so special that one must be educated to it before he can appreciate it. Everybody knows a picture and everybody understands a picture — when it has something to tell him.

It's a free country and the artist can do what he pleases, but the public concern about him and public acceptance of his work can be asked and expected only on the basis of art achievement that speaks to the mass of human beings working out their happiness and their joint misery in the common life the artist shares.

WINDSCAPE OF A DISASTER  
THAT STRUCK A TEXAS PORT  
IN ANOTHER GENERATION

## The Galveston Flood

EDWIN MULLER

THAT first week in September everybody went sea-bathing on Galveston Beach. There'd never been such fine surf — great rolling combers that swept in from the Gulf. Yet there was hardly a breath of wind.

A blanket of humid heat lay over the city. Storm warnings went out to the Gulf shipping. The barometer was falling. Those signs should have been of concern to the inhabitants of a town built on a sandbar scarcely more than a mile wide and only nine feet above the sea at its highest point. But nobody seemed to be worried. Supposedly competent scientists had said that the city was safe from storm and flood, that the long gentle slope of the sea bottom would protect them.

Life was comfortable and prosperous in Galveston in the year 1900. It was a typical American community, a live town that was going places. It was the fastest growing port on the Atlantic or Gulf seaboard, exporting each year millions of dollars' worth of cotton and grain. Even in this comparatively dull season many big steamers were anchored in the bay or lay alongside the wharves. The city boosters talked confidently of the day when Galveston would rank with New York or any other port.

All that the well-to-do had to worry about was this

young man Bryan who was stumping the country for President against McKinley and Roosevelt. His 16 to 1 theory gave them cold shivers. But, after all, politics didn't affect the life of the town in its fundamentals. Society was organized. Life was safe.

ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON of that week the sea-bathing had to be stopped — the surf was becoming too dangerous. Yet still there was no wind. The surface of the Gulf was smooth, gray satin lined with streaks of foam. The massive ground swells came at long intervals, sometimes of a minute or more, but, when they came, they raced in at express train speed and broke on the sand in reverberating thunder. The older inhabitants, the ones who could remember the big storm of 1875, began to study the sky toward the south-east, toward the Caribbean where, in the doldrums, the hurricanes are born. Some of them noticed a white, misty patch above the horizon.

At 2 A.M. on Saturday, September 8th, the wind began to blow.

By the time the city awoke at its usual hour there was half a gale and it was increasing steadily. But after breakfast business men went downtown as usual. There seemed to be nothing to worry about — this wind was from the north, the side of the mainland and the shallow bay.

Nevertheless, as the day went on, nerves began to wear thin. No one could remember a wind that increased with such steady relentlessness — 30, 35, 40 miles an hour and not a minute of let-up. With it came a driving rain that grew in intensity with the wind. Water was piling up against the wharves, licking at the big grain elevators and warehouses on the north side of the island. And, inexplicably, it was rising on the Gulf side as well,



where the residence section spread down to the beaches. It crept up, slowly at first, past the highest flood marks, reaching toward the streets and houses.

People began to phone the local Weather Bureau. Then, when the wires were continually busy, they began to go there, at first in scores, then in hundreds. What they heard was disturbing: this was a West Indian hurricane of the most dangerous kind, a mass of air whirling at tornado speed in a circle several hundred miles in diameter, advancing steadily across the sea. It had veered away from the tip of Florida, crossed the Gulf in a long curve and was headed straight for Galveston. Everyone on the Gulf side should abandon his house and move to the highest ground and the strongest buildings. There was much worse to come.

Galveston began to be frightened. The velocity of the wind was now more than 50 miles per hour. A whistling sound could be heard above its deep, vibrating hum. Those in the streets had to shout to others close at hand. The rain cut like a knife, struck the sides of buildings with the force of solid shot. Some took the advice and evacuated their homes. Others decided to wait.

People were scared but not yet in a panic. They were still a community. Measures would be taken by those in authority.

But, by early afternoon, there was a sense of impending catastrophe.

Groups of people were seen hurrying through the streets carrying suitcases and bundles hastily tied together. The Tremont was the largest hotel in the business district, the higher section of town. Its lobby began to fill with frightened refugees. They said that water was already in the lower streets, that houses had begun to go, that the big Beach Hotel and Bathing Pavilion

were breaking to pieces under the twenty-foot waves that were pounding the shore. One of the bridges connecting the city with the mainland had washed away, the others couldn't last long.

By 3 P.M. half the city was under water. At first it crept up slowly, covering the residential section block by block. Then it came faster, in great surges. The lower streets were swift-flowing streams, the water seethed and rushed at the foundations of the houses. Men struggled against the current through waist-deep water, leading mules on which they had set their wives and children. Everywhere was the explosive sound of windows smashing in, heard above the noise of the wind that was like the deep roll of a great drum. The water supply failed. So did the electric light plant. Although night was still far off, the city was almost dark, the driving rain cutting off visibility.

Everywhere morale began to fail. The crowd huddled in the Tremont lobby saw and felt the walls vibrate. Every few minutes an announcement was made as to the depth of the water outside. Still rising. With each announcement the hysteria grew. At last water came through the door, spread in a widening pool over the lobby floor. The crowd fought its way up the stairs, filled the mezzanine, praying and moaning.

No one could escape from the city. The mainland was two miles away, across an inferno of wild water which no boat could survive. All four bridges were down. Men, women and children crouched in their houses, staying close to the walls because that was the safest place if the roof came down. Houses were collapsing, people were dying. No one knew how many, no one knew when his own turn would come. The wind blew on — and on — and on. It would never stop.

Then, quite suddenly, it did stop.

At 8 P.M. the wind slackened. It seemed that within a few minutes there was almost a dead calm. Men looked at each other and thanked God — church-goers and saloon-goers alike. But not the ones who understood the nature of a circular hurricane, the calm center inside the whirling periphery. When, within the hour, the wind began again — from the southeast now — it was the real thing. It quickly passed the record of the afternoon. The Weather Bureau recorded 84 miles an hour; then the instrument blew away. It was estimated later that the wind attained a velocity of 120 miles. It built up the accumulated volume and momentum of an avalanche, it struck with the concussion of a great explosion. Trees were uprooted and driven through the walls of houses. Solid masses of salt water were blown across the island, choking those who were still outdoors fighting their way to shelter.

The noise of the wind was so great that no other sound could be heard. A man, looking out of a window, saw a large house collapse just across the street. He saw the timbers rend, the roof and the walls come smashing down. But he heard no sound of it.

Now the waters had risen so that they covered every square foot of the island. Even the highest part was three to four feet under water. The streets were full of floating wreckage. Masses of it were battered by great waves against the walls of houses still standing, bringing them down in their turn. It was dangerous to stand near a window, even on the leeward side of a house. One man who did so was sucked out bodily, hurled to death.

Those who had stayed in their homes in the lower part of the island were now trapped. If they stayed in, more likely than not the house would collapse and bury them.



If they tried to escape outdoors on floating wreckage they'd be lucky to live a minute. Solid timbers were blown through the streets. Most deadly were the slates blown off the roofs. They filled the air like clouds of feathers in a gale. Bodies were found later with the tops of the heads cut cleanly off by these slates.

Now organized society itself was going to pieces. The storm had torn apart the ties of civilization that bind men together. It had isolated them one from the other. Galveston was no longer a community, it had disintegrated into a thousand individual battles with death. Men react in different ways to great catastrophes. Some battled for their lives with the brutal selfishness of animals, fighting each other for preferred places on floating wreckage, clambering up into the branches of floating trees and kicking down others who tried to follow them. Others risked their lives to make rescues.

The Catholic Orphan Asylum began to cave in. Each of the Sisters took ropes and tied eight infants to her. Each in turn said a prayer and launched herself on the current. A few were saved but more were found dead after the storm, still tied together.

Mr. Cline of the Weather Bureau had stuck to his post until late in the day, then he had struggled home to find his family. They were in the house, a solid structure in what was thought to be a comparatively safe locality. He left them on the upper floor and went down to the front door. There he stayed for hours, making frequent sorties out into the swift current to bring in refugees. Eventually fifty were gathered under his roof.

But the house began to be battered by heavy masses of timbers, driven by the wind and waves. Quite suddenly it collapsed.

Of the fifty, thirty-two were killed. Cline never saw

his wife again — she was one of the thirty-two. He clutched his two young children, was overwhelmed by the water, lost consciousness for an instant. He came to, still clutching the children, when his head struck a timber. He managed to drag the children to the top of a floating pile of wreckage. He had to keep changing his position as his raft was rammed and battered by other floating wreckage. For two hours he saw no homes, no land, only the waves around him. He thought that he had been carried far out to sea, as hundreds had been. But at last the raft grounded, and, struggling from one pile of wreckage to another, he got the children to a safe shelter in a house on higher land.

Death and destruction rose to a final crescendo in the dark hours before midnight. At that period the separate units of disaster grew larger. Those who had fled their own houses in the lower districts but had not gone to higher ground had collected in the larger buildings, the churches and the schools. Now many of these went down. Church walls caved in, killing fifty at a time. The largest school was destroyed. A hospital with a hundred patients collapsed, and of the patients and the staff, only eight survived.

The end came soon after midnight. The wind slackened — a little at first, then rapidly. The water went down very quickly too. In a few hours there were only scattered pools of it left.

At dawn the survivors crept out of doors. The streets were almost impassable, masses of wreckage and tangled wires.

No one knew how many were dead. No one knows today, but most estimates agree that, of a population of 38,000, six thousand were dead.

The survivors were stunned, incoherent. During that

night there was not a man or woman who had not come close to the border line of sanity. Many had gone over it. Now, in the early morning light, half-clothed people were wandering aimlessly in the streets, screaming. Others sat quietly in the slime, laughing to themselves. Some, who had held up bravely through the night, collapsed now that the strain was over.

For most there was nothing to eat, no water to drink. No one could escape from the island.

At first there was no organized effort, but soon the disciplined habits of civilization began to reassert themselves. A meeting of citizens was called at 9 A.M., committees for each district were set up, those who had been accustomed to lead in the past took the lead now. Plans were set in motion to repair the water and electric plants, to send boats to the mainland for help, to improvise shelter for the homeless. They set themselves to the task of the decent burial of their dead. But presently this recovery of organized society had a set-back, a set-back almost as terrorizing as the storm.

There were 6,000 dead bodies. There were more than that number of the carcasses of horses and cattle, their bodies bloated, the legs sticking stiffly up. The sun shone down. The corpses turned black, soon lost all likeness to human beings. The stench was incredible. Billions of flies settled down and the buzzards gathered in the sky.

Again panic gripped Galveston. As many people as possible were sent to the mainland, but only a very small fraction of the population could be so transported. The others were still trapped, confined to their narrow island, with certain pestilence coming.

The plans for decent burial were discarded. At first the authorities tried to dispose of the corpses in the sea, but this method of disposal did not prove altogether



effective. Many of the bodies that were cast into the sea washed back to shore. So did some of the corpses from the graveyards.

It was decided to burn the bodies. They were piled up where they were found, covered with wreckage and burned.

All corpses were treated alike, whether they were those of negro longshoremen or of prominent citizens. While the bodies were still recognizable, men found themselves dealing with those of people they had known, of men they had worked for, of relatives and friends. One man worked long and hard with the burial parties, showing neither fatigue nor emotion. Only, whenever a new body was found, he would rush to it and open the mouth. He hoped to recognize his dead wife by the dental work.

There was another thing to contend with. To some this disaster meant opportunity. The looting of bodies and of stores began on the day after the storm. To the looters already in town were added many who came from the mainland, getting transportation by claiming to belong to relief parties. There was a great gathering of thieves in Galveston. Several men were found with their pockets bulging with human fingers — the corpses were too swollen for the rings to come off. Martial law was declared on Tuesday.

Those were grim weeks in Galveston. Men worked day and night — not looking ahead, just striving desperately to keep ahead of the things that had to be done at once — to establish law and order, to insure sanitation, to clean up the muck, to get food and water and shelter. Help came from outside. Relief contributions were sent from every part of the country — food and tents and medical supplies. But most of the work had to be done by the men and women of Galveston.

Then came the question of the future. To some the task looked too hard to tackle. They advised that the 32,000 survivors should abandon their sand-bar and make new lives for themselves on the mainland. But in its first edition after the flood the *Galveston News* carried the banner: "Galveston Shall Rise Again." That was the decision of the community of Galveston.

The citizens set themselves a ten year program of hard work and self denial. They adopted the commission form of government — the first American city to do so — because that seemed the most efficient way to get things done. They began to rebuild the city and to defend it from future attacks.

GALVESTON TODAY is prosperous and comfortable. The great Sea Wall, costing over \$1,000,000, runs for 7½ miles along the Gulf, seventeen feet above the tide. It has had its test. In 1915 came another hurricane, almost if not quite as violent as that of 1900. This time only twelve lives were lost in Galveston and the property damage was comparatively small.

The port of Galveston hasn't quite fulfilled the expectation of the boosters of 1900 — through causes that they couldn't control. Houston and half a dozen other Texas ports have taken a considerable part of the new business, but Galveston hasn't done badly. Its population is up to 59,000, its exports and imports have doubled, it is a good average American community, and life is safe.

# Sunday in the Park

By

CATHERINE RIDGELY

*The Poignant Tale of Bill and Annie  
Who Solved Their Problem the Bitterest Way*

THE PARK was a sunlit oblong of grass and scattered trees. A woman came slowly out of an alley between two of the marble buildings and cut across the grass toward the park's single bench, a marble arc centered against the hedge's dense clipped green.

The woman carried a lanky baby and a neat gray bundle. Behind her two young children trailed hand in hand, looking about them with mild interest at all the green. Hanging the baby over one arm, the mother shook out the gray scrap of blanket that covered her bundle, and set the child upon the dull square, on the lawn.

"Now you kids stay with him an' don't let him get off on the grass an' get more cold. Here's the handkercher, Billie, you keep his nose wiped."

She walked across to the bench, undoing the rolled-up overalls that had been wrapped in the blanket, hunting out the half-finished patch.

"What'd we come here for, Ma?" asked the little boy. He and his sister followed the mother to the bench and stood close to her looking up into her face.

"Your Pa wanted we should, ain't I told you?" She found the place in the overalls where the threaded needle had been woven in, drew it out and knotted the thread.



"Why'd he want us to come away over here, Ma?"

"He's comin' here to meet us, that's why. My goodness, can't you shut up a minute? Go on an' play near baby, now."

"Is he gonna bring us somepn?" they asked. "Ma, is he, huh?" they said, leaning against her knees.

"No, a' course not." She raised her hand threateningly. "Go on, now."

They wandered off, sat on either side of the blanket on which the baby lay quiet, and began plucking at the grass. She looked up from her sewing. "You don't have to just set. Play some, if you've a mind." But they sat still until they saw their father coming along the walk.

"Hey, there's Pa," Billie said, beginning to get up.

The man gave a bright bitter look at them as he came past. "Set there. Your Ma an' me want to talk."

"Didn you bring us somepn?" the little girl asked, pushing her hair back from her forehead, looking up at him with hope.

He went on to the bench in silence, and dropped down beside his wife. The children looked after him a moment, and then lay back flat on the lawn, their stomachs rounded up tightly beneath their clothes as they pressed their heads back into the soft grass.

"Any luck?" she asked.

He gave a snorting negative sound of contempt.

"Why'd you want to meet us here, an' bring the kids? You can see they expected somepn differnt."

"Somepn differnt, huh?"

"Well, kids," she said, and took up her sewing on the torn overalls. He sat beside her, leaning his shoulders against the marble curve, closing his eyelids against the sweet warmth of the sun. "Jeeze, wouldn't your Ma be sore if she saw us settin' here like this!"

She pressed her mouth shut and darted her needle more quickly in and out.

"Me supposed to be out lookin' for a job, an' then settin' here with you an' the kids in the sun, havin' a swell time."

"Lookin' alla time don't do no good."

"Tell your Ma that, don't tell me. I know it don't. I know that, all right."

They sat heavy and silent on the marble bench. The mother sighed unevenly, and her hands lay quiet over her sewing while she looked at the children. He said at last: "We gotta go away, we can't live like this no more."

She looked at him, waiting, but he sighed and was silent.

"Ain't I thought it all over an' over," she said. "An' ain't we talked it too, until it seems. . . . But we gotta think of them, Bill."

"Ain't I thinkin' of 'em — what else? How is it for my kids to hear your Pa call me a damn loafer just because I got drunk on a ten cent drink on a empty belly? Damn it, I earned the dime, didn't I? An' what good was a dime goin' to do?"

"I never said nothin' about it, did I, Bill?"

"But how'd I know what you think?"

"You shut up." She gathered life a little, and put strength into her voice for him. "You know you'd take anythin', you know you've done more than anybody could."

He thumped one fist lightly on the marble bench between them and looked across at the children. They had found out about rolling on the grass. They rolled over and over slowly, pulling themselves with their hands in the thick well-kept mat of blades. Then they lay on

their faces with their noses pressed in close to the fragrant earth. Between them the baby slept on his gray patch, his bonnet slipping over his eyes. The father watched them, leaning forward with his hands clenched between his spread knees.

"You see why we gotta leave, dontcha?" He indicated the children with a forward thrust of his chin. "Look at 'em," he said. "God Amighty, every now an' then I can see how they look. Look at their bellies. Look at May's leg, it ain't no thickern a dog's foot. No, honest it ain't, Annie. Look up an' see."

She closed her teeth down over her lower lip and kept her head bent stubbornly to her work.

"They ain't any life in 'em," he said. "Just settin' most the time. Kids oughta kick around an' run an' play. Jeeze, I remember when I was a kid."

"They're stayin' there so's not to leave baby. They wouldn't want to go leave him."

She picked up the sewing with a jerk, but did not touch the needle. Her tears fell on the unfinished patch.

"We'll leave," he said, watching her. "Today. That's what I came here to say. We'll never go back."

She sniffed, but did not speak. The blot of tears dried out in the faded blue denim, and she began to sew again without raising her head.

"I made up my mind, what we gotta do." He took hold of the edge of the bench with his hands. "We gotta go away an' leave — now, I mean, away from the park here. Leave the kids," he said in a quick whisper, and sat motionless looking at the ground.

Her head leaped up. "You're crazy, Bill, you don't know what you're sayin'. 'Leave the kids,' you said."

"I know what I said. I thought it all out, wrote a note down to the agency this morning. I borrowed a piece



paper, see, here it is." His hands were glad for something to do. They lingered over finding the note and bringing it out to her. "See, I wrote it in ink."

"What does it say?" She thrust it back at him. "I can't see it, what does it say? Bill, you're off your head, we couldn't leave the babies. What does it say, Bill?"

He read the note: "I can't take care of my children right. They's nobody belongs to them that can. They'll get enough to eat in the Home and keep warm and go to school and be took care of better than they would any other way, so we are leaving them. We have left the city. They's no use hunting us out."

He raised his head to face her and wet his lips. "Then at the end I put their first names, an' how old." He folded the note and held it in his hand. "Your Ma and Pa won't say nothin' if it gets in the papers, they'll see it's best."

She sat silent, looking into his face. "Well, that's the way I mean," he said, and looked away from her eyes.

"Bill," she whispered. "How could you even think! An' them so little. You're sick, Bill, it's more of that likker, it's made you sick."

"I'm sick all right, but it ain't with likker. I can't take care of 'em; it's true; do they look like I could? This way they'll get food, they'd have a good home. As long as we're around, no one will raise a hand for 'em."

"I'd die first," she said. "Look, see how they're lyin' there on the grass. I believe they've went to sleep, so little, how could you think of runnin' away from 'em, Bill?"

He faced her, the color mounting in his thin cheeks. "So now you don't think I'm doin' so good, huh? I'm runnin' away, am I? You think I like it, maybe. You think it'd be fun for me."

"The one thing they've always had is us, Bill."

"Now that's somepn mighty fine for 'em to have, ain't it?" Then he relaxed from his brief anger. "No, Annie, it's things we can't give 'em they need moren us."

She shook her head. "I'd die first," she repeated, and looked watchfully into his face for some sign of a changing mind. But he said only, "They'll die if we don't, the kids I mean."

"I can't leave 'em, it's wicked even to think. I couldn't go on breathin' if ever I did."

He moved one hand toward her along the bench, then drew it back. "You gotta look at things the way they are. Suppose I got picked up some day hookin' milk for 'em or liftin' stuff offa fruit stands. How'd it be then? They wouldn't have no milk nor fruit then. But this way they can have plenty to eat ever day, an' be warm all winter, an' we can come back to 'em any time, an' when I get a job, why, we'll go out to the Home an' get 'em back."

Her face wavered, and she put one fist hard against her cheek. "But Bill, we mightn't come back for so long. What'd they think when we didn't come back? What kinda parents'd they think they had?"

His face closed hard against her. "Shut up, shut up!" he cried. Then he leaned closer to her, but looking out at the children instead of at her. "They'll forget. They'd have to forget."

"I'd never forget," she said. "Look at 'em there, gone to sleep. I'd never want to live again."

"We can't look to be happy, Annie." He said persuasively. "Don't you see there's nothin' else to do?"

She went on staring at the children, and light began to glitter in her eyes. "We could all die. That'd be better. We could all die, that's what."

Again his hand made a gesture toward her, and again

he drew it back, and shook his head. "They might be happy yet, Annie. It'll likely be differnt when they grow up."

They looked at the children for a long while, silent under the sun. Pigeons flew over with strong wing beats, carrying straws for their nests somewhere in the eaves of the calm white buildings. A sob jerked once in her throat, and he stirred beside her. "Now, that ain't goin' to do any good."

She began to fold up the sewing in her lap. "I see how it might seem. Bein' with 'em ever day, I don't always see just how they look. But I see how you mean now, Bill."

She stood up, looking at the children quietly. Then she turned on her husband. Letting her sewing fall, she took his arm in both her hands and shook it. "But will they, will they? Take care of 'em right? Suppose after all they wasn't kind, mightn't feed 'em enough. They might get sick after all, they might . . . An' away from their Ma, what'd happen then?"

He took hold of her shoulders and made her lean back against the bench. "Stop it now, they'll hear, you'll wake 'em up."

"Will they love 'em, Bill? But they couldn't help it. But will they, Bill?"

"You dropped your things," he said, stooping to gather up the fallen sewing. "Sure, honey, they'll, why, they have special people out there picked for bein' good to kids. Why, by God," he cried, turning to meet her eyes, "they'll live high there, they'll have the best. I'll give the note to Billie now."

Her muscles tensed beneath his hand. "No, no, it's crazy."

"It's all they is."



"But we can't just leave, they won't be safe. Who'll find 'em?" she cried, and her blind gaze hunted about the shut-in empty park.

"A cop comes through on his beat right soon. I been lookin' this place over a long time. They're safe, away from the street an' all, an' then lots of people come outa these buildings at lunch time. Maybe someone will take 'em home an' adopt 'em private, seein' 'em here this way, they might."

They looked with love on their three scrawny children sprawled upon the grass.

"If we did do it," she said, "we wouldn't tell 'em about it, explain, they couldn't ever understand. We'd just go."

"Yes, that's best. Tell 'em we've gone for a walk around the block."

"I'm gonna finish mendin' his overall first, though. Then he'll have it ready, for a change."

"He won't need that rag. He'll wear whole clothes."

She set her mouth. "I'm gonna finish it first."

They sat together in the sun, and he said: "You ain't asked what we're goin' to do." She looked at the children without replying.

"We'll walk down to the yards, Annie. It's pretty far, but we'll take it easy. Then we'll hop a freight west. We'll go all the way to the coast, maybe. We'll pick fruit, Oregon, Californy, all over."

She stared at the children, her fists knit together in the folds of the overall.

"They'll forget us. They'll forget all about us. Billie is just four. How could they remember?"

"Yes, they'll forget. They'll be happy."

"I don't want 'em to forget. I want 'em to remember their Ma."

"Hurry with them overalls. The cop comes soon."

"I'll take 'em with me. You said he won't need 'em. I'll take 'em and have somepn to work on sometimes."

She stood up, folding the overalls, getting the ragged cuffs even. As she rose, he took her arm and started her along the walk toward the path that led away from the children toward the street.

"You better not go kiss 'em," he said, and with one hand he held her face so that she could not turn toward the children.

"I gotta, Bill, let me go."

"You better not. It's like you said, we best just leave."

"I can't ever do it. We're crazy, Bill."

"No, it's what we . . . You stand here like that, don't turn your head, don't look around, Annie. Now stay here, you mind?"

He went quickly across the grass to the children. They had fallen asleep. Beneath the baby's too-large bonnet only moist lips and sharp chin showed. A lock of hair close to May's mouth stirred evenly as she breathed. On Billie's chest the overall pocket gaped with infant plunder of plucked grass. The father bent and tucked the note into the top of the crowded pocket, his fingers shaking with the strain of trying not to disturb the child. He stumbled away across the soft grass, came along behind his wife, who stood without moving, put a hand beneath her elbow, and hurried her along the walk toward the street.

"Come on," he whispered, as though still afraid of awakening the children.

Behind them, in the alley between the marble buildings, sounded the slow steps of the policeman. They had a flat harsh echo in the narrow stone space.

"Oh Bill," she cried, holding back against his urging.

"He'll be all right with 'em," he said. "Come on." She walked on, silent and unresisting, beside him down the path, through the break in the hedge, into the street. There she suddenly turned back, fought him off, almost escaped his hands. He held her hard through that moment, her face against his heavily beating heart. About them the empty street was cool and still beneath its arching elms. The policeman's voice sounded beyond the concealing hedge, deliberate and profound. "Hey, you kids can't lay there."

He looked down at her quickly, but she had not heard through his heart beats and her weeping. "Come on," he said, and led her along the sidewalk and around the corner into the next street. She walked beside him weakly as though she had not walked for a long time, the bundle of the overalls tight in her arms.

"It was all they was to do," she said, her tired voice lifting to make it a question. "They ain't a thing else we could do for 'em."

Blocks farther on he stumbled against her as they walked.

"Oh, Annie, they was asleep," he sobbed.



Our 'Get-Wise-Quick'  
Trend of Education Now  
Stands Discredited

## How Free Is Education?

ARTHUR STYRON

THE American free common-school system of education is so bound up with the growth of religious, social and economic trends that to question it is generally regarded as heresy — the heresy of medievalism as against the orthodoxy of a "distinctively American institution." But is our education really "free" in the proper sense of that word, or is it even distinctively American?

Thomas Jefferson, a distinctive American, was the first to embody an American system of public education in his "bill for the general diffusion of knowledge." No system of public education (declared Chinard) so logically constructed, so complete, and so well articulated had ever before been prepared in any part of the world. Yet Jefferson's plan was never universally adopted in his own country, though it was approximated in France when Napoleon scuttled the fine revolutionist (Condorcet) scheme for a common State-school system of education and substituted the lycée system.

Jefferson's system covered the whole range from primary school to university. Schools, he thought, should be maintained not to give the pupils a happy time and a wholesome occupation through the restless years and relieve parents of their care, nor dower them with social

training and background and practical proficiencies, but for cold and stimulating study as an adjunct to, not a substitute for, family life. He had no illusions about the ability of the multitude to acquire higher learning; and, on the assumption that the world needed highly gifted and trained individuals as leaders rather than a mass of half-educated people, provided for the progressive but drastic elimination of all but the best pupils somewhat after the fashion of the French *grandes écoles*, Normale, Polytechnic and Musée, with their decrees, "You will cause to enter here only such men as are marked by the uncontested brilliancy of their renown." All were to be given an opportunity for free education; but enlightenment was to be regarded as within the grasp of only a few and of such nature that its tendency was to sift downward rather than permeate upward.

How Jefferson's method encouraged higher education may be observed by a comparison between the South, where his system prevailed to a great extent, and New England, where the present-day system was inaugurated at an early date. By the middle of the nineteenth century there were few grammar schools in the South; but most of the fifteen State colleges were located in that section, and among them, the first to include the social and economic sciences and French humanism in the curriculum. Maryland, Louisiana and Kentucky were the first States to have State superintendents of education. At the time of the Civil War there were twenty-five thousand students in Southern colleges, not including the large number of Southerners in Northern and European Universities.

In New England where the grammar school was regarded as a community duty and prospered accordingly, there were practically no State colleges. The existing few were sectarian, though a transition from theology to

new subjects (the latter being extra-curricular) had already begun. At the time of the Civil War only ten thousand students were in New England colleges, and this number included many Southerners.

The trend of the times — the industrial revolution, science and invention — favored New England's ideas of education. The intellectual concept of *unity* (Humboldt's *Cosmos* harmonized all the scientific accomplishments of the past century in order to demonstrate the supreme unity in all details of nature) was the natural precursor to standardization. This "scientific" view of education was agreeable to the puritanical disposition for reconciling opposing truths. So was the current love of unity. Future citizens were to be trained for a nation in which religion, science and the State were to be united.

As industrialism made headway, and the inner quality of human living gave way to outer circumstances, that is, material advantages, the question of preparation for success began to loom larger. "What knowledge is of most worth?" demanded the industrialistic Herbert Spencer; and he asked that an end be put to cultural education which fitted men for nothing but an aristocratic boredom, and that they be equipped realistically for the problems of technology and trade. The new industrialists heard Spencer gladly, though Franklin had expressed the same philosophy many years before when he observed, "If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away; an investment in knowledge pays the best interest." If, figured the industrialists, education meant competence, then ten times the education meant ten times the competence — and ten times the money. That was good business. Moreover, there was a subtler advantage in general education: equipping the common mind with inconclusive thought which made it



more susceptible to sentiment and passion; for where men have a naïve and uncritical faith in reason, they trust their own vision unflinchingly and are thus sure of themselves in explaining away opposing opinions. The fact that education, as an agency of social advancement, can increase destructive as well as constructive powers, was naïvely disregarded.

This ideal of education was, moreover, pleasing to the proletariat for different reasons. The workingmen in convention in Philadelphia (1830) adopted a resolution declaring that "there can be no real liberty without a wide diffusion of real intelligence; that the members of a republic are all alike to be instructed in the nature and character of their equal rights and duties as human beings and as citizens; that until means of equal instruction shall be equally secured to all, liberty is but an unmeaning word and equality an empty shadow."

Thus the New England common-school system became the star to which the democratic wagon was to be hitched. During that time, strengthened by the popular educational movement, Northern schools and colleges waxed affluent and prosperous while Southern institutions "lagged behind."

Dr. Eliot initiated "progressive education" at Harvard with one of his striking aphorisms: *Education for Power and Service!* There was now no question but that education was a system to enable men to get along — to be successful. Service became humanitarianism by dogma, the precursor or accompaniment of materialism. Men were to be trained-to-serve by being taught to exploit others — and then recompense the exploited through Community Chests. Twenty-five years ago Dr. Dewey made a further ex-cathedra pronouncement, "the substitution of intelligence for authority, freedom for discipline,

concern with the future for reverence for the past, fact for formula." The students must "think things out" for themselves, rather than acquire texts and formulas, and get rid of the dead wood of dullness and the sterility of traditional education.

Many liberal educators, realizing that the emphasis on the future has practically eliminated the consideration of the past function of education, are desperately striving to retrace their steps. Having taught that a modern nation must choose between industry and vassalage, and having armed the citizens with science and technology to meet the competition of an industrializing world, they are now appalled at the completeness of their victory, perceiving that our schools have failed to produce either educated men or gentlemen. They see youth full of enthusiasm but without responsibility or disciplined capacity — the result of appealing to the volition instead of to the will. They are confronted with mediocre minds asserting their right to "think things out" without the necessary talent to do so. They are realizing that education as a means of power in the hands of the unenlightened has served only the prejudices of realism and the consequent inroads of materialism. If the liberal school be defined as one whose curriculum or body of studies is devoted to the liberal arts proper for the discipline and enlightenment of a free people, then the liberal school has practically ceased to exist. It has been replaced by the "service college" advancing the ends of vocational and professional skills. Pragmatism and utilitarianism comprise the background of education in the "service arts."

Yet the emphasis on science has manifestly brought no visible rise in the intelligence of the multitude, no dignity or peace to the soul. Youth, free of everything (even edu-

cation), is oppressed by the naïve belief that the world was born yesterday, and so it must learn all over again the lessons the past could have taught. Our schools and colleges have fed youthful optimism with get-wise-quick formulas which disregard the complexity of human nature and the resulting complexity of human problems. Any kind of society and government is determined by the intelligence, character, philosophy and dominant interests and motives of the people. With these determinants almost any concrete plan will work well as any plan will work badly without them. But our schools have not set themselves the task of training the will and intelligence of students, of imbuing them with a philosophy for a way of life. "We call those studies liberal which are worthy of a free man," said Vergerius; "those studies in which we attain and practice virtue and wisdom; that education which calls forth, trains and develops those highest gifts of body and mind which ennoble men."

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, states the problem confronting our schools and colleges most succinctly:

Our people have little knowledge and much opinion. . . . The fundamental questions of human life and human society they have never faced. They would not know how to go about trying to face them. Yet the great practical issues of our time are not new. They are the persistent problems that have always existed because man is man. . . .

Attempting to understand nature does involve a reconstruction of the course of study. We must first determine whether a subject is important enough to be taught. This we cannot do by job analysis, by finding out what jobs our pupils are going to perform when they leave us and training them to go through the motions employed in them. . . .

However it may be misapplied, the definition of education remains the same through successive generations:



a system concerned with the transmission of the traditions of the past, and the development of techniques for dealing with the future. A system which eliminates the first qualification is not true education; and unless something is done to restore it, the next step in modernization will be to mechanize and propagandize all education. The "teachers' oath" is indicative of the trend toward making patriotism the dominant note in the instruction of youth, whereby the schools would serve an individualistic future under the guise of serving the State, as in Russia, Germany and Italy.

Dr. H. E. Cunningham, President of Holbrook College, has said:

Should our government continue to go to the universities and colleges for "brains," surely there must be a change in the attitude of the university and the scholar in their relations to society; a shift in the locus of instruction, bringing, in part at least, instruction into surroundings more closely connected with natural occurrences; and last, a deeper interpretation of technique and a humanizing of methodology. . . . Our "brain trusters" carry over the methods of the physical scientist into the regions of human wants, hopes and ambitions. He thinks he can mathematicize human life. He thinks that hunger is a function of arithmetic. He thinks that passion is a matter of differential equations. . . .

Such pronouncements from prominent educators are promising. Indeed, many colleges are already carefully planning a return to that point where they went astray. The old elective system, which in general advertises the intellectual bankruptcy of the faculty in "passing the buck" to the students who, having neither the equipment nor the inclination to select proper food for the mind, may be expected to suffer from chronic mental indigestion, has been much discredited. Orientation or survey courses help to restore the emphasis to tradition. Prepara-

tion for adult activities and socialized curriculum help to balance that emphasis by stressing the social sciences.

However, it is not enough for the teachers to point the way. In the first place, without the sympathy and support of the people they would be voices crying in the wilderness. In the second place, it is neither cultural nor democratic to assume that teachers are the sole judges of curriculum. Surely no one will quarrel with the resolutions of the National Educational Association (1934) that "teachers should be guaranteed the constitutional right of freedom of speech, press and assembly, and the right to support actively organized movements which they consider to their own public interest;" but their right to teach such personal opinions, regardless of the opinions of pupils and their parents, is quite another matter.

It is the contention that all beings may be brought by education to what is right and best, that logically gives professional teachers the right to oppose every interest disputing their sole right to proscribe curriculum. Teachers are thus inclined to fasten upon fields which show a need for improvement — and so schools emerge into the category of social service with the object of creating inclination as a substitute for missing aptitudes. Instead of arguing about the conclusion, or the rights of teachers, the premise should be reëxamined — that is, whether education can bring all beings to what is right and best. A false emphasis upon humanitarianism, with its necessary adjunct, equalitarianism, leads to all sorts of absurd conclusions having little connection with education. It must be recognized that the masses are and always will be incapable of higher erudition. It is not enough to study the minds of the masters: one must *feel* with the masters, and such feeling is inspired by intelligent conception rather than acquired by measurement — such

as, for example, is provided in the *Outlines* of Durant and H. G. Wells. Teaching is of worth only when it arouses a desire to learn. Stuffing untutored minds with scientific, psychological, economic and social theories serves to produce an inflexible attitude of mind rather than to afford instruction.

In a few words, the ideal of education must be that of art, the Greek spirit of experiment and adventure, the *rapproch* between creation and appreciation. If it is recognized that this ideal is only for the few, there yet remains an art for the multitude — not art in the sense of the fine arts or luxury, but art in the sense of self-expression in handicrafts, games, dances, the drama, and so on. This is the only “free” education the masses can consciously enjoy. This is the only liberal learning they can value: liberty from prejudice and degrading fears.

There is no question of social justice and equality involved in this realistic attitude. Education is one of the democratic privileges of a free people; but democracy means equality of opportunity, not equality of talents, after the model of nature herself whose sovereign law is subordination and dependence. For those who are naturally unable to feel with the masters, a certain amount of measurement, necessary for materialistic purposes, must be included. There is, however, a higher education in learning the wisdom of the earth-spirit which makes for an aristocratic diversity rather than a bourgeois unity of life. Every race has its particular culture, and together they make for the orchestration of harmony and beauty; and an imposed unity is intellectual tyranny. National aptitudes are not interchangeable. Men can draw inspiration from another race, but they cannot substitute that inspiration for culture.



# Death in This Torrid Zone

MARGARET SHEDD

*"Death, what is death?" he cried,  
"I must ride on. . . ."*

AND BLONDEL, the troubadour, with one of those strong sad faces, and wearing a costumer's marcelled wig, but a poetic figure none the less, wanders off undaunted through his forest. But here in the jungles it is different. Here the troubadour's progress is soon halted by a net of stinging vines; and the voice of the lone bird that sings beautifully of death is drowned by choirs of parrots, inharmonious.

One of us, I mean not a native, died in the river. His name was Michael, half Irish, half Spanish, very young, not yet twenty. He was a gentleman, at least of gentle blood, and he had the makings of a great adventurer too. In many ways he was the most valuable field man on the staff. How he had got here is another story, but he had been around for several years and he had developed a sort of *conquistador* method of handling his men, which got results.

When sober, he was ingratiating but mostly pitiful. This was because the wicked man he had too early become had hideously destroyed the lad he should have been, reason enough for expending pity on the ghost of youth that constantly cropped up in him.

If an eventful life is the essential antecedent to satisfactory death, then Michael's death by right heads this list. But it is possible that the only real thing that ever

happened to Michael was his death, because he was a romanticist gone rotten. Michael imagined that the devouring of experience, not its digestion, was living; so his taste was jaded. He would go to the caves, whose beauty can hardly be equalled in the world, and he would spend his time badgering turtles to death for the satisfaction he got out of their suffering. Or he would ride to the Indian villages, where the population from youngest to eldest is comprised entirely of benign infants, and return to boast of experiments in drunken debauch.

The river was high and brown and the currents above Camp Riposto are dangerous at any time. Michael was going a mile up from Riposto for banana suckers. He called for a small dory, proper for one man to ride but he ordered two of his boys to go with him. They demurred a little and asked to get a larger dory. He struck at them with the flat of his machete, cursed them for cowards.

"Are your lives so precious?" he jeered.

"No, sair, no," and they looked at him candidly.

So he cursed them for their presumption and the three men got in. Michael could not swim very well; when the dory overturned he was terribly frightened. The black boys let themselves be carried by the flood, as best they could, making for the dory which also was whirling down stream, but Michael started to swim for shore fighting the currents, turned to try for the dory, turned again toward shore and then put up his hands crying, and that was all. A few minutes later his sombrero floated past the camp, dancing in the eddies.

At all odds his body must be recovered, because it was white. I suppose alligators have no right to chew on a white body. Four dories were fastened at distances on one long rope. Then the rope was tied across the river at the

place where Michael had drowned and from each dory native divers went down naked to see what they could find. When they found nothing the rope was untied and the dories were moved a little farther down the river, where the search began again.

Night crept in but this did not impede the work, because it is about the same under muddy water in daylight and dark, and the hunt must be conducted by sense of touch, not sight. There may have been a moon but it could never have pushed through the trees that locked branches over the water. In each dory there was a gasoline lantern, four eyes for the river, and the bats swooped over and past and around the lanterns.

On the river side an odd gathering waited. Even in the dark it was easy to tell which were white, which black men. The natives stood motionless, outline from head to foot drooping. Most of them were relief divers but they did not sit or lie down between shifts; merely they stood unmoved in the dark waiting to risk their lives. For what?

But the white men were holding onto themselves; that was evident by the stricture of their shoulders. They twitched cigarette ashes into the water. I suppose they were thinking that it might easily have been one of them. If the natives thought the same thing, it did not affect the weary slant of their bodies.

Exhaustion and steady rain had not materially changed this scene forty-eight hours later, except to add heaviness. The water was thick; a dory paddle might leave behind it a wound that would be long in healing. The trees weighted with rain leaned almost into the river. The natives seemed not to have moved at all and the line of their shoulders and flexed knees bound them heavily to the earth on which they stood. But the white men's state of mind was interesting.



None of them had cared greatly for Michael yet the longer they waited for his body the more romantic became their conception of him. To leave their pal here, rotting on the floor of the river, was unthinkable. Two of them even did a little diving themselves. And they clothed the scene in drama. The picture itself — river, shadows, trees — was dramatic enough in truth, but all night scenes in the bush are dramatic. A jungle river hurls lowering beauty at you whether you are fishing for a dead man or a carp, and I am suggesting that these white men fed their own sentimentality in discovering genuine emotion, either terror or any other, around them; for there was no one there who felt deeply. The white men wallowed in what they imagined was the eerie horror of the place, the hoot owls, the bats. They drank a little.

It was finally decided to dynamite and two of them got very sick at their stomachs when the body of Michael arose from the spot where he had drowned, where they themselves had dived, and they were called upon to lift this slimy thing into a dory. The dory was tied to a motor boat. They sat in the launch talking rapidly of trivialities; a native, not they, rode the dory, bailing out bloody water all the way from Riposto to the Frenchman's landing where a coffin was waiting.

There, in the dark, they tried to prepare that poor bad boy for the grave. One lantern and the rain and those strange ghastly sounds that are emitted by a body retrieved from drowning. This can be done by an undertaker, with a blanket of moss roses. Or love can do it. But the burial of Michael was horrible because sentimentality made a pass at giving the business some dignity and failed utterly.

No, far better we had let the river keep him. Better we had not tried to force on the jungle and its way of

death our funny little trick of closing the eyes and folding the hands.

A truck spun its wheels desperately through the mud, around and around, making almost no headway because the load was too light — only Michael in his coffin. The others were walking behind. The coffin bumped up and down. Someone could sit on it and keep it still, but no, Michael jolted on through the dark.

SO MUCH for white death in the bush and it is bad enough. There are more than one or two ways of meeting death. But none will fit the death of the black people here. Not awe, not beauty, certainly not horrid fright and certainly not cheap sentiment: none of these is written on the banner of death here in the bush. Death in this torrid zone is only pitiful. Those who die here are not much mourned, but I weep for them now.

Young Avila, a Carib, killed himself last night. He was nineteen, a sensitive boy whose eyes were eloquent with pain. This was partly because pyorrhea had so eaten his teeth and gums that he had savage recurrent headaches for which there was no alleviation; since pain must be met with stoicism or money and he had neither, only imagination. He worked in the commissary at Doubling Creek camp and slept there. One night he brought a little Spanish girl, fourteen, to sleep with him. One cannot say that there was or there was not coercion, but the commissary is in the middle of the village where a protesting voice could easily be heard and besides there are few girls of fourteen in the bush who need to be coerced.

But the night, whatever sort it was, spent among piles of canned food, dried fish, raw-hide bush shoes, flash light batteries and barrels of salt pork, ended with an enraged father hurling threats over the counter of the

commissary. Rape is punished by life imprisonment. Avila had visited the penitentiary in Belize and he said he would rather marry the girl. But the father was bent on punishment and started hot-foot for Punta Gorda to report the matter to the D. C. It is a three-hour walk from Doubling Creek camp to Punta Gorda. When he reached the police office he was met by the news, just come by telephone, that Avila had blown off his own head with a shotgun.

He had closed the commissary, counted and checked the cash, arranged himself and the gun so that he could set it off with his foot, and he had written two notes. In the United States all suicides must leave notes; the newspapers demand it. But this was different. Both notes were to Eastman, the black manager of the camp, a man of dignity and worth. One was a detailed accounting of the business of the commissary; nothing was awry. The other was as follows:

Doubling Creek Section  
20. 7. 37.

Juan Eastman Esquire

I am more then sorry cost you this Big trouble I bid you farewell. my brother will askeing you this gun I rather you keep it. you give your girl juanita the Fethers of this bill bird I Kill yesterday. Just now I am in posision bad bad. Put you in front of it when so much trouble come in I not able. Egal I dead or not.

You have been very kindley to me. Yr most obet. serv.

Jabez Avila

Avila's mother came up to get him. One of Barley's quick coffins was given her. She would have buried him in the bush but since he was a suicide, a rare form of death down here, his body must be viewed by the police in Punta Gorda.

This afternoon we happened to ride to the landing



aboard the motor car when Avila's coffin, carried by other Caribs, came down the trail from Doubling Creek to the crossroads. The motor car was stopped.

"We'll get off."

"No, ma'am, no. We will carry it to the landing rather than you get off."

It was loaded on, pell-mell. We tried to avoid putting our feet on it. Once, on a curve, it nearly fell on the tracks; after that Avila's brother sat on it. His mother wanted to walk. At the landing they waited for her, playing black-jack in the interim. The Caribs had placed the coffin in a dory. As soon as the mother arrived, she got aboard, sat in the back of the long dory at the foot of the coffin, lighted her pipe, herself took one of the paddles. The river carried them quickly away.

A young girl died of tuberculosis a little while ago. She was not sick very long, at least not sick in bed. She came to my house one day to ask for newspapers. Her mother pasted them on the inside walls of the hut. I went in to the bedroom to get a Sunday Times that lay bunched on the floor. She followed me in. I handed her the paper, but she did not take it all, only the funny paper, and that she smoothed out carefully.

"Where will you put it?"

"By my bed." She was ecstatic.

She was thin, part Hindu, about sixteen, with a shapely face and straight black hair. She looked around the room. She saw perfume bottles on the dressing table. She would not touch them but her bony hands hovered over them, over one in particular, a big blue pear-shaped bottle. It was called *Nuit des Noces*, from a good perfume house, but it had never been used because it had too much of a strip-tease tang. But the Hindu girl liked the bottle.

"Hold out your hands," I told her and poured some

in her cupped palms. She put it on her hair. Then she went away with her funny papers.

When she died it was in the morning before we were awake. While I was having my breakfast in bed I heard her father at the front door asking for the shroud I had promised when it should be needed. Along with the cloth I sent the blue pear-shaped bottle. Its contents could be used instead of rum to wash the dead.

THE DEAD HERE rot quickly. A boy, one of the squad of Martinez, the clearing contractor, was injured by a falling tree. I knew the boy slightly; he used to take Cherri-bee, our housemaid, to the village dances and when he came to get her, we often remarked on how wonderfully washed and shaved he was.

The flailing branch of a ceiba tree that was being felled struck him; but he was still alive. They said his back was broken. They made a hammock of branches and put him in it. They were twenty miles from camp, much of the way uncut bush. He died on the way out, but they were not sure he was dead until the great heat through which they pushed had made carrion of him.

There is a grim rhythm in these events, something like descending minor chords. Frail creatures push hurriedly through the overweaning and massed citadels of life with their burden, alive; they stumble on, he dies; they urge their weak bodies to carry the load faster and faster, he rots. I saw them coming up the road just before dark, stood on the office steps and watched. It was like one of William Blake's drawings of the plague, except that you can only imagine a stench when you look at a picture.

Only once have I known of an old person dying in our camps, because by 30 most of them are dead anyway of sclerosis of the liver or debility from malaria. This was

Clementine Wordsworth's mother and there was something cheerful in the manner of her death, not inspiring but blithe. The old lady was exceedingly thin and brittle; the wonder was she had been kept from falling to pieces for so long. Her prolongation may have been due to a fine old fashioned pair of false teeth. She had the only false teeth in camp and she was naturally proud of them. Now she was dying. I went to see her.

The little hut was dirty and cozy. The old lady's son was a convict in the penitentiary in Belize and he had taken up the painting of marine scenes. They were the most excessively bad marine paintings in the world and the old lady had covered the walls with them. There was also a college banner from Cornell, the origin of which I would have liked to trace, but it did not seem a suitable death-bed subject. There were hats in hat bags, shoes new and old, everywhere the old lady's pipes, and on the dirty pillow beside her head were ensconced the false teeth. She stirred a little when I came in. Clementine said,

"Ma'am, was it convenient for you to bring the mashed potatoes?", I having sent down to ask what the old lady would like. I handed her a dish wrapped in a serviette.

"Are you sure she ought to eat potatoes?"

"No, ma'am, but them was what she wanted and anyway the arrowroot goes right through her."

The old lady was too weak to sit up but she signalled Clementine to put in the false teeth. The dish of mashed potatoes was arranged so that, without moving, the old lady could lap them up bit by bit. Then she died, it seemed to me, with cheerful alacrity.

ONE DAY when we were coming back from a leisurely ride in the bush, there caught up to us and then passed



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## DEATH IN THIS TORRID ZONE

without a word bow-legged Scipio, coming pell-mell down the Jacinto trail. It was not half past four yet and we wondered what was the matter. I had always been afraid of Scipio. He was almost a dwarf; his machete looked twice the size of anyone else's; his face was wizened although he was young, and his bow-legged gait made him look not ludicrous but sinister. Now he rushed past us on the Jacinto trail and his pace, half running, half staggering, was more sinister than ever. He didn't ask us for a horse. Perhaps it never occurred to him: white people must not be troubled at whatever cost to the black. Not till we got back to camp did we know that Scipio's speed was occasioned by the news that his baby, as ugly a baby as he was a man, was dying.

Teacher's baby, Peter Paul, had been having malaria. All babies here have malaria and no one knew until too late that the fever had gone into pneumonia. It died on the floor of the hut; they were trying to give it air. The other children were crowded together into one palm leaf bed. The baby's mother, herself with high fever, cried softly because she did not know what to do for Peter Paul. Three of her babies had died at birth, their resistance to abrupt erasure too feeble to be much remembered. But Peter Paul tried to fight for life; his black hands clutched for it, fluttering like soft moths in the dark, and his deep gasps for breath, not like baby sounds at all, frightened his brothers and sisters. His mother did not know what to do.

Teacher himself made a coffin for the baby. Paulos Barley can make excellent coffins when he feels like it, but a baby was not worth bothering about; so Teacher nailed up the dead baby in a soda water case from England. I think it was hard for him to pound in those nails himself even though he has many children and he is

black and the baby was black and the earth that waited patiently for the box was black loam, very rich because it is made of rotted wood and leaves.

No one here is really native, except the poor little Mayas who are so near the vanishing point as to be discounted altogether. Maybe the land itself does not tolerate a native race. These others, Creole and the like, are tainted with white blood which calls on them to grovel to whiter blacks and by every drop breaks down the animal vitality which alone can counter bush hazards. They are not indigenous to the land but they must act as though they belonged, must blindly fight a forest which, had it given them birth, would also have taught them the way to fight itself.

They are not savages but they must live like savages. Forced constantly beyond their vitality they are nearly all sick. This is not a land where fruit falls in the mouth. To raise food is a fight to the finish, a fight against nature herself. And clothes must be worn — these quasi-blacks cannot stand the sun and doctor-flies without them. Clothes are expensive here; so is quinine and soap.

The upshot is that in life these people present what to some observers seems simply apathy, stupidity, laziness. But their way of life has given them at least one unexpected merit: a capacity for looking life in the eye without sentimentality. They have candor, which shows through even the revolting obsequiousness they are trained to.

They possess a sad awareness because their lives are hard and bitter, although their sensibilities equip them for a different existence; but they do not accept misery blindly, they fight, are bested and go on living not in passionate revolt but in dispassionate cognizance. The

black silhouette of their meagre bodies against the blatant virility of the bush is a pitiful sight, but also something more. For because they are the weaklings in this mismatching of man and nature, they have acquired that insight that the weak, the stunted, sometimes gain. I think they view despairingly but somewhat knowingly, the rapid life and rapid death around them, so much stronger than they, encompassing them against their wish.

Thus in life, but how then in death? What is death in this torrid zone? Put death in the midst of too much life and life loses its significance, the line of demarcation becomes slight. We look about us here where we have stopped to talk in the heart of the hot forests, and it is not fear and it is not dread that we feel enveloping us like the mist which a minute ago was torrential rain but now has reversed its goal and rises, white, silent, insensible, upward from the green earth. The mist, although moving and delicate, is immutable and fills us with despair.

Our eyes move slowly over the verdure around us; if we choose we may now watch death enter and possess it. We will see that the reverse of the greenest leaf-facet with its tender veins is death. A circle has been drawn around us and the inner rim is vibrant, verdant, alive. The outer rim is black.

And having stepped over that rim we have found death. What is it? It is nothing. We are standing in the darkness, empty darkness except for a timid hairless animal with a fearful smell who brushes past us into night.



# DRAMA:

*Brief reviews of this season's  
significant productions*

JUDGING by the plays that have appeared during the first two months of the current season and by the announcements of what is to follow, it would seem that American playwrights have generally turned their attention to the problems of our own and what remains of European democracy, with special reference to the outstanding personalities in the history of each. This development has no surprise in it. The theatre has ever been most sensitive to the trends of public interest, which at the moment is intensely occupied with the struggle between totalitarianism and the democratic idea.

One cannot, however, view the matter without misgivings. The author attempting to dramatize a sociopolitical idea or a great public personage is beset by enormous difficulties. First, he must make sure that he doesn't present a tract or a stuffed shirt, and, second, he must transcend the passing winds of doctrine and delve into the eternal principles of right and wrong, truth and error. In short, he must be an Ibsen or a Bernard Shaw. He must, indeed, be more, for already the problem plays of both these dramatists have begun to pale, thereby indicating that they did not lift their topics over and above the conflicts of the moment. Apparently what ailed them was their preoccupation with ideas instead of emotions, which seem to be the only abiding artistic facts. That explains why Shaw's *Candida* and Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* will probably outlive all their more ponderous efforts. These plays, basically, were problem plays, too, but they were told in terms of men and women loving

and hating, which insured long life to their characters and hence long remembrance to the things that troubled them.

One fears that American playwrights, in attempting to put on the boards politics and statesmen, will produce editorials or tableaux instead of living drama. Two of the more important writers, Messrs. Sherwood and Anderson, as will presently be pointed out, have already given much ground for this fear. Their colleague, Elmer Rice, a few years ago made the same mistake in three plays, whose failure threw him into an unseemly public display of temper. His forthcoming *American Landscape* will show whether he has learned the nature of his mistake.

LINCOLN PLAYS, like Lincoln books, are almost failure-proof. The character and tragedy of the Emancipator have so possessed the national mind, that the slightest narrative about him, in whatever form, hamstring the critical faculty. That, anyway, seems to be the explanation for the success of such artistically dubious Lincoln plays as Drinkwater's of several years back, and E. P. Conkle's *Prologue to Glory* of last season.

Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, as drama, has little more claim to critical consideration than they have. In many ways, in fact, it has less. It relies so heavily on Lincoln's speeches that the martyred President, were he alive today, would have a right to ask to be listed as collaborator. The most effective scene in the whole play, the debate between Douglas and Lincoln, is nearly all Lincoln's. Mr. Sherwood has merely made a sort of legitimate stage news-reel of Lincoln's life, infusing it with a modicum of imagination. His Ann Rutledge, apparently because the available records about her

are meager, is a wraith; and his Mary Todd, though ably played by Muriel Kirkland, is a comment rather than a character. Besides, the play as a whole lacks dramatic unity. What unity it has is supplied by the audience, who fill in the gaps with the warmth of their emotions regarding Lincoln. Over and above all is the magnificent acting of Raymond Massey, as good a Lincoln as ever walked the American stage. A sculptor could hardly have molded a more perfect physical likeness, to which Mr. Massey adds his own great talents as an actor.

These factors, together with Elmer Rice's superb staging, probably help to explain the success of Mr. Sherwood's indifferent product. There is perhaps still another factor: the growing desire of the public for simple stories about great and good people. The continuing crisis, which has put a damper on sophistication in the arts, has revived the feeling for the immemorial beatitudes wholesomely presented.

MR. MAXWELL ANDERSON'S *Knickerbocker Holiday* has none of the accidental virtues of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, which is most unfortunate, for it certainly cannot stand up by itself. Written in musical comedy form, and dealing with the life of the early Dutch settlers of New York, it suffers from a vast lack of comedy and a super-abundance, even for Mr. Anderson, of banalities. The impression one gets from it is that of a very intellectual British movie, fancy and boring. Such ponderous lyrics and so dull a tale have almost never before reached Broadway. Not even the able Mr. Walter Huston, who plays the part of Peter Stuyvesant, and Mr. Kurt Weill, an accomplished composer, can save *Knickerbocker Holiday* from embarrassing its author.

Apparently what has plagued Mr. Anderson since the



very moving *What Price Glory?* and *Saturday's Children* is the belief in himself as a profound thinker and very high-tone poet. *Valley Forge*, *Elizabeth the Queen*, *Mary of Scotland*, and *The Masque of Kings* early indicated that his appraisal of himself did not coincide with the facts. *Winterset* and *High Tor*, which the Drama Critics' Circle thought worthy of its blessing, did not add weight to his claim. The poetry in the first seldom left the level of precocious verse manufacturing, while the satire and comedy in the second were to be found more in Burgess Meredith's acting than in the play itself. *The Star Wagon*, however, as muddled a work intellectually and dramaturgically as has ever come from a prize playwright, proved conclusively to the discerning that ideas and Mr. Anderson do not get along well together. He has persisted, just the same, in exposing his philosophical ineptness, and the result, *Knickerbocker Holiday*, one hopes, will give him pause to think. Its central idea, believe it or not, is that the typical American is one who cannot take orders, a thought which may seem penetrating along the Hudson above Yonkers, but which has no more validity than the old chestnuts that the French are a race of clear thinkers, the English a nation of muddlers, the Germans a people of metaphysical breadth, and so on and so on. This false "truism," hammered at for two hours with verses that stick in the teeth of the performers and bounce off the heads of the audience, contributes to the composition of a show that adds even less glory to the newly formed Playwrights' Company than *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*.

A word about Mr. Kurt Weill. He plainly knows his orchestra, and he plainly has a fine feeling for popular tunes, but the past two years these gifts have been hindered by very bad scripts. First, he struggled with *The Eternal Road*, then with *Johnny Johnson*, and now with

*Knickerbocker Holiday*. It is a pity, for he is that rare being among composers of popular music: he is musically literate and he has taste. One hopes that soon he will be given a script worthy of his talents.

WHY THE MOVIES haven't grabbed Mr. Maurice Schwartz of the Yiddish Art Theatre constitutes a major mystery in the field of contemporary American entertainment. He seems to have everything it takes to make the usual great, big Hollywood director and adapter. He can't write, he has the taste of a successful haberdashery salesman, and his notion of the perfect performer, male or female, apparently is the loud speaker. The three hits he has been most responsible for will plague the Yiddish theatre for years. Dramatic critics for the Gentile press have applauded them, one believes, for two reasons: out of a mistaken concept of democratic charity and out of sheer ignorance. Knowing nothing about Jewish life and unable to understand the language, they whooped up what they thought was very true, very good, and very beautiful. Ignorance often makes things seem better and more glamorous than they are.

*Yoshe Kalb*, the first major hit of Mr. Schwartz's making, was a cheap, Fannie-Hurstish portrait of rabbinical life. It made intelligent Jews blush with shame. It had the same relationship to the excellent *Dybbuk* that a potato has to an orange. *The Brothers Ashkenazi* was what might be called a movie version of *Yoshe Kalb* brought up to date, and embellished with a love story between a niece and her uncle, so badly handled that it seemed to stem from the pages of the confession magazines. Mr. Schwartz's latest effort, *Three Cities*, based upon Sholom Asch's considerable novel of the same title, turns out to be a lowly comic strip conception of the

sufferings of the Jews in Eastern Europe. Lacking in dignity, devoid of dramatic unity, burdened with Mr. Schwartz's vulgar direction, it leaves one wondering what has happened to the Yiddish theatre that has to its credit such able writers as Peretz Hirshbein and Sholom Aleichem, and such first-rate actors as Paul Muni, the Adlers, and Jacob Ben-Ami. The latter, who several seasons ago stirred New York with his portrayal of Trigorin, is made by Mr. Schwartz to act the part of a lover of his fiancée's mother in a manner that must give him severe pain. In one scene he shrieks out his love and grapples with the matronly lady of his heart in about the same style that the heroes of the older films used to lasso a mustang.

The musical accompaniment, arranged by Mr. Sholom Secunda, is on a level with everything else in the performance.

TO ONE WHO HAD SEEN *Hamlet* some six or seven times before, the current production by Maurice Evans was a revelation of overwhelming beauty and power. Probably nothing like it has ever graced Broadway before, and probably nothing like it will grace Broadway again for many years to come. At last Shakespeare's stupendous tragedy has found its most perfect performance and its most perfect hero. The present reviewer did not see John Barrymore play *Hamlet*, but if he surpassed Maurice Evans in the part he was like unto an angel. Whatever the excellence of Barrymore's performance, he did not have Evans's advantage of playing *Hamlet* in its entirety.

The difference between the usual cut version and the complete one is immense. The second has greater sweep, depth, and goes far to explain away the age-old debate as to the nature of the gloomy Dane. His alleged vacilla-



tion of character, it seems after one attendance at the St. James Theatre, centered mainly about the matter of tactics. The resolve to do away with his uncle possessed him at once, and from that he apparently never wavered. His doubts had to do with time and place almost solely. Further, in the full version, Hamlet's incestuous love for his mother becomes clearer and ties up more closely with his general behavior toward her, his uncle, and Ophelia. These observations, on sober second thought, may turn out to be somewhat high-flown intellectualism, a fever that apparently has taken hold of most people who have seen the Evans production, and for a very obvious reason. The welter of emotions engendered by the uncut version stirs the spectator to such an extent that he naturally tries to find rational justification for it, and in the heat of the moment probably leaps a bit beyond the facts. The new *Hamlet* — for such it certainly is, at least in its effects — moves with a vigor and inevitability that make it the most exciting play on Broadway.

The credit for the four hours of magnificence at the St. James Theatre — after Shakespeare, of course — belongs to Miss Margaret Webster, the very accomplished director, David Ffolkes, the costume and scenic designer, and above all to Maurice Evans. He seems to be born to the part. His actions suit his words, and his words, his actions. He does not strut like an ambulating statue, as most Shakespearean actors do. He does not declaim or recite for the sake of his speeches alone. He does not wave and posture and contort himself. He achieves the acme of theatrical illusion by making it vanish before one's eyes. He acts a character, the integral part of a web of fate and circumstance, lifting it, in accordance with the author's intentions, to universal significance, yet always keeping it within the emotional and intellectual orbit of

the audience. He makes the men and women on the other side of the stage his collaborators, so that his whispers and silences at times sound like the clap of doom. Gifted with an oboe voice, his words take on additional dread or tenderness, as the occasion may require.

Unfortunately, something less has to be said for most of the other performers. Not one of them reaches the heights of Evans, though George Graham as Polonius, Sydney Smith as Laertes, Donald Randolph as Horatio, and Whitford Kane as the first gravedigger deserve much commendation. Ophelia, however, as played by Katherine Locke, leaves one with doubts. She seems to be encased in cellophane, crackling this way and that way, but seldom getting into the soul of her who was ordained to love Hamlet in vain. She makes of the mad scene almost a puppet show, lacking in the prodigious bewilderment that the text indicates. Henry Edwards and Mady Christians (Claudius and Gertrude) do not play their parts to the full either. All good actors and actresses, their apparent diminished stature in this case can perhaps be explained by the presence of Mr. Evans in the same cast. The perfection of his art makes all lesser art seem smaller than in actuality.

One hopes that the new *Hamlet* will be with us for many months, and that not only the general public will flock to see it but that all who tamper with playwrighting will come over and over again to learn humility, and especially to learn the difference between good writing and their own kind of composition. Those among them who presume to have messages — an increasing number these days — might note the distinction between ideas memorably expressed and juvenile excitations hastily thrown together.

CHARLES ANGOFF

# MUSIC:

*Renewed interest in chamber music —  
Musical education — Records*

IT IS POSSIBLE to point out giddy and superficial fashions in music as in any other field of social effort. The new passion for discovering the "depth" of Sibelius is such a fashion. But the list of fall and winter concerts shows a new direction which is more serious and deeply sincere than the usual fashion. This is the predominance of chamber music, which requires the profoundest kind of musical coöperation on the part of the players, and a real love of music on the part of the listeners. It is difficult to label as a mere fashion the unusual popularity of a type of music which is devoid of the brilliance and ostentation of solo playing, and lacks the passionate scope of the full orchestra. It looks as if both musicians and concert-goers were acquiring a new consciousness of the *social* quality of music. For coöperation among musicians is as difficult as it is everywhere else, and requires as much tolerance and understanding. As for the listeners, chamber music is a form of subtle conversation, much more difficult to abandon oneself to, yet not less emotional, than orchestral music.

The New Friends of Music, a chamber music organization whose Sunday afternoon concerts in Town Hall are now being broadcast, is so popular that it is going into Carnegie Hall for an additional series. It is the leading spirit in this new trend. Its small orchestra of fifty young American men and women has played the Bach Brandenburg Concerti, and a number of little-known — and some not at all known — Haydn symphonies. The Kolisch Quartet is doing a Beethoven series for it. Besides



the New Friends, there are a number of excellent quartet, trio and sonata series, all of which are concentrating on presenting to a surprisingly enthusiastic public classical music which is little-known and seldom played. The whole trend smacks of the 18th Century, when it was as important to be musically educated as to be literate, and when audiences didn't depend conservatively on a very few too-familiar masterpieces and too-well-known soloists for their musical delight. I should like to mention the technical and coöperative perfection of the Budapest Quartet; the romantic and modern qualities which appear in the pure Mozart they have played; and the lack of prima-donna obtrusiveness in the honest playing of Beethoven, Brahms and Bach violin sonatas by Efrem Zimbalist and Vladimir Sokoloff.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY has this year engaged fourteen new singers; three are Americans and the other eleven are Italian, French, Swedish and German. Evidently the Metropolitan aims at the most impressive and capable musical company possible, regardless of national or other aspects — and this in the face of a viciously national world. One result is to keep admission prices high above the level of many would-be opera-goers, thus preventing opera from having a popular national character. On the other hand, we get good solid opera for our money — the best anywhere in the world. What is lost in democracy is gained in internationalism, and in the finest musicianship.

This winter six operas are being revived, several of which have not been performed at the Metropolitan for many years. One is that pure and lovely opera for three female solo voices, Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*. *Boris Godunov* and Beethoven's *Fidelio* will be revived, also

Verdi's *Falstaff*, Massenet's *Thaïs* and Charpentier's *Louise*. All the last year's revivals are being retained in the repertoire — including Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, Verdi's *Otello* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. It is a joy to music-lovers to see such composers represented as Gluck and Mozart, who realized more profoundly than most of their successors that in opera the music must be able to stand alone as well as be a gushing accompaniment to the drama.

TAKING THE LEAD in one kind of music education, the Federal Theatre Music Project is doing nobly, giving a great many people a nodding acquaintance with much good music. In New York the concerts of the Federal Symphony Orchestra in a Beethoven series have been so popular that many have been turned away. Here, virtuoso playing doesn't count; the public wants just good music, adequately performed. These popular-priced orchestra concerts are the first requisite in the educating of a huge mass of musically illiterate people. By putting its money into this sort of consumer's perishable goods, the government is doing a fine service to humanity, even if the taxpayers grumble.

In addition to this, which is necessarily simple and fundamental education, is the Town Hall series of illustrated music lectures. These aim at giving a profound and detailed history of music, from the earliest folk-songs up through swing. And by getting practised and interesting speakers such as John Erskine and Marcia Davenport, who accompany themselves with delightful short concerts, this form of music education is made quite as attractive as the usual concert.

Even further removed are such subtly intellectual analyses of classical and romantic music as that of

Schenke, Austrian teacher, whose system is taught in this country by Hans Weisse at Columbia University and the David Mannes Music School. This teaching gives music students a thorough and deep understanding of the very basis of the music they play. After one of these courses, it seems imperative to the student that such an analysis should be taught widely, in order that music might take on a new life.

It is the ideal of music education that courses like Schenke's and the Town Hall series should be taught at low prices and in the public schools, so that the growing popular love and demand for classical music would be supplemented by an intelligent understanding of it.

THE GOD TOSCANINI has disappointed many listeners this year with some of his interpretations, particularly of Beethoven, which are not as thorough and penetrating as they should be. People who like Tschaikowsky were bitter when Toscanini took all the shallow sentimentality out of it. On the other hand those who have always disliked this quality in Tschaikowsky exclaimed that Toscanini made new music out of the worn *Symphonie Pathétique*. Whatever the validity of these opinions, the lively, vivid and warm quality of his conducting always lifts him high above other radio and concert-hall conductors. His forte is Wagner opera, which was his starting-point as a conductor. So the Metropolitan is reclaiming its own this year, and we will hear him conduct one of the Wagner operas, probably *Tristan und Isolde*, with Kirsten Flagstad, at the end of the season.

It is easy and popular to criticize Barbirolli and Ormandy of the Philharmonic and Philadelphia orchestras. They are merely adequate conductors, with very little of personality or warmth of interpretation to endear them



to their audiences. But we have a wonderful advantage in their accomplished orchestras, which regale us tirelessly with good symphonic music. In criticizing conductors we often forget the prime purpose of a symphony orchestra, which is to present well and sincerely-played music. And in this, in spite of their faults, Barbirolli and Ormandy are conscientiously and thoroughly succeeding. Personality is not nearly so important in orchestra-conducting as sincerity and honesty — witness the intrusive personality of the movie-star Stokowski, which certainly detracts from the beauty of his music.

All over the country there are conductors like these two — men who are not very well known nationally, but who are valued and loved in their own cities. Such are Goosens in Cincinnati, and Rodzinsky in Cleveland. Koussevitsky, one of the best conductors in the world, will never lead any orchestra but the Boston Symphony.

The victrola business is booming this year, and in many New York homes the radio dial is permanently tuned to WQXR, the classical music station. This station, unfortunately still local, offers the most pleasing series of programs on the air. It broadcasts continuous concerts of recorded symphonic music, uninterrupted by long-winded advertising announcers. Its great popularity in New York points toward its extension to a national field.

In addition, many large-scale programs such as the Ford hour now have symphony orchestras as their main attraction. These facts testify to the growing demand for good music, which is a heartening sign in a particularly disheartening year. We can't help feeling optimistic when so many people have the heart to sit down and listen to Bach when they might be worrying themselves into despair over the next war.

KATHERINE SCHERMAN

# ART:

*Recent directions  
in American art*

THE HAPPY FACULTY of being able to participate actively in the life and thought and movement of one's own times is a particularly rewarding one for the person who looks at contemporary American art. For the person susceptible to native quality there is excitement in what the season has already afforded, not only in New York but in those locales less and less frequently designated as the hinterland.

The last month in New York has seen at the Whitney Museum a showing of art west of the Mississippi. In Buffalo an exhibition to which eight cities of the Great Lakes region have contributed has been opened, and it will continue from here to make the circuit of its collaborators. This is not to prove any special regional homogeneity, but partly to see to what extent the real flavor and spirit of this area is being reflected in the paintings of local artists.

The inspiration for these exhibitions undoubtedly stems from the Federal Art Projects as well as earlier sources, and the project itself attained in Chicago during September the eminence of having its first exhibition under the auspices of a major museum. "Art for the People by Chicago Artists" was the title of its premiere at the Art Institute.

The mere fact of holding exhibitions, even though the work of leading artists, as well as the less known is shown, does not necessarily mean that masterpieces constitute the bulk of what is displayed. But a real art movement does not consist entirely of the work of geniuses. It is as a

vital, functioning part of a cultural scheme, appearing both in minor and major forms that one hails these exhibitions. Considered as a whole they indicate important directions which art in America is taking today. Actually the annual exhibition of contemporary American painting which has just opened at the Whitney Museum, the first museum in the country to promote the work of living American artists exclusively, has been a disappointment to most of the New York critics, but it, as well as the others mentioned, has significance beyond the limits of its actual artistic accomplishment for that part of the public which regards art as an experience that may intensify life, making it more profound and coherent.

The many influences which since the beginning of the century have entered into the rediscovery of the American scene as being fit to paint and model, are too numerous and complex to trace here. But if one goes back even six months to see what has been stirring, some of the mainsprings of the present quickening will be apparent.

Most spectacular was the open-air exhibition in April of the Sculptors' Guild, an organization less than a year old at that time. Bringing their work out into the Spring sunshine, this group found nearly fifty thousand people drawn inside the plot of ground in the center of Manhattan, many of whom had never consciously looked at a piece of sculpture in their lives. Not only did they come; they paid admission, a little ceremony not usually observed at exhibitions of art. Freed from the stuffiness, formality and sense of claustrophobia which ordinarily clings to museum presentations of sculpture, this show by some of the leading sculptors of the country, seemed to have meaning in the life of the community. For good measure there was a daily demonstration by some one of the distinguished exhibitors, of the technique of de-



signing and execution. Not only was the horizon of American sculpture widened for large numbers of people, but for the person who was accustomed to the limitation of indoor exhibitions, literally a new light was thrown on the subject, and a revaluation of it possible, in the invigorating setting of direct light and plenty of space. An exhibition by the same group has been opened this fall at the Brooklyn Museum, and if it lacks some of the atmosphere and spontaneity of the Spring show, the Guild has already developed a larger public which will hazard a trip to another arrondissement.

The sculptors, of course, were not the first group of artists to band together, and to intimate that they might be a determining factor in their civilization, and not single individuals without ballast or concrete direction. The last six months chronicles at least two exhibitions by the Artists' Congress, which has plunged into the thick of things since its infancy in 1936. The requirements for becoming a member were that the artist had achieved a position of "recognized standing regardless of his aesthetic views," and that he must support the program of the Congress against war and fascism. The Congress states that it fights for peace and democracy because only in a world free from war and dictators can an artist find an audience unhampered by cultural poverty and the destroying forces of armed conflict.

To anticipate only propaganda in the art of the Congress, which is incidentally a national organization with a membership approaching a thousand, and capable of holding thirty shows simultaneously in different cities, is to experience surprise in its work as a whole. For there is a heterodoxy of style and subject matter embracing all types of work, up or down to abstractions of the most innocent intent.

The show in May which the Congress held in coöperation with the great commercial institution of Wanamaker's, was American and contemporaneous to the core. It was general in its character, leaving few reasons for anxiety in the minds of those guardians of art who fear the intrusion of propaganda and literature into its upper ether. If mines, mills and factories and the artists' reactions to human problems outnumbered apples and flowers as subject matter, they seemed to indicate a quickened awareness of life outside the studio, and this has had a vitalizing effect upon the caliber of the painting.

"Roofs for Forty Million," an exhibition held in April, contained the work of artists nearly all members of the Artists' Congress. This had in fact an aim which could be called propaganda, but the appeal which the group sent out for paintings and sculpture for the projected exhibition was: "Don't limit yourself to horrors. The theme is housing. We want a few hundred yards of art, not a mile of tenements. The subject is very broad, and can be treated satirically, realistically, imaginatively, optimistically, pessimistically, etc."

This was hardly a new subject for artists, nor necessarily a superimposed one. Dutch interiors, Venetian canal scenes, picturesque cottages and city blocks have long been painted. This exhibition was merely a collective expression which was organized for a specific purpose. It produced no masterpieces, but it was far from being mediocre in its aesthetic level, and as an experiment in the forceful quality which such concerted effort elucidates, it was illuminating.

At this point it might be interesting to take an inventory of what the season has already offered in work which comes from Europe. There have been important shows of Rouault, Bracque, Friesz, Leger and Dufy;



and Klee, Kokoschka, Kollwitz and Pechstein have been seen as they could not have been in their native countries. They offer the richness and variety of older and more complex civilizations, and no brief is held here to deflect the average American interested in art from the aesthetic experience they afford.

But the excitement engendered by an all-American exhibition is something else again, and the Whitney exhibition just opened, though it has called down imprecations from most of the New York critics, serves to show why American painting is not merely a decorative or unrelated accompaniment to life. There is no jury in Whitney shows. Painters are invited, and the individual artist or sculptor selects his own work. There is here obviously a margin for a difference of opinion as to the quality in the work of recognized artists. But a quarter of the number are showing their work at the Whitney for the first time this year, which relieves the exhibition of the possibility of being frozen into predictable patterns.

Genre painting, homely realism seems to predominate, the widest range of subject matter being selected, too wide in the opinion of many people. Themes of social consciousness appear on all sides, and the artist condemns more than he praises. The horrors of war have occasioned a number of works, and some of the best painting also. The main impression that the visitor will have is that the painter has something to say, and is saying it with vivacity and energy which communicate themselves directly. The exhibition reflects what people are thinking and talking and feeling about. This from artists who have technique, discipline and the desire to carry art ahead, would seem to be the basis for new levels in American art. It is not dull for the public, at any rate.

JEANNETTE LOWE



# BOOKS:

## Confessions of a Novelist-Hero

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline.  
Boston: Little Brown. 1938. 593 pages. \$2.75.

PERHAPS CÉLINE has political ideas, but they are not the common ones. It is as well to take care in spotting him as a potential friend or enemy Fascist, Communist, Anarchist, and so on, all the same to him. And in this respect Trotsky was right when he said Céline was no revolutionist. That he went on to predict that his reconciliation to the darkness or his conversion to the light can be dismissed as the influence of a 1934 France, the southern warmth; the language of Mexico doubtless is less romantic.

Before the publication of *Bagatelles pour un Massacre* and *Death on the Installment Plan*, the doctor was a more mysterious figure. He swept into literature on a torrent of language and a gift for invective; he had won a position before he could be dissected, a source of much dissatisfaction to the American critic. In a gesture of self admiration he published an old thesis for a doctorate, *Mea Culpa*, and seemed to be in grave danger of taking himself seriously. The book itself is a rather dull testament to the discovery of the source of childbed fever. The writer appeared to be an ordinary fellow with a certain respect for human life, the medical profession. There still remained the memory of a fresh talent; the final pages of the *Voyage* had been very good indeed, real writing and to a purpose. But as yet there was no clue as to what he was up to.

When Céline had been wedged finally into the Natural-

istic school that came to fruition with Courbet in painting, Zola and Maupassant in letters, people thought they had something. It seemed plausible on re-reading the *Voyage* that here was another Champfleury; in the end his extravagant realism would be deader than mutton. Generally speaking, every journalesque writer from the moment of publication is headed for oblivion unless he can show a mastery of form, that talent which makes his work go deeper than superficial realism. The *Voyage* had been thrown together; it was composed mostly of bluster, internal monologue, a mysterious dual personality that might have been the author and thick portions of satire in the grand manner on the war, the industrial world, frequently overdone. The thing was blown up like a balloon and the cosmic satire was a flop. But it was a work of power, a purgation of the mind.

*Bagatelles pour un Massacre* bowled everyone over. Even the Jew-baiters who wanted Céline on their side could not make head or tale of it. In the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, April, 1938, Gide maintained that if it was not a joke, the writer was crazy. It reads like the tirade of a man whose head literally is burning up. (Maboul!!) One sometimes wonders. The difficulty Céline discovers equally with Hilary Bernstein is the impossibility of exaggerating certain aspects of anti-Semitism. The crowning satire of course is to have it taken seriously. But nothing can show clearer how far the author is willing to go for his jokes or how deeply modern writing is entangled in politics.

The workmanship of *Death on the Installment Plan* is better, the life less picaresque than the *Voyage*, and there are signs of discipline in the novel that give it iron. It is a better book than the first. In the abandon of confession there is much here that suggests Henry Miller's *Tropic of*

*Cancer*, and the veil of hallucination that hangs over Céline's Paris is shot through with the same type of excruciating laughter. The first hundred pages are the familiar ones of the Paris doctor in the *Voyage*. They do not come off; chattering argot and dreams are not enough.

The Realism of Céline is like strong drink — it gives rise to fancies, and these in turn are the book. The story of Ferdinand, which takes him to the beginning of the war, is naturalistic with a vengeance. In a way it is a chronicle of the poor of Paris and in this respect justifies the term "the French Dickens." The intention is quite different; no sentiment, no reform. This is the way we lived, all sods together. That is as much as he can say. He has admirable qualities of imagination, gusto, invective, a coarse and brutal humor, but he is lacking in the French virtues of a clear intelligence wedded to a sympathetic understanding. He's an outrageous and damnable egoist. He is miles away from Stendhal's dictum; one must return to Rabelais to find such lack of restraint. But there are good things in this work: the uncle is a skilfully realized character and one senses for the first time that about his figure Céline has experimented cautiously in movement, and in the conflicts of a theme.

The boy's pride of selfishness, the manner of his ignorance and disgust are more familiar patterns. The episode of the English school is excellent, though the story of the Headmistress' passion and suicide is not truly satisfactory, on the grounds that such headlong narration has created a painful idea without producing a genuine person to be the tormented object of a school-boy's love. Into the editor-balloonist Courtial, Céline, as usual, has put too much language, but he is a fascinating creation all the same, and his pursuit of genius on the



experimental farm is a true touch, a token of rare artistry and mockery. With that our judgment rests. Céline's noisiness no longer overwhelms and his faults are more apparent. He is a man who hates the sentimental narrative and this fact inclines him to frenzy. He is a great apologist, but he is not and perhaps cannot be ranked with Malraux or Mauriac.

JOHN WALCOTT

## American Colonies In the Making

THE FOUNDING OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION: *The Middle Colonies.*  
By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. New York: Scribner's. 1938. \$3.00.

IN ORDER TO SEE this volume through the press and to write the ensuing volumes of the series, Professor Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, Edwards Professor of American History at Princeton, and chosen Harmsworth Professor of American History at the University of Oxford for 1939-40, resigned last year his chairmanship of the Department of History at Princeton. This sacrifice was not in vain, for he has thus been able to give to the world a new and fascinating approach to our history which cannot fail to do much to revolutionize the teaching of American history in many of our institutions of higher learning.

Today's treatment of American history is far removed from that of the days of Bancroft when wars and politics dominated. John Fiske's writings, though much along the same lines but enriched with copious illustrations of portraits, documents, autographs, etc., did much to revive the interest in our history then sadly lagging, and of recent years our newer school of historians have been paying more and more attention to the story of the social and cultural development of our ancestors.

Professor Wertenbaker, however, after years of exhaustive research, takes an even more advanced stand. "Political history has purposely been neglected, not because its rôle in early American civilization is unimportant, but because so much emphasis has already been laid on it." In his preface this learned historian stresses the point that we of today, living in the complexity of modern society, are apt to believe that "our ancestors cast their lives in a homely uniform pattern, dealt only with simple uniform problems. But if we could project ourselves back into colonial days, to live only for a week or two the life of the farmer, the artisan, or the merchant, could discuss with them their personal and public problems, we would quickly change our views. It is true that society as a whole was not so intimately interrelated as today, but it was far more variegated. Each section, each colony, each group had its own character, its differences of blood, language, religion, architecture, customs and agriculture. We may define the great principles governing the founding of American civilization, but the application of those principles is as complex as colonial society was varied."

In tracing the story of the complexity of life in those periods, the facile pen of the author has drawn in detail many pictures of our early development and especially of the beginnings of and the workings of the melting-pot, such as no other American historian has attempted. Most definitive is his concise statement that "the civilization of the United States has been formed by the interplay of four great forces: the transit of European civilizations to North America, the effect of American conditions upon those civilizations, the continual intercourse of America with Europe, and the mingling of racial, religious, and regional groups, the so-called melting-pot."

He points out that as a rule the average American is prone to think of the United States as English by inheritance. Most interesting and revealing is the story of how mixed our population was in the very early days and how the various nationalities and sects reacted upon each other. By such a treatment the author skilfully demonstrates "the multiple inheritance which makes the child, not of England, but of Europe."

Any adequate review of this volume is impossible. Every paragraph shows deep research and is documented with references to the numerous authorities cited. An engaging chapter takes us through the building and the gradual disappearance of the truly Dutch city of New Amsterdam and its assimilation into the Georgian city of New York. Decidedly novel, but logical is his use of architecture to illustrate and document the various influences which unconsciously asserted themselves and gave us a cultural civilization. This the author has done here by more than a hundred illustrations of the various phases of our early architectural development, hitherto unrecognized by the great mass of our people as they motor on thousands of miles of our highways and byways, passing and repassing the actual evidence. In fact, nearly a quarter of the volume is devoted to this side of the subject. Yet, in no other way could the subtle changes due to the intermingling of foreign influences be so vividly demonstrated as by the comparison of the pictures of our early buildings with plates taken from seventeenth and eighteenth century volumes, published in England, Holland and Germany for the use of the people of those countries when planning their own homes, professional architects, as a rule, having been few and far between.

It is unique that this erudite professor of history has discovered to have been of Flemish origin what our



antiquarian architects have long called "Dutch Colonial" — the little houses which stud urban Brooklyn, the upper Hackensack and Rockland County, New York. Long considered to be of Dutch style, their prototypes are not to be found today in Holland, nor in its many books of seventeenth century architecture which had such a direct influence upon Sir Christopher Wren and his school. The story, as given in this volume, of the origin of this type of quaint building and final discovery of its prototype — the peasant cottage of Flanders with "its flying gutter" — is but one of many of Professor Wertenbaker's contributions to the history of American architecture.

Illuminating to many a Jerseyite is the chapter describing the peopling of New Jersey by the old line Puritans from New England and especially by those from New Haven "who spurned the Christless rule of Connecticut." A chapter devoted to Penn's Holy Experiment, the imprint of Quakerism and the succumbing of its sons to worldly temptations, precedes an extraordinary chapter on the "Quaker Spirit in Brick and Stone." Here we get a vivid picture of our first Renaissance city — built by Quakers coming from England where the urban architecture was influenced by the rebuilding of London after the great fire of 1666 and "the London Rebuilding Act of 1667 which by its restrictions and specifications brought a uniformity hitherto unknown and gave birth to a new English urban architecture."

Assisted by illustrations comparing the streets of London and Dunster with those of High Street and others near Philadelphia, we find it easy to visualize the Philadelphia of the eighteenth century, the architectural glories of which can be surmised by a visit to the constellation of houses in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia,

open to the public by the authorities of the Pennsylvania Art Museum, a constellation such as no other American city, save Annapolis, possesses. In this chapter we find a very satisfying tribute to the influences of the Carpenter's Company of Philadelphia. "This organization, founded in 1724 by the leading architects and builders of the city, was modelled upon the Worshipful Company of Carpenter's of London." It is only recently that we have begun to realize that many of our stately mansions in our architectural heritage are the result of the interest and knowledge of architecture then an essential part of the Englishman's and, to some extent, our own gentleman's education.

Professor Wertenbaker's picture of the Philadelphia Georgian architecture makes more understandable Benjamin Franklin's interest in architecture and pride in the beauty of his home city which we find in a paragraph from a London newspaper in 1779, recently come to light.

Dr. Franklin has recommended to Congress, to beautify Philadelphia, all the improvements adopted in London within these twenty years, in respect to lighting, watching, and paving. Likewise to modernize the roofs of the houses, to slate them and new sash them in the present English manner. He has also sent them the ingredients of Leardet's newly invented stucco, advising them to face all their brickwork with it. As Philadelphia has the most regular plan and the finest streets of any city in the world accompanied with the noblest rivers in the universe, trade and the curiosity of rich Europeans will render it the wealthiest town that ever existed, for which purpose great encouragement will be given to a school of architecture, that their buildings may be beautiful and not like London, ill placed. Their first attempts will be a church, equal, if not superior to St. Peter's, at Rome, with walls so thick as to admit of the dome being all stone, which St. Paul's in London should have been. No sculpture or paintings are to be introduced but

what shall be adapted to the architecture, and as fine as those in St. Peter's in Rome. It is the hope that the philosopher's zeal will stimulate England to improvements of equal consequence.

Most illuminating is the chapter entitled "From Rhine to Susquehanna." Here we have a really great story of the Palatine and Swiss emigration "joined by Germans of other provinces, Alsatians, Hessians, Bavarians, with isolated groups of foreigners — Walloons, Dutch, French Huguenots . . . inspired with hope in the promised land across the sea by the visits of William Penn to the Rhine region in 1677, and by his many letters and pamphlets, many of which were translated into German and freely circulated." It was an emigration largely of "peasants who for centuries had been but a sponge from whom the landlord squeezed the last penny." None of our general histories have so emphasized the important part these innumerable thousands of Germans and Swiss played in the making of the nation. Long deeply interested in the history of these people, the author, while exchange professor at the University of Göttingen in 1931, was afforded a real opportunity to delve deeply into their history and background. His dramatic account of peasant life in the Palatinate and other German provinces makes us comprehend his statement, "the capacity for unremitting toil of the Palatine, his readiness to expend the greatest labor and time upon his little holding, made him a successful agriculturist." Such were the men who settled on the richest soil of the seaboard.

Supplementing this chapter is a well and authoritatively drawn description of the development of the arts and crafts by the Pennsylvania "Dutch." The six counties settled by these Germans, largely peasants, shortly became "beehives of industry" where was developed among other things the so-called Kentucky rifle, which



played such an important part in the American Revolution and in the opening of the West. The Conestoga wagon was another of their contributions. Particular attention is given to the furniture, pottery and iron work — all individualistic and of styles not developed elsewhere in the country. "The time came when the potter could no longer compete with cheap crockery, when the cabinet maker yielded to machine-made furniture, when the simple five-plate stove was superseded by the oven and eventually by the furnace. And with the production of the last bit of Pennsylvania 'fraktur', the last slip pie-plate, the last dower chest, the last decorated stove plate, there snapped one strand in the rope which bound the German-American to his past.

Particularly happy is the inclusion of six reproductions of drawings by Lewis Miller, now among the treasures of the York County Historical Society. Though made early in the last century, we find in them the same characterful faces, the same quaint costumes and surroundings we meet here and there when motoring through Dutch Pennsylvania.

In the concluding chapter Professor Wertenbaker thus justifies his choice of the Middle Colonies for the first volume of his series on *The Founding of American Civilization*, "in the Middle Colonies the heterodox character of the population, the diversity of economic conditions, the isolation of certain races and groups from their mother countries create the perfect laboratory for observing a new civilization in the process of formation." It is with impatience that we await the coming of Professor Wertenbaker's volumes on the Southern colonies and New England.

R. T. H. HALSEY

MARLBOROUGH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. *Volume VI, 1708-1722. By Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. 670 pages. \$2.75.*

In this final volume, Winston Churchill brings to a close the biography of his illustrious ancestor, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. In the spring of 1709 we see England at the summit of power and achievement. Queen Anne, secure on her throne, was the centre of world affairs. Louis XIV, the tyrant of Europe who had let loose a quarter century of war, was old and broken by Marlborough's military genius. But, in a time much like the present, England deserted her leadership of the Grand Alliance. In seeking the destruction of France, the Whig Party in England lost the victorious peace which might have closed the struggle.

The frightful battle of Malplaquet marked the climax of these efforts. Marlborough was undermined, and a "peace-at-any-cost" ministry was installed, ending three years later, with a peace contrary to every canon of good faith, and England on the verge of a second civil war.

Marlborough's genius in war, his statecraft, and his virtues as a man may be judged from this final volume.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. *By Robert Briffault. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. 264 pages. \$2.00.*

British duplicity makes easy reading. Mr. Briffault's scathing style adds to the original impetus of his subject matter and the total effect is a lively polemic directed against everything English.

Mr. Briffault goes rapidly through English history, gathering momentum for the final evidence of prime British hypocrisy in recent world events. He gives an unattractive picture of the bourgeois soul which reached its fullest growth in the England of the Victorian Age. The foreign policy which was directed by purely "practical" interests — that is to say, the interests of the London financiers — resulted in almost complete responsibility for the World War. In a changed world England is still the fountainhead of reaction, but at this time she is involved in the final struggle. For she is fighting not against other bourgeois nations for preservation of her precious markets, but against the social revolution and the break-up of her empire which will inevitably follow the success of the Russian

Socialist experiment. She is quickly destroying what remains of herself, Mr. Briffault notes with a kind of bitter satisfaction.

Mr. Briffault's cynical anger deprives his book of some value. His prejudice is so violent that his thesis is not entirely convincing. But in overstating his case he affords an antidote to any pro-English sentimental feeling which may still remain after repeated evidence of English two-facedness, evident not only in Mr. Chamberlain, but in the Labor leaders and in fact the whole ruling class. It further brings to our attention the fact that the present world is not a black-and-white drawing with Hitler and his friends in black. On the contrary, the democracies themselves have built most of our present world, under the domination and leadership of England.

THRICE A STRANGER. *By Vera Brittain. New York: Macmillan. 1938. 435 pages. \$2.50.*

"So many books have been written about the United States by foreign travellers that nowadays it seems necessary to justify a new one."

With these words to her preface of *Thrice a Stranger*, Vera Brittain (Mrs. George Edward Gordon Catlin) proceeds to interpret America to Americans on the basis of three separate sojourns in this country. And from the very beginning she promptly fails to "justify" the book. It is decidedly a volume of superficialities.

Miss Brittain had a very trying time during her first visit in the middle twenties, when she came to the United States as the bride of a college professor. She lived in an upstate New York college town and her chief occupation seems to have been filing carbon copies of letters home to England, rejected manuscripts (she wrote a critical article on the country almost on arrival) and form letters from editors. Her book is crammed with these. She returned to England with "profound relief." Her second visit was in 1934. Her husband had been transferred to a Mid-Western university. Of the Mid-West Miss Brittain had previously, and sight unseen, written to her mother that it was "mainly agricultural, not very cultured, very 'moral', very narrow and bigoted." Miss Brittain received other — and different — impressions of this area in the course of a lecture tour, but none of the impressions are exactly new nor are they lucid here. The author's third visit occurs in 1938, at which time, obviously to her surprise, she finds that Americans are really intellectual



and hospitable. This sudden conclusion, following her earlier diagnosis of us, when Americans were found to be petty and provincial, is puzzling. Not to be cruel, but could fat lecture fees and book sales have had anything to do with it?

The author took no time off in her travels between lectures to view the American scene with leisure, with the result that she jumps at quick conclusions, and there are inaccuracies that show that, even while reading Chamber of Commerce brochures between trains, she hurried through them. However, she did bump into a lot of jolly undertakers' conventions and rah-rah Kiwanians, who often even startle the natives. All the carbon copies of letters home, the rejection slips and the menus that add unimportant details to the book should have been relegated to a shelf, to age a bit. Mellowed, they might have shown Miss Brittain that, after all, even they do not justify the book.

THE START OF THE ROAD. By John Erskine. New York: Stokes. 1938. 344 pages. \$2.50.

That Walt Whitman, eighty-three years after the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, is the biggest literary figure yet produced in the United States, there is no doubt. The violence and enthusiasm over him still rage among his critics and defenders. And now John Erskine novelizes the poet, bearing what may have been his one great love, outside of democracy itself.

Erskine's novel is based on Whitman's stay in New Orleans, when he went to work for the *Crescent* in 1848. The author pictures Whitman, who had yet to find himself as a writer, falling in love with an intelligent, Paris-educated quadroon, who becomes the mother of his son. It was this woman, Erskine makes out, who inspired Whitman and aroused his sympathy for the South, which made him reluctant to show his hostility towards Dixie even during the Civil War.

As in most of Erskine's works, this is more fancy than fact. It probably will not be considered a definite contribution to the ever-massing lore of Whitmania. A successful deviation from what readers have learned to expect from the author — and there is plenty of chance for back-hand whispering in his present subject — gives the novel a touch of genuineness, well bolstered by apt quotations from Whitman's poems.

## Government and Politics

*Continued from page vii*

GERMANY AND ENGLAND: *Background of Conflict*. By Raymond J. Sontag. New York and London: Appleton-Century. 1938. 362 pages. \$3.50.

As a background to the pregnant situation in Europe today, Professor Sontag's account of Anglo-German relations between 1848 and 1894 is illuminating. He illustrates his argument that the traditional failure of the two countries to agree were not always rooted in disagreements over trade and treaties. That failure rested more deeply in their divergent realm of ideas, in what Bismarck aptly called the "imponderables of politics." Both nations, as well as most of the world, continue to suffer today because of that inability, decades ago, to find common intellectual grounds between Englishman and German. The book is not a brilliant exposition, but told with incision and clarity.

THE DEFENCE OF DEMOCRACY. By F. Elwyn Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. 352 pages. Ten maps. \$2.50.

Mr. Jones' defence of democracy is a carefully documented argument to prove that that form of government, while unquestionably on the defensive today, can and must be preserved. The author adds little to previous dissertations, but Mr. Jones, for all his academic listing of authorities, has a lively, provocative style. The volume is divided into sections dealing with the attacks of Fascism on democracy, the riposte of democracy, the anti-Fascist resistance in totalitarian nations, and the strategy available to democratic countries in the struggle against Fascist infiltration.

## Biography and Autobiography

IN MY TIME. By Sisley Huddleston. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1938. 411 pages. \$3.00.

Mr. Huddleston criticizes, from humorless if Olympian heights, European diplomacy from 1914 on. In turn, he discusses Paris in Wartime; Censors, Spies and Traitors; Muddling Through; The Paris Conference; Newspapers and Their Editors; The Fallacy of Conferences and the Futility of Pacts; The Growth of Dictators, the

Crowning Folly of Sanctions, and The Aftermath. The entire autobiography, according to the publishers, is peppered with intimate details about personalities of international importance.

THE WINDSOR TAPESTRY: *The Heritage, Life and Abdication of H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, K. G.* By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Frederick Stokes & Co. 1938. 591 pages. \$3.75.

Mr. Mackenzie's latest volume is a thrust at those institutions that were largely responsible for the abdication of Edward — Lord Baldwin, the Conservative *Times* and the Church of England. Despite advance notices from London, it is no gossip or even idyllic "Wally and Edward" disquisition. To those familiar with Mr. Mackenzie's long career as one of England's leading stylists, the cutting ease with which he demolishes his victims will come as little surprise.

WILLIAM AND DOROTHY. *By Helen Ashton.* New York: Macmillan. 1938. 414 pages. \$2.50.

Here is the story of Dorothy Wordsworth and her big awkward brother William; of their youth together, their travels in Europe, their "wanders" and walking trips with the eloquent Coleridge. Though she keeps faith with her facts, Miss Ashton glances behind the scene and, with a story-teller's privilege, draws her own interesting deductions. Picturesque details of the story are often told in the words of Dorothy's own Journals, which succeed more than anything else in bringing Wordsworth and Coleridge down out of their stellar spheres. There are many fascinating incidents with Hazlitt, Charles Lamb and Shelley.

THIS WAS A POET. *By George Frisbie Whicher.* New York: Scribner's Sons. 1938. 336 pages. \$3.00.

A critical biography of Emily Dickinson, this book traces the inward drama of a New England woman, the finest American lyric poet of her century, and shows her as a born artist in whose writings the characteristic forces of New England found memorable expression. Mr. Whicher, who has had access to contemporary documents and letters not generally available, gives an account of her highly individual and intimate spiritual friendships with Ben Newton, Charles Wadsworth, men whom she regarded as her tutors.



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

THIS MAN LA GUARDIA. By Lowell M. Limpus and Burr W. Leyson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. 427 pages. Illustrated. \$3.00.

Here is a journalistic biography of the Arizona-bred reformer, former member of Congress and present mayor of New York. The authors pride themselves on revealing a deal of personal, inconsequential data about La Guardia, his "beautiful romance with an intensely patriotic Italian girl," but the treatment of his life in Army posts, as a consul in Austria, an interpreter at Ellis Island, and in Congress makes vivid reading. Unquestionably the Mayor has fire and zest, as his latest biographers attest.

SON OF THE PEOPLE. By Maurice Thorez. New York: International Publishers. 1938. 237 pages. \$2.00.

This is the life-story of the leader of the Communist Party in France. It is a simple and stirring account of his early experiences as a coal miner and his rise as a foremost representative and spokesman of the French people. The book is also a valuable political study. It shows the reasons for the ups and downs of the working-class movement since the war, and presents the perspective of a united working class moving forward, with all the socially progressive sections of the population, against the war-makers and fascists.

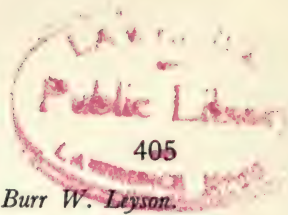
## Fiction

IN HAZARD. By Richard Hughes. New York & London: Harper & Brothers. 1938. 279 pages. \$2.50.

Richard Hughes, who a few years ago wrote that extraordinary tale, *A High Wind in Jamaica*, has done another magnificent saga of the sea in this novel which inevitably calls to mind Conrad's *Typhoon*, not for similarity in the progression of the novel, but because of the power with which the author evokes man's struggle against the elements. A story of mad weather at sea, it is told with restraint, humor and irony. Almost compulsory reading.

WAIT UNTIL SPRING, BANDINI. By John Fante. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1938. 266 pages. \$2.50.

This is Mr. Fante's first novel, but he is well known to readers for his short stories in *The American Mercury*, *Scribner's*, and other magazines. The novel deals with a childhood in an Italian-American



home in Colorado. The father of the family, a mason, has love for no one but his devoted wife, Maria, and his children, but he yields to the allure of the inevitable blonde widow in the town. The results are catastrophic. Maria asks the saints for beauty with which to hold her Svevo. The oldest son, ashamed of his Italian heritage, takes a certain vicarious pride in his father's ruinous adventure, and the emotional conflict in the son, torn between father and mother, leads eventually to a superbly dramatic curtain.

It is difficult to believe that a writer only twenty-seven, in this first novel, is capable of so much mature tenderness, irony and eloquence.

*ROOTS IN THE SKY.* By Sidney Meller. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 580 pages. \$3.00.

Mr. Meller has written another of those panoramic novels whose vogue seems inextinguishable. The novel deals with the struggle of a Russian scholar and his wife who, fleeing their homeland, come to the West Coast and raise a brood of children. In dissimilarity they somehow achieve a new high in family sagas. The underlying theme of the novel is the long and bitter struggle of the children to adjust themselves to America. Drobnen, the scholar-father, is untouched by the conflict about him, and is Mr. Meller's most compelling character.

*REBECCA.* By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday Doran & Co. 1938. 457 pages. \$2.75.

Rebecca has gone to her reward when this best-seller opens, but through the eyes of Maxim de Winter's young and frightened second wife, the reader learns all about the departed first spouse. The persistent, though now celestial, Rebecca returns throughout to remind her successor in life that she organized costume balls in this fashion, that she signed her name in another. Wandering in and out of the novel, peeking around chapters, there's also an ominous female, Mrs. Danvers the housekeeper, who one learns is "particularly sinister."

### Poetry and Essays

*RIDERS AT THE GATE.* By Joseph Auslander. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. 83 pages. \$1.75.

In this new volume of verse Mr. Auslander shows his habitual

skill both with conventional metre and, when he scorns the metrical, with the unorthodox. For the most part the collection deals with those institutions that seem to be a monopoly with poets — love, death and nature. His publishers declare that Mr. Auslander's new assembly of beguiling verse is "implicated in contemporary problems," a pronouncement that the poet seems vehemently to deny in his *I Turn to Autumn*.

ON GOING TO COLLEGE. *A Symposium*. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 298 pages. \$2.50.

The thirteen distinguished scholars who have contributed to this symposium discuss the values and rewards that one may look for in the various fields of study. They present a liberal intellectual perspective — an insight into the vast resources and rich possibilities of a college education. Although addressed primarily to young people, these essays will prove stimulating to the minds of all thoughtful people.

LEE IN THE MOUNTAINS. *By Donald Davidson*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. 137 pages. \$2.00.

Included in this new collection is a remarkable group of narrative poems dealing with the Civil War. This book is a second part to *The Tall Men*, published eleven years ago. Mr. Davidson's poetry possesses the vividness of a good novel.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED  
BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933  
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, published quarterly at Concord, New Hampshire,  
for October 1, 1938.

STATE OF NEW YORK }  
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Anne Roane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Circulation Manager of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Joseph Hilton Smyth, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Joseph Hilton Smyth, 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are: Edgar B. Davis, Luling, Texas; Walter B. Mahony, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ANNE ROANE, Circulation Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of October, 1938.

MAY C. GUERIN, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)



# JUST PUBLISHED

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE  
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**P**UBLICATION of this book was purposely withheld during the September international crisis although Mr. Briffault had been working on it for two years and it had reached the publishers in August. Reason: it did not seem wise to weaken, however slightly, a democratic country's already critical position.

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